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THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

A NEW EDITION,

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WITH A COPIOUS INDEX.

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TEARS AND SMILES;

A

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color.—Horace.

JULIA;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Illa mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et madefacta meis serta, feram lacrymis. TIBULLUS.

FROM memory nought shall force her form away,
For ever sacred and for ever dear:
I'll seek her tomb at morn and closing day,
And wet each flower I offer with a tear.

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves;
And covers our valley with gloom:
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So praised, so adored, so desired;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspired.

Yet silent was she on the Swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn:
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Though faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A Smile midst her sorrows would break,
Like a Ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
"Sweet Zephyr, bring health," she would cry;
But Health never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But Health never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But Health never came to the hill.

On her Dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sighed, as she patted his head,
"Poor Fidelle! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
When thy Mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

" *Thou* hast ever been constant and kind;
My fondness ne'er met with a slight:
In *thee* a firm friendship I find;
How unhappy when out of my sight!

" When with speed I could travel the plain,
With thy Mistress to sport was thy pride;
And now I am weak and in pain,
Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

" When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
And seek me, uneasy, around;
Beseeching the Swains, with a whine,
To tell where thy Friend may be found.

" Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day:
Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
Nay, nor hunger, will force thee away."—

Thus she spoke to her Favourite, whose eyes
Were fix'd upon those of the Maid:
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sighs,
As if conscious of all she had said.

Sweet Nymph, what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;
Now her Head would sink feebly away,
Like the Lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell;
In silence we watch'd her last breath:
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, though the whisper of Death!

No struggle in dying she knew,
Life pass'd with such sweetness away:
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last Sigh seem'd the Zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
For needless of *praise* is the tale;
Since the virtues that shone in the Maid,
May be seen in the tears of the vale.

TO THE READER.

The unfortunate subject of this Elegiac Ballad was a Young Lady, possessed of uncommon beauty, united with a highly cultivated intellect, and the most fascinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in disappointment, so affected her spirits as to occasion a fatal decline. Her Lover, from whose professions of regard she expected every happiness, deserted her almost in the hour of leading her to the Hymeneal altar: deluded by the idea of immense riches, he gave his hand to another; thus sacrificing peace, honour, and humanity, at the tinsel shrine of Fortune. His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in sorrow, and shortened a life that seemed to possess a claim to longevity. His last hours were those of repentance and horror: before his death he frequently visited the grave of his beloved but deserted Julia, and strewed flowers, mingled with sighs, on her sod; and, if a long and unfeigned contrition might be allowed to *atone* for the insanity of a moment, his tears *must have* obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modestly called his *love trifles*, and sent occasionally to his Mistress during the paroxysm of his passion; some of which we have subjoined, that seem to breathe a spirit of sincerity, whose foundation one would imagine could never have been shaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.

ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the Smiles of his Mistress.

WHAT are the Thunders of the ruthless wind?
And what the Billows that tumultuous roll?
Calms, to the raging tempest of my mind:
Rills, to the restless surges of my soul.

Intent to please, I vainly urge my toil;
No hopes, alas! the Virgin's looks impart:
Oh tell me, Julia, what can win thy smile;
Oh speak, and heave the mountain from my heart.

What can I do to win a cruel Maid?
The front of Danger willing would I brave:
No coward terror can this heart invade;
Whose chiefest glory is, to be thy slave.

Fate holds no horror while I please my Fair;
Then, Julia, bid me my fond passion *prove:*
All, all thy rigour can command I dare,
But lose thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY II.

Instead of composing for Fame, he resolves to write the Praises of Julia.

No more I'll idly pour the Line for praise:
Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move;
I ask the Muses for their sweetest Lays,
To tell a beauteous Maid how much I *love.*

Vain are our vows to Fame; alas, how vain!
She waits to see us on the mournful bier;
Before she yields of eulogy the strain;
What cruel mockery to the lifeless ear!

To Julia's hand, I own, my wish aspires:
Mean are *my* merits; *hers*, how far above!
Yet can I boast what only *she* requires;
A heart to guard her, and a soul to love.

Though Courts admired, the modest Julia chose
The silent shade, remote from public view:
How like the Berry that in secret glows,
And hides beneath a leaf its blushful hue!

Few are the wishes of the constant Pair:
What though no gold their humble cot displays?
Content, their guest, thus cries with careless air,
"Go, leave us, Wealth, and palaces emblaze."

In rural bowers Content delights to dwell;
To cull the sweets of Nature's simple vale;
To woo the Hermit in the mossy cell,
And join the Nymphs and Shepherds of the dale.

To Fortune's tinsel shrine let *others* bow,
And to their wishes rear the golden pile;
To one fair Virgin while I breathe *my* vow,
And let my only *treasure* be *her smile.*

ELEGY III.

He complains of Julia's not keeping her Appointment to meet him.

What Demons keep my Soul's Delight away,
And cruel thus my fondest wish invade?
Alas! I tremble at the setting ray;
Pale evening waves around an envious shade.

How expectation loads th' important hour!
Impatience wilder with each moment grows.
Thou loitering Fair-one, bless th' appointed bow'r,
And snatch thy Lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;
From glade to glade with wild emotion move;
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
Devour each sound, and chide my lingering Love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,
And, anxious, murmur to the desert air;
Now call on slumber to my closing eye:
But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy Deep,
Wild as its Waves, my Thoughts succeeding roll.
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep:
Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul?

Ye sweet Companions of my lonely bow'r,
Whose simple melodies my shades inspire,
Oh that my bosom felt your happy hour!
Oh that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that skims the midway sky,
From joy to joy my Heart so lately flew:
With me my moments never left a sigh,
Nor bathed my lids in sorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the Nymph I vow, and cold disdain:
Yet, at each idle sound, alarm'd I start;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I strain,
And show too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my Love? Alas! my transports die:
My cheek, that redden'd with despair, turns pale;
With disappointment drops my clouded eye;
Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, see, the Sun descends beneath the deep;
Behold the melancholy Bird of Night!—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
And wish in vain to stay the parting light.

ELEGY IV.

Disappointed at not meeting Julia, he accuses her of Inconstancy.

FAINT as the lustre of a lonely Star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
Hope feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair:
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire!

Know, lovely Virgin, thy deluding art
Hath lodged a thousand scorpions in my breast.
Oh say, what happier Rival wins thy heart?
Say, am *I* there no more a welcome guest?

To a *false* Fair-one have I told my tale?
For a *false* Fair-one fondly sigh'd so long?—
Why, dear Deceiver, did thy charms prevail?
Thy charms the subject of my every song.

Ye Swains who heard so oft my raptured Lays,
False is the Damsel that your wonder drew:
Ye Nymphs who listen'd to the lavish'd praise,
My soul's soft Idol proves at length untrue.

Nymphs of the vale, for *me* your pity spare;
Let not my fate, ye Swains, your pity draw:
Alas! for faithless Beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a Diamond holds a flaw.

Can Falsehood's stain that dove-like heart defile?
Ah, see the tear by blushing Honour shed!
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly smile?
See Love with horror mark the guilty Maid!

Yet, yet the Tyrant of my Breast she reigns;
Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs:
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet softly pleads her *pardon* while it *dies*.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the Licentiousness of the Age.

To false delights the Youth of Britain fly:
They court for happiness the Wanton's arms,
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the Syren's fond embrace you sigh,
And on her lip impress the burning kiss,
Doth Friendship mingle with th' unhallowed joy,
Or Love's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?

When droops enjoyment, what is *then* the Fair?
A Flower that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
A Sun that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelm'd in shade.

O Swains! to Modesty's fair daughters turn;
By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led:
Bid by your flight the venal Fair-one mourn,
And press in tears her solitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,
And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art;
With false delights she shamefully subdues,
And leads the *passions* captive, *not* the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies while *they* madly hold,
I of a tender Maid shall be possest:
What bliss her tender beauties to enfold,
And sooth my slumbers on her faithful breast!

Time from her bosom all its snows may steal,
His iron hand her cheek's pure blush invade;
Still to my Julia will I fondly kneel,
And love her *most* when all her roses *fade*.

Who spurns the weeping Fair-one from his breast,
Hard is his heart, in every virtue poor:
Hard is his heart to wound the Fair distrest,
Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.

Cruel, to bid with grief her bosom heave,
Because her cheek no longer glowing warms:
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave;
And oh, forget it faded *in his arms!*

SONG.

From her whose every Smile is Love,
I haste to some far-distant cell:
My sighs too weak the Maid to move,
I bid the flatterer Hope farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
At every step for Julia mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And panting whispers "Oh! return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
And only *flutter* at her name.

SONG.

O Summer, thy presence gives warmth to the vale;
The song of the Warbler enlivens the grove;
The pipe of the Shepherd too gladdens the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my Love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes display:
Alas! but I meet not the Nymph of my heart.

Go, Shepherds, and bring the sweet Wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the Swains.
Go, Zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
"That the Pleasures with Julia are fled from the plains."

If thus to the Maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return:
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's* should mourn.

SONG.

ON JULIA.

ERE witching Love my heart possest,
And bade my sighs the Nymph pursue;
Calm as the Infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah! doom'd at last to mourn,
What tumults in that Heart arose!
An Ocean, tumbling, wild, and torn
By tempests from its deep repose.

Yet let me not the Virgin blame,
As though *she* wish'd my heart despair:
How could the Maid suspect a flame,
Who never knew that she was *fair?*

TO JULIA.

FROM her whom every heart must love,
And every eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove:
Ah, were she fair alone for *me!*

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her Form from memory part:
That Form still dwells on Memory's eye,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In every rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear;
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus, let me rove the World around,
Whatever Beauty's charm can boast,
Or sooth the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the Idol I have lost.

SONG.

BY JULIA.

When Love hath charm'd the Virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain:
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly anxious pain!

Dear Youth, a mutual flame I own:
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn:
I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
I see fair Truth thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in every sigh.

TO JULIA.

WRITTEN NEAR HER GRAVE.

MUCH-INJURED Maid, who liest pale below,
To thee a pilgrim sad I steal away;
In mournful silence steal, o'erpower'd with woe,
To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh! can thy gentle Ghost the wretch forgive,
Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night:
A wretch whose greatest hardship is to *live;*
Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light?

Oh! if my grief could sooth the sweetest Shade,
And pardon gain, which Justice must deny;
Near Julia's ashes should this form be laid:
Its crimes forgotten, then what bliss to die!

Tired of the World, my heart no longer prays
(What others covet) for extended years;
For who would madly court a length of days,
To count, alas! the *moments* by his *tears?*

ELEGY.

TO JULIA.

Detained in Italy by contrary Winds, he expresses his ardent Desire of sailing for England.

Far from my Julia's arms I lonely sigh,
And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain:
The surly Winds my only wish deny;
Yet would I dare the dangers of the main.

Ye Winds and Waves, how cruel to combine!
Oh let my prayers your rude rude pity prove!
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine:
Alas! ye know not what it is to love.

To stately structures now I urge my way,
And weakly think the minutes to beguile;
But anxious Love will not be led astray:
Love goads my bosom for the Virgin's smile.

Now, where the Painter shows his mimic art,
I strive to free my soul from Love's alarms:
Lo, every Venus but augments my smart,
And to my view presents thy *brighter* charms!

To Music now fatigued I yield my ear,
But Music cannot the dull hours control;
With cold indifference every chord I hear,
While not a sound descends into my *soul.*

Oft as I mark the Tribes of Air, I cry,
"How with your pinions would I mount the wind!
Oh! with what rapture, lifted, cleave the sky,
And, turn'd to Britain, leave my cares behind!"

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
Chain'd by the tempest to this hated shore.—
When shall I leave, alas! this land of death,
For life and thee; to part, my Love, no more?

ELEGY.

To a Friend, describing the Horrors of his Situation after the Death of Julia.

FRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are o'er;
Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
Since Julia, once my idol, lives no more,
To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
I hear reproof from every happy Dove:
In Fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
"We know not of inconstancy in love."

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness, suits my soul!
The haunts of Spectres let me court, to weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
And tempests raise the thunders of the deep.

Thou tellest me that Time a balm will bring,
Sooth every sigh, and calm my keenest woes.—
Go, seek in Winter's wild the blooms of Spring;
Go, whisper to the restless surge repose.

Love, injured Love, a sure revenge can boast;
Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's despair:
" Bleed, victim, bleed," he cries, " thy all is lost;
Such be their portion who deceive the Fair !"

I thought that Grandeur with a liberal hand
Could strew my path of life with sweetest flow'rs;
That Wealth omnipotent could Time command,
And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.

Constant in Memory's eye her form appears:
Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find;
In every *rill* methinks I see her *tears*,
And hear her *sigh* in every passing *wind*.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
Away ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away;
Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
Nor bribe a single moment to be gay!

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

Sequiturque patrem, non passibus æquis. VIRGIL.

I TRY t'excel, in Legendary Tale,
The *Lady, Gentleman,* and *Miss,* of Rhyme;
In vain, alas! My creeping efforts fail;
Far, far unequal to *their* march *sublime.*

CANTO I.

"TURN, Farmer, turn thy horse's head,
And taste my ale so bright,"
Cried Boniface, whose sign display'd
The Lion in his might.

Yet how unlike the Royal Beast,
Who for his phiz ne'er *sat!*
Wherefore deriding tongues did call
The sign, the Old Red Cat.

Yea, much unlike indeed was it:
Jove's Eagle, and a Gander;
Mathias, and the tuneful Pope;
Lord Rolle, and Alexander.

"Who boasts such ale?" quoth Boniface;
"No Landlord that draws breath.
A gallon I could fairly drink,
Even in the pangs of death."

Young Orson from his horse leap'd off,
And shook the Landlord's hand;
Then sought a room to taste this ale,
The best in all the land.

The Landlord had a red round Face,
Which some folks said, in fun,
Resembled his Red Lion's Phiz;
And some, the Rising Sun.

Large Slices from his cheeks and chin,
Like Beef-steaks, one might cut:
And then his Paunch, for goodly size,
Beat any Brewer's Butt.

This Landlord was a boozer stout,
A snuff-taker, and smoker;
And 'twixt his eyes a Nose did shine,
Bright as a red-hot Poker.

Were gunpowder put on his snout,
No flint it would require,
And steel, to make the sable grains
Flash off in sudden fire.

Thus when we see a nose so red,
It is as day-light clear,
That ruby nose is *not* maintain'd
On *water* or *small beer*.

Young Orson was a comely Youth,
Stout as an oaken tree:
A farm he had in Taunton Vale,
And money too had he.

Whene'er he spied a buxom Lass,
His chops began to water;
And, as the Kites on Pigeons pounce,
The rogue was sure to *patte* her.

But he his neck to wedlock's yoke
Would not consent to bow.
Quoth he, " The man who milk can buy,
Should never keep a cow."

Of lovely Maids at least a score
Did rue his wanton tricks;
A mournful band, a sable list,
Like Moles between cleft sticks.

Now at the table Boniface
And Orson sat them both,
While 'twixt the twain a pewter-pot
Did mantling foam with froth.

Now Orson raised the pewter pot,
And blew the froth away;
And, having drunk, he smack'd his lips,
And cheerily did say:

" Old Boniface, thou'rt in the right;
Thy taste is sound enough:
I wish my cellar now could boast
A tun of such rare stuff."

Sweet Ellen gave the pot with hands
That might with thousands vie;
Her Face, like Veal, was white and red,
And sparkling was her eye:—

Her Shape the Poplar's easy form,
Her Neck the Lily's white,
Soft heaving, like the summer Wave,
And lifting rich delight;

And o'er this neck of globe-like mould,
In ringlets waved her hair:
Ah, what sweet contrast for the eye,
The jetty and the fair!

Her Lips, like Cherries moist with dew,
So pretty, plump, and pleasing!
And, like the juicy Cherry too,
Did seem to *ask* for *squeezing*.

Yet Ellen modest was withal,
And kept her charms in order;
For beauty is a dangerous gift,
And apt to breed disorder.

Yet what is beauty's use, alack!
To *market* can it go?
Say, will it *buy* a loin of veal,
Or rump of beef? No, no.

Will Butchers say, "Choose what you please,
Miss Nancy and Miss Betty?"
Or Gardeners, "Take my beans and peas,
Because ye are so pretty?"

Too oft, alas! a Daughter's charms
Increase a Parent's cares;
For *daughters* and *dead fish*, we find,
Were never *keeping* wares.

Yet spotless was this Virgin's heart,
Quite spotless too her fame;
And, if a Swain but kiss'd her neck,
It showed the blush of shame.

For once a saucy Oxford Youth
Dared kiss it to a Glow;
How like the modest Blush of morn
Upon a hill of snow!

Yet blushes are *exceeding scarce:*
The *great folk* scorn to name 'em;
Since Fashion, ruling with strong sway,
Has bid all Courts *disclaim* 'em.

Yes, yes; a blush is vastly scarce:
Oh fie, oh fie upon't!
And when it glows, lo, Fashion calls
The virtue, *mauvaise honte!*

Oh! can the *great* for modesty
Not care a single rush?
Ah, never be a British Maid
A stranger to a *blush!*

Ah! who can pierce the simple heart,
Give modesty a fear,
Raise with rude hands the burning blush,
And force the pearly tear?

Yet there are Demons who delight
Her panting heart to wound,
Darken with Sorrow's cloud her eye,
And force the groan profound.

Ah wanton Fashion, thou loose Dame,
Who biddest every man see
The charms which darkness should conceal,
And man should only *fancy!*

The ancle, nay, the knee and thigh,
Are *secrets* now no more:
God bless us! every day, of each
A man may see a *score.*

The Bishop was not in the wrong,
But really in the right,
Who at the Opera saw *such things*
As shock'd his holy sight.

Yet some have said, yea, loudly said,
With many a scornful jeer:
" A poor old wither'd blinking fool,
What business had he *there?*

" If Bishops and their Wives will leave
Their church for *wanton* places,
'Tis rank hypocrisy to make
A set of prudish faces."

Now Orson's eyes forsook the pot,
And mark'd the Maid with fire;
For Ellen's fair and artless look
Did kindle high desire.

For beauty doth possess the charm,
To pull abroad men's eyes;
And wake the wishes of the soul,
And bid the passions rise.

For why? Because 'tis Nature's plan,
The World should be supported;
Therefore, wherever Beauty smiles,
It will be press'd and courted.

Thus amber doth attract the straws,
The loadstone draws the needle;
And drawn too are the female heels
By tabor, pipe, and fiddle.

Now Orson whisper'd to himself,
"Gadsbob! if things go right,
With that nice Girl who gave the pot
I'll sleep this very night."

O monstrous thought! O wicked wish!
O soul-destroying sin!
Yet for his soul (O graceless Youth!)
He did not care one pin.

Thus on the Dolphin's beauteous scale,
The Shark he opes his jaw;
Poor fish! who, ere he danger feels,
Is in the tyrant's maw.

Thus Spiders when they see a Fly,
How Bailiff-like they watch it!
And ere, poor imp, he thinks of harm,
The grimly rascals catch it.

CANTO II.

Fair Ellen lived with Boniface,
Nor scorn'd her humble sphere;
And with unsullied fame she drew
Her customers their beer.

How neat was Ellen in her dress!
As neat as a new pin.
By this she brought full many a pound
To Boniface's inn.

Thus Goldfinches, in fields well placed,
The distant birds engage;
And, by their dainty forms and voice,
Invite them to their cage.

And thus the Pastry-cooks should do,
To sell their tarts and pies;
Put in their shop some pretty Lass,
To hook-in passing eyes:—

For many a man, whose appetite
Desires nor pie nor tart,
May like to squeeze a charming Girl,
And ogle for her heart.

Nay, Milliners should do the same,
For custom if they hope;
And many a trade beside should keep
A nice *tit* in the shop.

And let me own, in times *of yore*,
When Love was seldom quiet,
But quicken'd night and day my blood,
And bred a constant riot;

I bought my garters and my gloves,
Wherever Beauty shone:
When Ugliness was in a shop,
I let *that* shop alone.

For Beauty may be well compar'd,
I think, unto a Hook;
Which, baited with a *lady*-bird,
Draws fishes from the brook.—

Ellen was chaste as new-fall'n Snow,
And modest in her air;
Unlike some Lasses, common known
As is a Barber's Chair.

Of goodly parents was she born;
But in disguise did rove,
Because a Youth to her was false:
She left her vale for love.

Six years she pass'd in servitude,
At last forgot the sigh:
Her Lover's image forced no more
The pearl-drops from her eye.

Yet many a month she ceas'd to smile,
And droop'd the languid head;
And many a lonely walk she took,
The secret tear to shed.

"Ah, happy birds!" she oft would sigh
Amid the tuneful grove;
"*You* bear no guile within your hearts,
You break no vows of love.

"Alas! 'tis man alone deceives:
He wins the witless heart;
Then meanly treads it in the dust,
And triumphs in his art."

Thus in her solitary walk
Would Ellen say and sigh;
And then sweet ditties she would sing,
Of Maids for love that *die:*—

For Sorrow listens with fond ear
To Music's plaintive flow;
Devours the sweetly dying strain,
And feeds on tales of woe.

The Parish Squire, though wedded he
Unto a Lady fair,
Hath often at the Lion stopp'd,
On Ellen's charms to stare:—

For married eyes, if not well *watch'd,*
Are very apt to *stray;*
For which *some* Ladies give their Lords
A *lesson* night and day;—

And very properly, I wot;
For eyes of married men
Should only on *one* object look,
Whereas they stare on *ten.*

A married man should winkers wear,
Like coach-horses and cart;
To rule the eyes, those squinting pimps
That oft seduce the heart:—

For so depraved our sex, I've known
A man deep read in books,
Who had a jewel of a Wife,
Yet kiss'd his greasy *cooks*:—

And, what did make it ten times worse,
T' increase his Lady's woes,
He kept the bastards of those Cooks
All underneath her nose;—

Who if she dared to speak or weep,
He instantly would kick her;
And oft (to use a Devonshire phrase)
The *gentleman* would *lick* her.

Ah! Matrimony, thou art like
To Jeremiah's Figs:
The good were *very good*, the *bad*
Too sour to give the pigs.

Now to fair Ellen to return.—
The Parson of the parish,
Although his *mouth* was most *devout*,
His *eyes* were oft *vagarish* :—

For oft on Boniface he call'd,
The news to ask or tell;
Hoping his ale was fresh and good,
And that his hogs were well: —

And, were fair Ellen in the way,
He *catechised* the Maid;
Hoping she always went to church,
And like a Christian pray'd :—

And gently would he squeeze her hand,
When nobody was near;
And kindly pat her rosy cheek,
With many a *holy* leer :—

And when the Parson took a draught,
He did persuade the Lass
To wet her lovely lips, and leave
A kiss within the glass :—

For even the gravest of Divines
To Beauty's empire yield;
And, spite of all their zeal and grace,
Old Nick hath won the field.

Lo! Bishop Keppel felt the charm,
And waver'd from his duty:
Confirming once a nice young Maid,
He gave up God for Beauty;

So press'd her head with *amorous* hand,—
When lo, two large black pins,
That slily lurk'd within her hair,
Attack'd him for his sins.

Deep in his flesh they urged their way;
When, starting, the Divine
Exclaim'd, "God damn the head! I think
The Girl's a *porcupine*."—

Old Snuffle too, the Parish-clerk,
Did sometimes call for ale;
And knew not, when the Maid was near,
If *mild* it was or *stale*.

Of spectacles that rode his nose,
He wink'd through each horn'd glass;
And, Goat-like, lick'd his watering lips,
That long'd to *buss* the Lass.

Than o'er his *Bible* in the pew,
Of pounds I would lay ten,
Old Snuffle would much rather say
O'er Ellen's *lips*, "Amen."

The dullest eye can beauty see,
'Tis lightning on the sight;
Indeed it is a general *bait*,
And man (the fish) will bite.

Now Boniface talk'd of Lord Rolle,
A Lord in fight so frisky;
Who made an old Dame prisoner,
And took away her whisky:—

And eke on travelling corpses seiz'd,
As fierce as any Shark;
And bullied, like a Thunder-storm,
The Parson and the Clerk *.

* Actually in Ireland, where his Lordship performed prodigies of valour.

And now they talk'd of Sunday schools,
Once deem'd a glorious thing;
Praised and supported by the Great,
Admired by Queen and King.

But *now* 'gainst Sunday schools, alack,
The Great Folk turn their faces;
For fear the poor, by learning, should
Grow *wiser* than their *Graces*.

For no *great man* indeed can bear
That *man* of *low degree*
Should read and write; since that poor man
May be as *wise* as he.

There is a lofty Dame call'd Pride,
With corns upon her toes;
On which the *mob* is apt to tread,
And very oft, God knows.

Now this high Dame companion is
Of Lords, and Dukes, and Kings;
And Duchesses, and eke of Queens,
Indeed, and such-like *things*.

And lo! she whispers to the Great,
To keep themselves aloof;
Nay, crush the Poor, like some sad Worm
Beneath a horse's hoof.

And lo! the Great her counsel take,
And ears of poor folks crop;
Nay, flog the poor at times (poor souls!)
As schoolboys flog a top.

Now of a Princess sweet they talk'd,
And pitied her hard fate.
"O Lord! O Lord!" said Boniface,
"Heaven keep me from high state!"—

"Poor Lady!" Orson pitying said,
"I've seen her many a time;
And seen the Baby too with tears,
And ask'd about her *crime*.

"However people may invent,
Whatever folks shall say,
I won't believe; but think her still
A jewel flung away.

" Such sweetness never could offend ;
Then what's her guilt? I cried :
But folks seem'd all afraid to speak ;
And shook the head, and sigh'd."

Then Ellen said, " I would not be
A Princess, for the world."—
" Thou'rt more," quoth Orson ; "or may I
To Old Nick's house be hurl'd !

" Thou art a Queen," exclaims the Youth ;
And for a kiss he starts.—
" Who? I!" rejoin'd the astonish'd Maid.—
" Yes, thou ; the *queen of hearts.*"

The Maid received the Youth's salute
With such a modest air,
As though from Mistress Stevenson's*,
The Empress of Queen-square.—

Now, gentle Reader, with thy leave,
I'll rest my tuneful tongue ;
And shun of Nightingales the fate,
Who die by too much song.

* A Lady who keeps a Boarding-school.

CANTO III.

And now they talk'd of good *great* men,
Who by their *merits* rise:
When Bishop Porteus was the theme;
Great, though of little size:—

Who, though before the Chancellor
He humbly bore the mace,
Did at the *last* a mitre wear;
Such *friends* are Faith and Grace.

Now Boniface did loud exclaim,
For wondrous proud was he:
"D'ye know that this same Bishop's Wife
No better was than *me?*

"No better, though the *lofty* Wife
Of this *most grand* Divine!
Her father did an *alehouse* keep,
No better, man, than mine.

"There Madame Porteus, a young Maid,
Did *draw* the ale and beer;
And *drew* good customers, 'tis said,
Indeed from far and near:—

" When Parson Porteus trudged that way
(Now see how things may hap);
And, sweating, took a pint of *stout*
From this young Maiden's tap.

" Now Love within the pewter pot,
So wondrous is his art,
Lurk'd sly; and, as the Parson swill'd,
Slipp'd down into his heart.

" At once he glowed with furious flame,
And eyed the comely she;
And very soon he squeez'd her hand,
For wounded much was he.

" Thus, when the Linnet flies to drink
To some fair crystal spring,
By lime-twigs quickly is he caught,
And cannot move a wing.

" Now soon as the young Girl's Papa
The courtship did explore,
He took them by the shoulders both,
And shoved them to the door.

" As Adam and his dearest Eve
Left Eden with a tear;
So Porteus with his Sweetheart left
The tap-room and the beer.

" Forth wander'd they in homely plight,
Grieved that their plan miscarried;
But soon, in spite of poverty,
The *loving* pair were married.

" Nor proud is Mistress Porteus *now*,
Though *lofty* is her lot;
For glad is she old friends to see,
And *eke* a pewter pot."

Thus ended Boniface: and now
They talk'd of Hannah More;
Whose fame the Bishop's trumpet sounds,
That makes a mighty roar.

Then on each other they did wink,
Which thus might be translated:
" *Some people* may a *mitre* wear,
And yet be *shallow-pated*."

And now they praised the Bishop's care;
Who makes it all his pride
To see the Clergy *well* behave,
And on their cures reside:—

For, lo! the Bishop finds it hard,
Unto their cures to pull 'em;
Though he, *good* man, for reasons *wise*,
Doth seldom preach at Fulham.

"I fear *some* Bishops are in fault,"
Quoth Boniface, and sigh'd:
"They are a proud and haughty set."—
"Too true," the Youth replied:

"Over poor Curates' backs, alas,
How Jehu-like they drive!
And, Lord! how these old Drones will suck
The honey of the hive!"—

Of Dame Religion now they talk'd,
Beloved by each Divine;
Who thinks their wealthy Patroness
All in a *deep decline*.

To bring her back to health again,
Of *recipes* a score
Good Doctor Porteus jointly wrote
With *Parson* Hannah More:—

For, lo! the Dame with these *great folk*
Has always been in favour;
For which they both for her would fight,
And risk their all to save her.

Most grossly was she used in France;
Most cruelly, alack!
Her pockets pick'd, and her best clothes
All pilfer'd from her back.

The French swore, she a bastard was
Of some old canting friar;
And from her childhood known to be
A hypocrite and liar.

Her rings they robb'd, and diamonds too;
Her gold they stole by tons;
With which they shot and powder bought,
Swords, muskets, and great guns.

Not only this indeed was done
By this same rabble rout;
They broke the bones of Saints, and kick'd
The *saintesses* about.

Such was their treatment by the mob,
Such rage did Hell inspire:
If *gold*, they *coin'd* them; and, if *wood*,
They put them in the *fire*:—

Old jawbones of the sainted tribes,
Old teeth, old nails, old noses,
Old toes, old shoes; that *wonders* work'd,
As every one *supposes*:—

Old wigs, and night-caps, gowns, and rags,
Spoon, trencher, knife and fork;
Pap-spoon, and frying-pan, and spit,
That many a *marvel* work.

" Religion was a *gentle* Maid,"
Quoth Boniface agen,
" In the year *one*; but *since*, she's *spoil'd*
By wicked artful men.

" The Bishops taught her to be proud,
And heap of wealth a store;
To paint her cheeks, and wear the garb
Of some sad tawdry whore.

" I think she is too well dress'd out
By every great Divine."—
" Indeed," quoth Orson with a sigh,
" I think she goes too fine."—

Of Peter Pindar now they talk'd,
Who so *divinely* sings;
Renown'd from pole to pole for Odes,
And *compliments* to Kings.

Then, raptured, on his Works they dwelt,
And on his high pretension;
Lamenting much he had not got
From Majesty a *pension*:—

While parasites, and pimps to Lords,
Enjoyed their wealth and state;
Though he, poor soul, did make wry mouths
Upon an empty plate.

On which they sagely did remark,
That slight was Merit's meed;
And that the Sun, for *one* fair *flow'r*,
Did foster *many* a *weed.*

" I have his Works," quoth Boniface,
" This moment in the house.
Pray, Farmer, did you ever read
His poem on a Louse?

" And Apple Dumplings, and choked Sheep,
The Pilgrims and the Peas;
The Brick-kiln, Brewhouse, Parson Young,
And Songs that ladies please?"—

" This Great Man's poems I have read;
Yes, over, Sir, and over,"
Quoth Orson, with a wink and smile
That pleasure did discover.

" But then," said he, and gave a shrug,
" *Some* Aldermen and May'r
Swore that his impudence is such,
It bristled up their hair:—

" Said that he grins too much at Courts,
And never would refrain;
And, in respect of titled folk,
Was wicked as Tom Paine.

" They call'd him every name that's bad,
Turk, Infidel, and Jew;
And wanted, when thy burnt his books,
To burn *the author too.*"—

" O shameful Aldermen and May'r,
To burn so sweet a Bard!"
Cried Boniface: " alas! alas!
'Twas very, very hard.

" The Justice too, I do suppose,
Did hate him from his marrow;
And with as much good will would shoot
The *poet*, as a *sparrow*.

" I hope this wondrous Man of Verse
Is steel'd with resolution;
As virtuous people in all times
Have suffer'd persecution."—

And now they talk'd of one George Rose;
Who, born in low estate,
Did mount to worship and to wealth:
So very *blind* is Fate.

Of George's *mother* then they talk'd,
Her hut, and dirty geer;
And said, that George allow'd his *dam*
But thirty pounds a year:—

Poor crone! who swore she would have *more;*
Or, lo! his pride to sting,
She'd run to London in her rags,
And show them to the King.

But George disliketh much to hear
About his Scottish home:
Thus *scabby heads*, the proverb says,
For ever hate a *comb.*—

And now of Hawkesbury they talk'd,
Who wrote in *mags* for hire;
Whose works, till in the chimney put,
Ne'er felt one spark of *fire.*

Of *taxes* now they talk'd, and curs'd
The Emperor o'er and o'er;
And then on Paul they pour'd some gall,
And very loudly swore.

"The Game Laws too," quoth Boniface,
"Provoke me to the quick:
We must not knock a pheasant down,
Although 'tis with a stick.

"Curse on the Justices (the thieves),
That send a man to jail
For touching, with an inch of gun,
A partridge or a quail;—

"Who threat my *licence* too to take,
And *ding*, and huff, and vapour,
Because I won't be *humm'd*, and buy
George Rose's stupid Paper*!"—

* *Which* of the two Papers is meant by Boniface, we cannot ascertain; as the Sun was accustomed to lick up the leavings of the poor *dead* or *dying* True Briton, and disgorge for the benefit of the Public. Either of those Newspapers, therefore, may be alluded to by the Landlord; as their respective merits are rather beneath the dignity of *criticism*. We must say indeed, that every exertion has been made, particularly by the Post Office, to cram their trash down

Now talk'd they of the Princesses
Elizabeth and Mary,
Whose taste in all the polish'd arts
Is most extraordi*nary:*—

Then of the sweetness of their looks,
Their manners all so mild;
That win, where'er they pass, the heart
Of man, and maid, and child.

And let me also join *my* praise,
Before I further sing:
The Muse with rapture oft hath mark'd
The Daughters of the King;—

And, if *her* voice could pour a strain
To yield their hearts delight,
Lo! all Parnassus with their names
Should ring from morn to night.

the throats of the nauseating people of England. A Newspaper is made the test of our political principles. Is the Morning Post, or the Courier, or the Morning Chronicle, called for, the man is branded with the odious name of *jacobin.* Yet who reads of a *defeat* in the ministerial hirelings? *Pæans* are for ever sung: *British laurels* neither decrease nor fade—all alive and blooming! Victory attends the chariot of every British Mars; and the *fool's cap* which the conquering and contemptuous enemy now and then clapped on the heads of *some* of our Generals, has been, by the *hocus pocus* of a misrepresenting Newspaper, converted into a *triumphal crown.*

CANTO IV.

Now Negress Night came solemn down,
To put to roost the fowls;
To bid her bats a hunting go,
And likewise all her owls.

And eke she oped the dreary tombs,
T' enjoy her spectre-races;
Unlocking Ghosts, to frighten folk
With shro[illegible] and mealy faces.

And now amid the hags and owls,
And gliding Spectres pale,
Mute Silence, with her feet in felt,
Did stalk from vale to vale.

The birds their thatch and bushes sought,
Forsaking trees and springs;
To hide their slumbering heads beneath
Those downy quilts, their wings.

Now Darkness, with her pinions black,
All waving wide outspread,
Moved solemn; and, with Horror join'd,
Did wrap the World in shade.

Now Theft and Murder sly stole forth
From caves of dread and death,
In quest of damned deeds, to roam
The wild and spectred heath:—

To meet some Wanderer of the shade,
And make his life their food;
To seize his throat with ruffian grasp,
And plunge their knives in blood.

And now amid the London streets,
Poor outcasts from their home,
The female bands, ah! lost to fame,
(Sweet beauty's wrecks!) did roam.

For *these*, let Pity heave the sigh,
And Prudery stay her rage;
And rather curse seducing *pimps*,
The Giffords of the age:—

Who prowl where innocence appears,
And watch for beauty's smile;
To tear the rose-bud from its bed,
Then *stamp* it in the soil.

Now artfully, with rueful face,
Did Orson, cunning spark,
Step to the door, and cry, " It rains;
And, Lord! how dismal dark!

" And then the wind it is so high
That I can scarcely stand:
And all the Sky's like Murder black;
I cannot see my hand."—

" Sleep here, my friend," the Landlord said:
" A bed, but not of flocks,
Is thine; of feathers nice and soft,
Pick'd all from hens and cocks.

" Fine too the Sheets, like Lilies white,
And warm too is the rug;
And trust me that it has not got
A single flea or bug.

" A little supper we will have;
And, if I'm not mistaken,
Thou likest *meat:* now what dost say,
My friend, to eggs and bacon?"

To which the smiling Youth replied,
" I'm vastly fond of hog;
And, when 'tis fried with eggs, I vow
I know no prettier *prog*."

Now Ellen, with a knife so keen,
To slice the flesh began;
And then she broke twelve new-laid eggs,
And put them in the pan.

But, growing *warm*, against the hog
The Eggs unpleasant *mutter'd;*
While, waxing *hotter*, 'gainst the eggs
The Hog with fury *sputter'd.*

Alas, how much like Man and Wife!
(What *pity* such things be!)
Who at each other fiercely spit,
And often disagree.

The eggs and bacon soon were fried,
And placed upon the table;
When Orson and the Landlord ate
As much as they were able.

And now the merry mug went round,
And many a tale they told;
And many a wanton joke they crack'd;
Some new, and others old.

While Ellen, busy at her work,
Seem'd not one word to hear;
But not a serious word, or joke,
Escaped the Maiden's ear.

For where is she, the Maid, I wot,
'Mongst high or humble folk,
That liketh not a merry tale,
Nor yet a wanton joke?

Now Boniface to Orson said,
"As we no longer munch,
Suppose, my friend, with this our ale,
We take a glass of punch?"

To which the Youth did answer make,
"Dear friend, with all my heart;
And Ellen shall the lemons squeeze,
And likewise take a part.

"And Ellen too with *us* shall sit,
And take her cheerful glass;
For what are meat and drink, and life,
Without a charming Lass?"

Now Ellen did the lemons squeeze,
The sugar put and rum in;
And made what even a King would call
A bowl of liquor *humming*.

"Landlord," quoth Orson, "with your leave,
And Ellen's *too* I mean,
I'll take a kiss from her nice lips,
That would adorn a Queen."—

"Aye," cried the Landlord, "kiss her, man;
She's sweeter than the rose:
A kiss can do no mighty harm;
So, Girl, hold up thy nose."

Then from those cherries of delight
He kisses took a score;
And, but for decency, the rogue
Had ravish'd twenty more.

For Kisses are the Food of Love,
Well known in every nation;
And such a dainty dish, indeed,
Will ne'er be out of fashion.

And Ladies' lips the *out-works* I
To Ladies' hearts may call:
Soon as the *first* are storm'd, the *last*
Most naturally will fall.

"Now sing a song," said Boniface,
"Thy best, and do not grudge it."—
"Yes, that I will," the Youth replied;
"I've many in my budget."

Then Orson oped his throat, and sang,
Both loud, and sweet, and clear,
A song that much the Landlord charm'd,
And *caught* fair Ellen's ear.

SONG,

BY ORSON.

I own I am fickle: to Phyllida's ear
I first told the story of love;
Kiss'd her hand, press'd her lip, with what ardour sincere!
And declared that I never would rove.

But my sighs were scarce breathed, when Chloe tripp'd by:
The Nymph was no longer my boast;
From Phyllida's beauty away went the sigh,
And my heart to sweet Chloe was lost.

Could I dream of a change, when Chloe was mine?
"No, no," I a thousand times swore;
"My heart cannot rove from a Girl so divine:
No, no, it will wander no more."

But Fate, who delighted to laugh at the Swain,
Presented a Damsel more fair:
My heart, the sad rogue, turn'd inconstant again,
And sigh'd to Corinna his pray'r.

"With Corinna," I swore, "every hour *must* be blest;
These eyes shall no other pursue:"—
When again, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
Thou, Sylvia, beam'dst full on my view.

But, Sylvia, I'm sure thou hast *nothing* to fear,
That my heart for another can pine;
Since, to make it a traitor, a Girl must appear
Whose beauty is *equal* to *thine.*

"Now sing *thy* song," the lark-like Youth
To Boniface did say;
When Boniface most loudly sung
This merry roundelay:—

SONG,

BY BONIFACE.

Toper, drink, and help the house;
Drink to every honest fellow:
Life was never worth a louse
To the man who ne'er was mellow.

How it sparkles! here it goes:
Ale can make a blockhead shine;
Toper, torch-like may thy nose
Light thy face up, just like mine!

See old Sol: I like his notion,
With his whiskers all so red;
Sipping, drinking from the ocean,
Boozing till he goes to bed.

Yet poor beverage to regale!
Simple stuff, to help his race!
Could he turn the Sea to Ale,
How 'twould make him mend his pace!

Now Boniface to Ellen said,
"Now for *thy* roundelay."
The Damsel blush'd, and hemm'd, and blush'd,
And then she sung away.

SONG,

BY ELLEN.

ADIEU to the grotto and glade!
Adieu to the song of the grove!
Since Colin is gone from the shade,
Adieu to the valley of Love!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
When he gave me his hand at the stile,
How buxom and sweet was the air!
How the fields were all clothed with a smile!

But Nature seems changed, to my mind;
The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each Song is a Dirge on the wind,
And the flowers seem all drooping to die.

All alone must I wander at morn;
And lonely at eve, a poor ghost;
While each object around me forlorn,
Will pity the peace I have lost.

Then ask me not, Virgins, to stay:
With a sigh seems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
To wind with a murmur of *woe.*

O ye Virgins, O Shepherds, farewell!
I wander, in secret to pine.
May Content be the guest of *your* cell,
Who has long been a stranger to *mine!*

The Youth upon her tuneful lips
Did full of rapture glote;
And seem'd so pleased, as though he could
Have galloped down her throat.

He look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd
With longing wishful eye;
And felt his heart all fluttering beat,
And *guess'd* the reason why.

For who can see the lovely Maid,
And feel not sweet desire?
With him may Life's fair prospects fade,
And Hope itself expire!

The clock, the crier shrill of time,
That tick'd behind the door,
Now with his hammer struck the bell
Twelve times, and lo! no more.

And now the fire was all put out,
Which Boniface did water;
For fear a spark might burn the house,
And make a serious matter:—

For fire, permitted once to rule,
Consumeth all it handles;
Even from the palaces of Kings,
Down to a pound of candles.

The cat amid the ashes purr'd
(For purs to cats belong);
While chimney-minstrels, *crickets* call'd,
Did join Grimalkin's song.

O gentle Crickets! to your airs
I've listen'd o'er and o'er.
O lucky imps! where'er ye dwell,
That house is never poor.

Old Towzer too lay stretch'd along,
And yelping much did keep;
And with his trembling joints did chase
The rabbits in his sleep:—

Eager he seem'd to hunt indeed
The nibblers to their holes:
Thus *dogs* can dream like *gentlemen*,
Although they have *no souls*.

Now Boniface said, "Sir, good night,"
And shook young Orson's fist.
"Good night," again young Orson said,
And then he Ellen kiss'd;—

And on her pouting lip he left
A thousand wanton wishes:
"Good night," quoth he, "fair Maid, whose eyes
Eclipse thy pewter dishes."

Yes, 'twas a kiss, a kiss indeed!
A very *wanton* kiss;
Which seem'd upon her mouth to say,
"I long for *higher* bliss."

CANTO V.

Now as he kiss'd her, on her neck
A golden cross he spied.
"Who gave thee *this?*" the starting Youth,
All fraught with wonder, cried.

"A young man gave me this," quoth she,
And then she dropp'd a tear;
"A youth who won my heart away,
And still to me is dear:—

"But riches forced him from these arms,
And men do wealth adore;
And thus he left my heart to pine,
For I was rather poor.

"A Damsel of a great estate
Did steal his heart away;
At which I left my native vale,
For there I could not stay.

"For who can stand the scoffs and jeers,
That bitter flow like gall?
So, when I lost my Sweetheart's love,
Alas! I lost my *all.*

" Where now he lives, God only knows:
Five years it is and more,
That here in Hampshire I have dwelt,
And here my loss deplore.

" Methought, Sir, when the mug of beer
This very night I drew,
That Orson, whom I thought my own,
Did much resemble *you.*

" My heart so beat, my head turn'd round;
My eyes both misty taken:
I almost dropp'd the frying-pan,
With all the eggs and bacon."—

" My Ellen sweet," the Youth replied,
And hugg'd her to his heart;
" Behold that Orson thou hast lost,
And we will never part.

" I am not married: no, my Dear;
To marry I am free:
And I have search'd half England through,
To gaze again on *thee.*

" But thou wert gone the Lord knows where,
And wert not to be found;
But all the neighbours said with sighs,
Thou certainly wert *drown'd*."—

" O Orson dear!" the Maid replied,
" And am I in thy arms?"—
" Thou art, thou art," the Youth rejoin'd,
And closely press'd her charms.

" How was't I knew thee not?" quoth she.—
Quoth he, " I wasn't so big;
And now thou seest I wear my *hair*,
And then I wore a *wig*."—

" Ah me! I recollect," quoth she,
" Full well thy *natty bob;*
And then I only wore my hair,
And now I wear a *mob*."—

" Sweet Ellen," cried the raptured Youth,
" The reason now is plain:
The mob and ribbon are the cause
I knew thee not again.

" I think that thou art taller grown,
Thy shape's so nice and clever;
And, without compliment, thou art
A prettier girl than ever.

" Landlord, behold the girl for whom
I've hunted round and round."—
" Gadsbob," cried Boniface, " what luck!
The lost sheep then is found."

To tell the joys of both their hearts,
Would puzzle my poor pen;
But lo, they kiss'd, and sigh'd, and kiss'd,
And kiss'd and sigh'd agen.

And now they did a sixpence break,
In plight of mutual troth;
While Boniface, with happy looks,
Did smile upon them both.

" Well, now, good folks," quoth Boniface,
" I'll leave you, if ye choose,
To tell your tale, while I go take
A comfortable *snooze*."

Thus having said, old Boniface
March'd, hobbling, off to bed;
And put a good red night-cap on,
Of yarn, about his head.

Night-caps of different stuff are made;
Of different colours too:
Of flannel, and of cotton, some;
Some yellow, and some blue.

Sleep is an article we want,
Although it looks like death;
Since all from mortals seems retired,
Except it be the breath.

How often have I said and thought,
Lost in reflection deep,
"What pity 'tis, since life's so short,
To spend one half in sleep!

"But then," quoth I unto myself,
"Sleep calms the folks that fret;
Is kind to souls with hungry maws,
And people much in debt.

" Nay, sleep has this advantage too,
It goodly feasts doth make ;
And furnisheth rare food in *dreams*,
We cannot find *awake*."

Now Orson with his Ellen sat,
The Damsel on his knee;
No loving couple in the world
Were blest like *he* and *she*.

And now they smiled, and told old tales
That happen'd when they courted ;
Together when to fairs they went,
And danced, and played, and sported.

Time stole most happily away :
While Boniface, above,
Lay senseless snoring, they below,
Alive, were making love.

Now Morning from her clouded east
Did through the window peep
Upon the playful loving pair,
Whose eyes look'd not for sleep :—

For they were *otherwise* employed,
In ogling soft desire;
In telling stories of the heart,
And fanning Love's sweet fire.

Their eyelids did not once *pick straws*,
And wink, and sink away:
No, no; they were as brisk as Bees,
And amorous things did say:—

For eyes are eloquent, though mute;
They speak all sorts of tongues:
Such very cunning things are eyes;
Such power to them belongs.

Now Ellen unto Orson said,
"Retire, my friend, to rest;
Thou with thy journey must be tired:
And I will seek my nest."—

"Ah! Ellen, I feel no fatigue,"
Said Orson with a smile:
"I am this moment fresh as though
I had not rid a mile.

" 'Tis *thou* hast given me spirits gay,
And made my heart so light:
Well, Ellen, now I think 'tis time
Indeed to bid good night."

And now he took her in his arms,
And said, " Good night, my Dear:"—
When Ellen said " Good night" again,
And dropp'd the tenderest tear.

It was a tear, a precious tear,
More worth than diamonds bright;
For love and friendship form'd the drop,
That charm'd young Orson's sight.

As down her cheek this pearl did flow,
Young Orson, mad with bliss,
Quick to her cheek his lips applied,
And caught it with a kiss.

Then gallantly the young man said,
And swore of oaths a round:
" That pearl of thine, my lovely Girl,
Shall never kiss the ground.

" O dearest Ellen! mind my words,
And mind I tell thee true:
Wherever that bright gem had dropp'd,
The ground had been Peru.

" But I will go, since 'tis thy wish:
My Angel fair, good night;
Sweet dreams to thee, my only Dear;
Aye, dreams of rich delight."—

" Sweet dreams unto my friend also,"
With sweetest smiles said she.—
" Ah, then of Ellen I must dream,"
With gallantry said he.

And now they both retired to rest,
Both bidding soft farewell;
And *which* was happiest in their dreams,
Is difficult to tell.

Now Sol had mounted up the sky
A pair of yards at least,
When from their beds the couple sprung,
And very soon were drest.

To breakfast down they happy came,
With Boniface *likewise;*
Who stretch'd his limbs, and yawn'd, and gaped,
And open'd both his eyes:—

For Boniface's eyes had long
The *winks* of Love forgot;
Preferring to the fairest Maid,
A foaming Pewter Pot.

To tea and toast down sat they all;
And not long after tarried,
Before they went before the Priest,
And happily were married.

"And now," said Boniface with glee,
"You shall not go away:
A sumptuous dinner I will give,
In honour of the day."

Now goose and turkey came, and hare,
And apple-pie and custard;
And chicken and asparagus,
And Yorkshire ham, and mustard:—

And friends, invited to partake,
Did from the village come:
Of different ages were they all;
Some young, and aged some.

Within the house did mirth resound;
Without, with cheerful ray,
Sol pour'd his radiance on the roof,
And all the world was gay.

The chirping Sparrows came in flocks,
And Linnets with a tune;
And round in merry gambols flew,
To hail the *honey-moon.*

The Wrens delighted cock'd their tails,
And twitter'd many an air;
While Redbreasts, trilling, through the panes
Peep'd in upon the pair.

And *eke* the Pigeons, birds of love,
Did sport upon the thatch;
And coo'd and bill'd, and flapp'd their wings,
In honour of the match.

No happier hours were known, so swift
The moments took their flight;
'Twas laugh and song, and jibe and joke,
And stories of delight.

At night, all slily, from their friends
The couple stole away;
Which night, if I don't much mistake,
Was happier than the *day*.—

God prosper long the married state,
And give it every bliss;
And may we kiss the Nymphs we please,
And *please* the Nymphs we *kiss!*

NEW-OLD BALLADS.

WRITTEN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, DURING HER IMPRISONMENT AT WOODSTOCK.

Ah! woe is mee, who sighe forlorne,
Sith woe has fixed depe his thorne
In thys poor harte.
The Milkmaid's songe, when Morne doeth smyle,
And Phebus gildeth fielde and style,
Doth greefe emparte.

I envy Birdes that cleave the skye;
"Ye live in freedom, imps," I sighe,
Then droppe a teare:
And eke I cast an envious looke
Upon the little babbling brooke
That runneth neare.

Like the swete brooke I wish to flee
From fielde to fielde in merry glee;
But my poore harte doth pant in vayne
To joine the Milkmayde on the plaine,

Who seemes so blest.
Dispayre approaches, and thus cryes:
" To Freedom cease to turne thine eyes,
Sith I'm thy guest."
O drear companion! ah, most drear!
Whose voice is horror to mine ear.

TO THE GLASS.

Give me the Glasse that felt her lippe,
And happy, happy, shall I sippe;
And, when is fled the daintie wyne,
Something remaineth still divyne.

Heaven's dewes that on the flowers doe falle,
Make them to smyle, and fayre withal;
And thus the dewe of her sweet kisse
Doth bathe my heart with balmy blisse:—

But dewes to vapoure flye awaye,
While her rich fragrance lasts for aye.

J. D.

TO THE DAISIE.

O MODEST Flower! thou tellest of the Springe:
Welcome unto this little fielde of myne!
With joy I see thee from the green earth springe,
And smiling in thy silvery vesture shine.

Ay! nought disturbeth thy fayre tender frame;
Zephyrus kisseth thee, and tastes thy sweet:
Thou dost not chide the wanton rogue, nor blame,
Nor biddest him sighe lowly at thy feet.

Agayne he whispereth love; and now agayne
He tasteth of thy honey'd leaves, and sighs:
And, though he wantons, thou dost not complayne;
Thy little snowy bosom nought denyes.

O gentle Daisie! speak to her I love,
When she doeth come, and casteth lookes on thee;
Persuade her my pure passion to approve,
And not with coldness from her Shepheard flee:

But imitate thy ways; and learne thy smyle,
When I, like Zephyrus, doe press her cheke.
Then may no tempest rude thy form defyle,
And of thy snowy beauties make a wreck!

A PRAISE OF FAYRE GERALDINE.

BY LORD SURREY.

I SIGHE mournfulle for Geraldine,
For lovelie Geraldine I playne;
And oft I wish her harte was mine:
But vaine are sighes, and teares are vaine.

But she perchaunce mote cruel be,
And slighten of Cupid the bande,
Because she may not fynde a he
That meriteth her lilied hande.

Ah me! sith none but *such* may wooe,
And turne to her with hope his eyes;
Far hence Fayre Geraldine must goe,
And seek a Lover in the skyes.

BALLADE OF LOVE.

THOU art the Loadsterre of my Love,
Which Love doth many tempests fynde;
But thou canst all the stormes remove,
And whisper calme unto my mynde:

Thy balmy breath can fille the sayle,
And bless me with a prosperous gale.

But no, for this I may not hope;
On rocks thou doomest me to mourne:
My Vessel, without maste or rope,
All on the black rock piecemeal torne:
And there, I wis, without a sighe,
Thou lettest my poore Vessel lye.

But if thy smile would fix on me,
A safe porte then my Shippe may fynde;
Then Phebus' beams break out I see,
And leave the tossing waves behinde.
With jocund heart then I do prove,
Thou art the Loadsterre of my Love.

BALLADE OF GRIEF.

I KNOW not joy, when far from thee;
For thou art all the world to me:
Then come away.
Though thou art farre, yet Love's swift darte,
For ever flying, wounds my harte
From day to day.

I seeke to slepe away the hours;
But thy image my calme devours,
And kepes me waking:
And when, alack! I close myne eye,
I starte, and with keene anguish sighe,
"Thou'rt me forsaking."

Then come, fayre Mayde, and with thee bringe,
In thy twin cheeks, the blossom'd Springe,
And Sommer's gold
In thy twin eyes; that I may find
The Sommer's beam within my mind,
Not Winter's cold.

THE PETITION OF THE LOVER.

Ah! say not "No" unto my pray'r,
For I have loved thee full long;
To these twin eyes thou art most fayre,
Surpassing praise of sweetest song.
Then say not "No" unto my pray'r,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

Why art thou with rare beauty blest?
Only to bless mankynde, I wiss;
Not for to robbe the harte of rest,
But fill it with a sea of blisse.

Then say not "No" unto my pray'r,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

The Sunne was made to warme the earthe,
And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
So should thy Beauty's Sunne give birthe
To our souls' harvests of delyte.
Then say not "No" unto my pray'r,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

ON AN INCONSTANT.

Those peerless lips are both forsworne;
Those lips that roses' blooms adorn,
Ah, too deceiving fayre!
I thought no guile upon thy tongue;
I thought that mouth could say no wrong,
Nor lay for hearts a snare.

But now I see thy vaine, vaine mind;
And now thy cruelty I find,
That taketh pride in woe:
In every sigh thy guile I hear,
And see my wrongs in every tear
Which Sorrow bids to flow.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name;
And hear fierce Anger cry out "Shame!"
On beauty so renown'd.
Know, beauty was design'd for joy;
Which thou dost cruelly employ
To give the world a wound.

THE LOVER'S PITYE.

My Lute, who makedst sweetest sound,
Awake thee now, alack! to playne;
Sith my poore harte doth feel a wound,
And never may rejoice again.
Oh! let thy sounds with my sighs flow,
For her who lies in deth below.

O Lute! how jocund was thy voice
When she did make thy chords rejoice,
When roses blushed on her cheek!
But now that she in deth lies pale,
Thy voice must tell a doleful tale,
And every harte with sorrow breake.

My Lute, thou must no more be gladde;
But tune to dying straines and sadde,

And think no more of *jouissance.*
Griefe openeth of myne eyes the springes;
And oft my teares will wet thy stringes,
And make thee mourne our dread mischance.

Then list to me, my favourite Lute:
Be sadde, or lye for ever mute.

TO A FLY.

BY THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN PRISON.

Thou little animal, I wiss,
Thou seemest me a child of bliss;
And runnest, fleest here and there,
Withoute a pang, and eke a tear:
While, borne to thinke of scepters, I
Do envy thee, thou little Fly.

Fortune doth make small giftes to me;
But, what is mine, I give to thee:
The bread, the wine, upon my boarde,
I yield to thee with much accorde.
Come when thou list, and to thy mynde
Thou something to thy taste shall fynde.

Though gladde thou friskest to and fro,
Thy life, poor worme, is shorte, I know;

A little while thy legs outspread,
I see thee on the table ded:
And, while thou art at peace, I wail,
And think on thy lyfe's little tale.

But while thou canst my crumbs enjoy,
Thou here may hum without annoy;
Runne here and there, and spread thy wing,
And with thy own companions sing.
Though man be cruel unto me,
My hand shall give delyte to thee.

ON THE FAYRE GERALDYNE.

Goe, Muse, to Hunsdon, and espye
What giveth to myne harte a sighe;
And yet to every other harte
Bright floodes of joyance doeth emparte.

There may thou see a Sunne, that cloude
Didde never yet with darkness shroude;
And, straunge, no mortals on that Sunne
Withouten hurte may looke uponne.

Now, Ladye Muse, should it be so,
Thou doest not this my Loadsterre knowe,

Goe unto Hunsdon, caste thyne eien
On all the world's Fayre Geraldyne.

THE BRENNED MOTH,

A BALLADE.

Ah, silly Moth! what hast thou done?
To such mishap why didst thou runne?
Brent be thy legges, and eke thy wings;
And Fate doth pierce thee with his stings.

What folly could thy mynde perswade,
To leave thy fields of dew and shade;
Where Glow-worms light, with lanterns sheen,
The little elves that praunce the green?

There mightest thou, on pennons light,
Enjoy the silence of mute nighte;
And flicker hill and vale around,
Withoute a foe, withoute a wound.

Poor Fly!—But why thy folly blame?
We wiser mortals act the same:
On mad ambitious fires we gaze,
And, doating, perish in the blaze.

WYATT TO BRYAN,

FROM HIS PRISON.

THE Summer of my Hope is ded,
Whyche made my daies so passing fayre:
Now Hope no more may lift her hed,
Sore chill'd by Wynter of Despayre.

But, Bryan, my dark prison-doore
Doth boast of lyght when thou dost come;
Syth Frendshipp's Sun hath beames a store,
To make a Palace of a Tombe.

Then come, and Frendshipp's beame yspred;
And I'll forget that Hope is ded.

WYATT TO POINS,

IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

To crawle in Courtes, is bondage harde;
For who ychooseth chaines, I wot?
Yet some, for pleasures of rewarde,
Wil flatter, and blow colde and hot.

But Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

What be our wants?—some thinges, not all.
Contentment lyeth not in heaps:
Who hath a littel field, though small,
It grete is if enough he reaps.

Then Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

SIR T. WYATT.

Retired to the Country, to Arlington, where he passed a Life of Tranquillity, he despised Harry the Eighth's Court.—Wyatt boasts of his Liberty.

FREE am I nowe; I Courtes do follow not,
But myne own pleasure dayly I persue:
I aske aboute no Courtiers; no, God wot,
Sith I to Courtes have bidden longe adieu:
For, when at Courtes, on hands and knees they crawl,
Like whipped Dogs, and be for aye in thrall.

When Morne doth glister, oft bayte I myne hook,
And forthe I go the river's bank besyde;
And there I privilye do searche the brooke,
And trye if Fish unneath the surface glyde.
And often do I bringe them to the lande,
And then unhooke them with a happy hande.

She whome I love, doth sumtime straye,
And sees me dragge the prisoner from the floude;
And that it is most cruelle, she doth saye,
To spille of little Fish the harmless bloode.
" Eche little Fish," she telleth with a teare,
" Which thou dost kille, perchaunce hath got his Dere."

And oft she pulleth a Fish from my hande,
And putteth him agayne into the brooke;
Sayinge, " Go, Fishe, thyne liberty commande;
And learne t'avoide, poor foole, the hyden hooke."
And then she smylinge doth a moral fynde;
And lykeneth Fish betray'd, to Womankynde.

A BALLADE OF PRAYER,

BY SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

ADDRESSED TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, ON HIS PRESUMING TO LISTEN PRIVATELY TO HER MAJESTY WHILE SHE PLAYED ON THE VIRGINALS: DELIVERED BY LORD HUNSDON.

Oh! in your gracious goodnesse, deigne
To pardon mee, most mighty Queene,
Who dared (not to be forgeven)
To heare on Erth the songes of Heaven.

I strove to flye from soche swete sounde,
But nail'd was I unto the grounde:
My feet, entraunced, could not move;
And all my mynde was lost in love.

What punishment your gracious sense
Ordaineth for my rude offence,
Yet be it grate, and life destroye,
It may not equal my past joye.

If you would more than cruel be,
Deth must not be devised for me;
But take my ears' quick sense away,
When you, grate Queene, shall singe and playe.

BALLADE,

BY VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

WHERE is the Mayde that erst was myne,
Who did with love myne harte begile?
No more on me doeth beauty shine:
No more I proudly boaste her smile.

The roses of her cheek so bright,
Her lippe of berries' purple hue,
No more for me may blush delyte;
To them may Fansie say, "Adieu!"

When I did first her lookes beholde,
Meseemes 'twas summer in her Eye:
Meseemes I mark'd two Sunnes of golde,
Upon her face's smiling skye.

Meseemes that on her roseate Cheeke
I spyed the season of the Springe;
And when that she did courteous speke,
The feather'd Minstrels seem'd to singe.

But all is past and gone, I weene:
From her I meete with icy cold;
I marke no more her Eye's bright sheen,
Nor marke her Sunnes of brightest golde.

Sadde is the chaunge sith she's unkynde:
Now cloudes all mirkie darke my daye;
For Zephyrus blow Wynter wyndes,
And frost hath kill'd the gentle May.

BALLADE.

Couldst thou looke into myne Harte,
Thou wouldst see a Mansion drear;
Some old haunted Tower aparte,
Where the Spectre bands appear:

Sighing, gliding, ghostly forms,
'Mid the ruin shook by storms.

Yet my Harte, whiche Love doth slighte,
Was a Palace passing fair;
Which did hold thyne image bright,
Thee the Queen of Beauty rare;
Which the laughing Pleasures fill'd,
And fair Fortune's sunne did gild.

When shall my poor Harte, alas,
Pleasure's Palace be againe?
That, sweete Mayde, may come to pass,
When thou ceasest thy disdaine:
For thy smiles, like beams of day,
Banish Spectre forms away.

A BALLADE.

The Maid who pants for Lover's sighs,
Doth lay for her own peace a snare;
She rues the conquests of her eyes,
And mourns that she was ever fair:—

Then, Lasses, mind the proverb well,
"Too oft the pitcher went to well."

Where Beauty doth display its rose,
In tribes the busy Swains are found;
And, where the richest Nectarine grows,
The hungry Flies will buz around:—

Then, Lasses, mind the proverb well,
"Too oft the pitcher went to well."

THE THREAT OF OBERON THE FAIRY.

Maidens fair, attend to me.
Constant to your Shepherds be:
If ye break your vows of love,
Ye my rage will sorely prove.

I know all your dreams by night;
Therefore fear, O Maids, my spite:
All your secret thoughts I know;
Fear then my sharp anger's blow.

And, O Men! I pray, beware;
Do not harm the Maidens fair:
Sigh not love, and then betray,
If ye wish my rage away.

By the Moon's pure beam I swear,
If I mark a Virgin's tear,
I will give the Shepherd dread,
And will tear him from his bed.

If I hear a Shepherd sigh,
Maids, in jeopardy ye lie:
Spoil'd will be the dimple sleek,
Breast of snow, and rosy cheek.

Love our Fairy train delights,
While we sport in moony nights;
Eke our elfin King and Queene,
As they gambol on the greene.

Love was sent to soften wo,
Sent to bless the World below;
Full of smile, with roses crown'd:
Why should Love then feel a wound?

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

Loud blowe the wyndes with blustering breath,
And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear:
The torrents foam with headlong roar;
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little Birdes, with wishfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sithe they can boaste no hoarde:
Sharpe in myne house the pilgrims peep;
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Now on the cradle doth he hye;
And kenneth down, with connying eye,
Upon my Babe below:
And, finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a simple note,
And shakes his wings of snow.

Come in, ye little Minstrels swete,
And from your feathers shake the sleete,

And warme your freezing bloode:
No Cat shall touch a single plume;
Come in, sweet choir; nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe, and doe what pleasaunt seemes,
And be a joyfull throng,
Till Spring shall cloath the naked grove;
Then go and build your nests, and love,
And thank me with a song.

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY.

ON HER VOUCHSAFING TO REWARD HER HUMBLEST OF SERVANTS, EDWARD FAIRFAX.

Bright Sun of England, nay, a Sun
That hath so bright a cercle run,
And on far Realms doth spread a blaze!
The humblest Servant of your isle
Doth thank your beauty for the smile
That graceth me with golden rays.

Though homely be my Muse's speeche
And poore; your praise can make it rich,

Such is the power of your high name.
What you, greate Queen, may deign to praise,
Although a Dwarf, you to a Giant can it raise,
Sith your voice is the voice of Fame.

WITH A GYFTE OF A GLOW-WORM TO THE FAYRE GERALDINE, IN THE COUNTRY.

Fayre Geraldine, behold, I bring
This elfin Imp that gildeth night;
So beauteous was it 'mid the shade,
So calm, so mild its lonely light,
The insects of the dew-dropp'd fielde
To its pure beame did homage yielde.

When first I didde this Worm espye,
Aloude I said, and with a sighe,
" O little Imp of Night, I see
Semblance of Geraldine in thee."
Amid the shade as it doth shyne,
So fares it with Fayre Geraldine.

This Worm beneath the leaf doth hyde,
Desyring not to be espied;

Natheless it yieldeth, all so brighte,
A jewel to emblazon night:
And thus on this dark Worlde do shyne
The wit and charmes of Geraldine.

BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

Sweete Infant of the Fielde, myne eye
Doth joye thy modest form to meet,
For thou goode news dost say;
How Winter, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laste his rude farewell,
And borne his blasts away.

While Wynter his wilde rule did spread,
Thou couldst not show thy tender head,
But from his rage didst hide;
And Golden Cup, and Primrose pale,
Did peeping tremble in their vale,
And eke the Daisie pied.

The surly wight your robes had torne,
And on his wings of tempest borne,
And scatter'd through the skies:

But now the gentle Zephyr's breath
Doth whisper, "There's no dread of death;"
And bids you fearless rise.

Sweet is thy lot, O little Flower!
Like Man thou dost not *life* devour,
Well pleased on *dews* to dine,
Of Heaven's pure balm to make thy fare:
What pity 'tis, we cannot share
An innocence like thine!

BALLADE

TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

Why flyest thou away, with fear?
Trust me, there's nought of danger near;
I have no wicked hooke,
All cover'd with a snaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless Tenant of the Flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood;
For Nature unto thee

Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charme thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless Fish!
And when an Angler, for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out;*
God give thee strength, O gentle Trout,
To pull the raskall *in!*

TO THE LARK.

O LITTLE harbinger of day,
Who welcomest the blushing light!
With glee I list thy cheerful lay,
Sweet recompence for dreary night.

O'er fair Astræa's rosy bow'r,
Go, tuneful sprite, and wave thy wing:
Go, charm Astræa's morning hour;
To *her* thy choicest ditties sing.

And, if thou please that peerless Queen,
Thrice-lucky were thy little voice;
For, when Astræa gladde is seen,
Her smile doth all the World rejoice.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

Folk be too fond of mounting Fortune's wheel;
And, though she humbleth thousands in the muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning bosoms feel:
Pardie! they must crawl up, and try their luck.

But, when *aloft*, themselves they scarcely know,
Despitefull squinting on the World below:
So, when they tumble, none lament their thrall;
But grin, and point their finger to their fall.

To show that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in Esop guise:—

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG WRENS.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her *sticky* nest;
And Younglings did she bring to light,
In number five at least.

One morning, on a summer's day,
Did peep eche youngling Crow,
And spied upon a brambling-bush
Some youngling Wrens below.

These simple Wrens in happy glee
Did spread their little wing;
And, lightsome, hopp'd from bush to bush,
And merrily did sing.

"Poor humble creatures!" cried the Crows;
"Eche is a beggar wight:
Look up to *us*, and see our state;
Our house's lofty hight.

"*We* look into the beamy skies,
While you through hedges wade:
We gaze upon the morning sun,
While *ye* are lost in shade.

" Poor imps, departe, nor here offend;
Take off eche selie face:
This hill was only made for Crows;
Then do not us disgrace.

" If you do not this region quit,
We'll dung upon you soon."—
The smiling Wrens made answer none,
But trill'd their little tune.

Short time had pass'd, when suddenly
Grim Boreas 'gan howl;
The thunder crack'd, the lightning flash'd,
And frighted Man and Fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder crack'd,
And lightning broad did flash;
The limb whereon the Crows were perch'd
Did give a sudden crash.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young Crow:
Some broke their legs, and some their wings,
And doleful look'd below.

'Twas now the time for Wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, saw with smiles the Crows
All sprawling on the plain.

Then taunting, an arch Wren began:
" Sir Crows, of *high* renowne,
Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
All in a *hurry* down:—

" And by the looke of all your limbs,
And feathers sous'd with rain,
It will be some small time before
Your graces mount again.

" Proud fooles, how selie ye descend
From skies to dirty fens!
Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we're content,
And happy to be *wrens*."

TO AUTHORS

THAT ENDITE ON THE PASSION OF LOVE.

Ye who do songs of Love endite,
Knoweth not well of that ye write,
Sith ye nere with the passion strove:
Go moan, and hide in groves, and sighe,
Adore her name, and wish to dye;
And then ye well may wryte of Love.

But ye may answer make, and cry,
"Where is the object for our sigh?
Who is the Mayde may make hearts pine?"—
Ah, did ye never marke a Mayde
That wandereth in Windsor shade?
Then learne, it is Fayre Geraldine.

Surry.

BALLADE.

When Summer's bloome did paynte my cheeke,
I thought of Frendship's tye;
Of Frendship I could onely speke,
Unweting so was I:—

But now I fynde this grievous truthe,
That Frendship is the Dream of *youthe.*

Although I loved the fayrest Mayde,
My Ladye I would yield,
To give a Frend a hand of aid,
And be that Frend's bold shield.

Alas! I mete with no return:
For Love I mete with Hate;
Instead of Smyle, myne eyes do mourne
With early Tears and late.

Frendship's a Sunne, I whilom sayd,
That warmeth every harte;—
But now, that hartes of Ice are made,
Whiche Winter's colds emparte.

Frendship, sayd I, a forme doth boast,
A Gyant's forme, I ween;—
But nowe I see him a poore Ghost,
With pale and dreary mien.

Then let no Mynstrell, in his song,
Of Frendship take the parte;
Syth 'tis a vertue of the *tongue*,
But never of the *harte*.

ODES.

TO CYNTHIA IN TOWN.

Cynthia, the Dryads are in tears,
Because thou visit'st not their groves;
The Graces grieve, and Cupid swears,
And very sullen look the Loves.

The Naiads through the vales declare
No rill of theirs shall purl away;
The Lark too scorns to mount in air,
And vows to keep his nest all day.

The Sun resolves to hide his head,
And blot his lustre from the skies;
Yet that were little loss indeed,
While we possess'd *that* pair of Eyes.

Well then, to pique thee, from each Lay,
From all my lines, I'll blot thy *name*.—
" Aye, do," I hear thee smiling say;
" And blot what only gives them *fame*."

ODE.

The Poet describeth the former and present State of his Wishes.

Tempora mutantur.

Courtiers are just so many Goats, that leap
From rock to rock upon the cloud-capp'd steep,
That overhangs a sea that foams around;
Slip but a foot, *souse!* down they are, and drown'd.
Yet how folks scramble, one and all,
To mount the ridge, and get a fall!

I own, I've listen'd to Ambition's tales;
Sigh'd for Life's *mountains*, and disdain'd its *vales:*
My youngling ears most greedy drank her story.
With Kings and Queens, Lord! how was I in love!
Tried to make wings (alas! I *vainly* strove),
(Poor fly!) to buz within their orbs of *glory*.

Yes, vain were my endeavours all;
And still am I ordain'd to *crawl*,
Although so lofty in my Rhyme.
Heavens! how my fibres felt the rack,
When Pye obtain'd the Royal sack,
And Parsons smooth'd the Ode with *chime!*

Thus can't I to the Palace go, alack!
All the Court *crawlers* would be on my back;
Biting and scratching, nibbling, swarming:
A circumstance, alas! alarming.

There would be Liverpool, I do suppose,
And Cardigan, and Salisbury, and Rose,
Making a diabolic rout:
"Off with him! turn the fellow out!"

Cut off from Cesar and his Wife,
I pass of solitude a life;
To Cynthia's beauty tune the willing Lyre;
And, while I gain *her* lovely smile
(The sweetest that adorns our isle),
I feel for Courts no more a fierce desire:—

So little raptured with a *royal mien*,
I would not give *one pin* to *kiss* a *queen*.

ODE ON THE ANCIENTS.

"All has been said; the World has nought to yield;
Alas! there's nothing new beneath the sun:
The Ancients with their hooks have reap'd the field;
All that can be imagined, has been done.

The Ancients for the Moderns were too stout:
Yes; the deep mine of knowledge is work'd out."—

So cries the World: but *who* are these that speak?
Men of no νους, most wonderfully weak.
If things are *so*, why what a fate is mine!
Lord help the Muse! she never penn'd a line.

Reap the whole Field! *not half* on't, I'll be sworn:
They've only taken a few Sheaves of Corn.—
The Mine exhausted! Poh! I'll hear no more;
They've only gather'd a few Grains of ore.

Appear but Genius, Genius soon will find
New matter to improve and charm mankind;
  Teach on the wildest heath the rose to blow:
Genius, the Rod of Moses at the rock,
Shall, by a magical and happy stroke,
  Bid the rich stream of wit and wisdom flow.

The Brains of men, in general, are a Pool
Wrapp'd in death-stillness, comfortably dull;
  Like motionless poor Lethe, void of spirit.
But now and then (like Milton, for example,
Or Shakspeare, each indeed a beauteous sample),
  Into existence pops a wight of merit:—

An Ocean, lo, his brave Ideas rise,
That mounts, and with its thunders shakes the skies.

ODE

TO AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

SHALL Virtue feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her soul unheard complain?
Say, will no Muse proclaim the wrong?
Why sleeps the thunder of her Song,
While Pity mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inspire
Of Love the soft and chaste desire,
And bless the nuptial tie;
With every gentler charm of mind;
Can Fate, to peerless worth unkind,
Condemn thy heart to sigh?

Without a friend, in soothing strain,
To steal thy bosom from its pain,
I hear thy plaintive voice:

And hear the snakes of Envy hiss;
While, happy at thy vanish'd bliss,
The imps of Hell rejoice.

Yet through the cloud that hides thy head,
By Calumny's foul venom spread,
I mark a golden ray:
Time on his wing (for Justice reigns),
To calm thy life's tempestuous scenes,
Shall waft the smiles of May.

Hark! to suppress the swelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear:
"Thy Babe shall rule adored;
On Britain's throne, to crown her fame,
The shouts of Millions shall proclaim
Eliza's reign restored."

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

O Goddess of the tuneful choir,
Upon my knees I must desire
You'll give your instrument a smart *jobation:*

Happy am I a Band to meet,
To give my ears a pretty treat,
And fill my heart with sweetest animation.

I like an Overture, I needs must own;
Of Music 'tis a very noble dish:
But here's the devil; while *some* with solemn groan
Bawl *flesh*, lo, *others* are exclaiming *fish;*
Rending with sounds of Babel our poor ears,
Much like the noises of the Bulls and Bears*.

Proud on his nimbler neighbour to advance,
Like Elephants that fain would learn to dance,
The Double Bass attempts his awkward jigs,
Grunting and snuffling like a Sow and Pigs.

Ambitious, this most labouring Bass
Gives to the Violoncello chase,
Who on the Tenor presses like the Wind,
Who presses closely on the Second Fiddle,
Who presses sharply on First Tweedle-tweedle,
Who leaps the *bridge*, and leaves them all *behind.*

Alas! are *these* the *modes* to melt the soul,
Sooth every sigh, and every care control?

* At the Stock Exchange.

If *this* be Music, let me leave the *riot*,
And be the World of Quavers ever quiet!

PETER'S TRIUMPH.

TO THE MUSE.

Muse, we have finish'd now our Odes,
And verily the Songs of Gods;
But let me tell thee, Muse, (and much it pains,)
That those great traffickers in *words*,
Those high and mighty pompous Lords
The Booksellers, will barely give me *grains*.

"*Hogs' wash* is good enough," they cry:
Thus can I neither roast nor fry.

'Tis hard that my poor mental mill
Is never suffer'd to lie still;
Such, such indeed the avarice of the clan:
Forced, every minute of the hour,
To grind forsooth for them the *flour*,
And feed myself, alas! upon the *bran*.

Hard is their bridle: Lord! with pain I shrink;
Too hard upon my bleeding jaws they pull.
What shame that they, the lazy imps, should drink
Claret and *Burgundy* from my poor scull;
And, with a saucy mortifying sneer,
Bid *me* be happy upon *dead small-beer!*

I boast *one* consolation, I allow;
My name will never be forgotten:
When to Posterity I make my bow,
Those rogues are in oblivion rotten.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE EAGLE, &c. &c.

Muse, at the sound of "Rumford" *raise* thy voice,
And bid our Kitchen-furniture rejoice.
Though scant our store, a hempen String (alack!
The simple substitute for spit and jack),
A Knife and Fork, a Dish, a Spoon, and Platter,
Shall stir their stumps, and make a jovial clatter;
The Broom shall hop, as merry as a grig;
And, pleased, the dainty Dishclout dance a jig.

EPISTLE

TO

COUNT RUMFORD.

THE Bard whose Harp immortalized the Louse,
For which he ne'er received a single *souse;*
Praised Madame Schwellenberg in lofty style,
For which he never gain'd a single *smile**;

* Though I have here accused this Lady of *ingratitude;* perhaps, if her last Will and Testament were to be *seen*, I might alter my opinion. *Where is* this Will, I wonder? Why does it not appear at Doctors' Commons? Is it *ashamed to show its face?* What has it done with the *pearls* and *diamonds*, presents from the poor persecuted family of Hastings? Is it with the Taylor in Pimlico, to whom her poor body was sent about an hour or two after the soul had forsaken its tenement? Should not this Will be publicly *advertised?* Am *I* certain that it doth not contain some *handsome bequest*, at least a *tender memorial*, to *me*, who (she very well knew) must *lose much* by her *death?* Is this an unreasonable conjecture? I know the Will has been *read*, and I know *parts* of it. O ye *poor* Relations of Madame Schwellenberg, now crawling in piteous plight in obscure holes in Germany, must ye *forfeit* the little pittance bequeathed, if ye *dare* approach Great Britain? *Such* was a cruel clause of the Will!—Had ye *enough to purchase mourning*, O ye poor *disappointed* Relations of Madame Schwellenberg? Perhaps ye might have been *troublesome* had ye come to England. If so, things are best as they are.

Gave to eternity the shaven group,
Yet never saw a *ladle-full* of soup;
Praised *thankless* Lords besides, and Knight and Squire;
Now to a Yankey tunes the willing Lyre:
Spite of th' *ingratitude* of Cooks and Kings,
Strikes to Count Rumford's *tuneful* name the strings;
Who from his favourite little Rumford* came,
To build on *smoke* his fortune and his fame.

Muse, at the sound of "Rumford" *raise* thy voice,
And bid our Kitchen-furniture rejoice.—
Though scant our store, a hempen String (alack!
The simple substitute for spit and jack),
A Knife and Fork, a Dish, a Spoon, and Platter,
Shall stir their stumps, and make a jovial clatter;
The Broom shall hop, as merry as a grig;
And, pleased, the dainty Dishclout dance a jig;
Expressing thus in *gratitude* their souls
To him whose wisdom saves us *pecks* of coals,
And means (for Pitt's damn'd taxes this require)
To teach us soon to roast *without a fire*.

* *Once* an *obscure* Village, in North America; but fortunately *illuminated* by the nativity of the Count, who indeed drew his first breath there: and afterwards, in quality of a Pedagogue, immortalized it by his *abecedarian* powers; teaching little Children to read, spell, and write, with the most consummate *ability*.

Friend to thy fame (and may it last thee long!),
Though George and Banks grow jealous of the Song;
Howe'er its praise may wound *some* courtly folk,
That Song shall thunder to the Man of Smoke.

Knight of the Dishclout, wheresoe'er I walk,
I hear thee, Rumford, all the kitchen-talk:
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes "Rumford" here, and "Rumford" there.
Lo, every parlour, drawing-room, I see,
Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of nought but thee.
Yet not alone my Lady and young Misses,
The Cooks themselves could smother thee with kisses:
Yes; Mistress Cook would spoil a goose, or steak,
To twine her greasy arms around thy neck.
Through Newspaper, through Magazine, Review,
Happy mine eyes thy splendid track pursue;
Thy sage Opinion in each Journal read,
A vein of Silver 'midst a load of Lead.

High o'er the wondering World Vanbutchell tow'rs,
And on the *ruptured* Mob his trusses pours.—
High-mounted Katerfelto and his Cat,
Proud of the voice of Fame, in glory sat.—
High o'er the World the mighty Merlin sits,
Though much of gall his jealous mouth emits:

Endeavouring, lo, thy name's bright beam to shade,
The Wizard swears that thou hast stol'n his trade*;
Learn'd from his matchless art to conjure up,
From shades below, a shilling's-worth of soup;
And mean'st on *other* tricks to put thy *pattes;*
Plunder chair-yelping Curs, and squalling Cats,
With all their love-songs of sweet execution,
To please and *lull* the Royal Institution.—
High o'er the World Sir Joseph soars sublime,
The great and fertile subject of my Rhyme.—
Yet higher *thou* shalt mount, whose angry toe
Kick'd from thy shop the Hero of Soho;
And, aiming too at Garnet's luckless crown,
Didst, with thy *leaden* Journal, knock him down†:
For *who* with sage *opinion* dares appear,
While Rumford's mouth of Oracles is near?
Behold the Elector bowing to his merit!
Bavaria owns his *beggar-hunting* spirit;
Who, when poor Munich trembled, almost lost,
With godlike ardour pierced the *Egyptian* host,

* Indeed Mr. Merlin has *seemingly* just cause of complaint; but as the *minds* of those great men are surprisingly *similar*, why may not a *coincidence* of thought occasionally take place, and produce similar *discoveries?*

† Sir Joseph Banks is *bonâ fide* ousted; and poor Garnet, a most ingenious chymist, was attacked for a difference in opinion.

And seized (which history must ever note),
And seized—a daring Gipsey by the throat;
And gave him (what such *bravery* can reward?),
And gave him—to the Serjeant of the guard*:

* Here I must beg pardon of my Readers for violating History. The Count slightly says, that at the head of the Elector's troops he made but *one* Gipsey his prisoner, and that he only *tapped* him on the shoulder. Such is the Count's *modesty*. A Hero is the last man in the world to speak of his own exploits; but let me quote the Count's own words, who, like Cesar, can write as *well* as *fight*:—

"New-year's Day," says the Count in his History, "having from time immemorial been considered in Bavaria as a day peculiarly set apart for giving alms, and the Beggars never failing to be all out on that occasion; I chose that moment, as being the most favourable to my *operations*. Early in the morning of the first of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety, the Officers and Non-commissioned Officers of the three Regiments of Infantry in garrison were stationed in the different streets, where they were directed to wait for *further orders*.

"Having in the mean time assembled at my lodgings the Field-officers and all the chief Magistrates of the town, I made them acquainted with my intention, to proceed that very morning to the execution of a plan I had formed, for *taking up the Beggars;* and asked their immediate *assistance*.

"To show the Public that it was not my wish to carry this measure into execution by *military force* alone (which might have rendered the measure odious), but that I was disposed to show all *becoming deference* to the civil authority, I begged the Magistrates to accompany me, and the Field-officers of the garrison, in the execution of the first and *most difficult* part of the undertaking, that of *arresting* the Beggars. This they most readily consented to, and we immediately *sallied out* into the street; myself accompanied by the chief Magistrate of the town, and each of the Field-officers by an inferior Magistrate. We were

For which th' Elector deck'd the Man of Stove
With true-blue ribbons, and the Bird of Jove.
Great Man, whose power inventive daily rakes
Balm from a bog, and dinners from a jakes*!

hardly got into the street, when we were accosted by a Beggar, who asked us for alms. I went up to him, and, laying my hand gently on his shoulder, told him, from henceforwards begging would not be *permitted* in Munich. I then delivered him over to the Orderly Serjeant; and then, turning to the Officers and Magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would *take notice* that I had *myself*, *with my own hands*, arrested the first Beggar!" &c.—*Vide* the Count's Essays, vol. i. p. 41. third edition.

Such is the Count's *elegant* and *nervous* narrative of that *glorious* day which emancipated Munich from the *tyranny* of the Beggars! With the Hero of antiquity, the Count Rumford may not only say, *Veni*, *vidi*, *vici*, but moreover add, *scripsi*, to increase the catalogue of his *wonders*.

* His first and grand object being to complete the sum total of human happiness, by a prudent attention to economy, he shows how, from the {*recre-* / *excre-*} mentitious parts of human food and fuel, as well as from many hitherto shamefully neglected *natural productions*, to derive a wholesome, and pleasing, and nutritious diet. There is a filthy old proverb (that I cannot repeat), instructing people how to grow rich; and which proverb, though treated as ludicrous by our ancestors, will be soon pronounced a serious economical maxim. After many laborious days and sleepless nights, the Count has at last succeeded in the detection of that grand *desideratum before* and *since* the days of the great Martinus Scriblerus, viz. the extraction of *sunbeams* from *cucumbers;* so that any gentleman may store up *heat* and *light* for the Winter, in the same way *ice* is preserved for the Summer. This fortunate discovery (it will be observed) supersedes all his former methods of saving fuel; and consequently precludes all further researches in the *consolidation* of *smoke*, and the *conversion* of *soot* into *sea-coal*.

Great man, whose fertile genius could contrive
To soften rocks, and *flay* the flints *alive;*
And make (though Envy unbelieving grins)
Pouches and handsome purses of their *skins:*
Nay *more* (but yet, methinks, a *dangerous hint*)
To perfect Jelly turn the hardest Flint*:—
For hence an *inconvenience* may arise;
To this discovery rogues will turn their eyes:
The felons dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
Will *eat* their *various dwellings*, and *escape;*

* With a machine which the Count invented on the Continent, he *flays* Flints, and, by an alkali *sui generis*, converts them into palatable Soups and Jellies: and he is now carrying on a process for preparing their skins to make purses for such as *have* money, and tobacco-pouches for such as *have none*.

The philosophical tinkers and bellows-menders, whose ideas he has generously adopted, make kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, salamanders, skillets, stewers, roasters, toasters, &c. &c. of the most astonishing and unheard-of powers; some of these utensils rendering Shoe-leather as masticable as Beef-steaks, and the toughest Horse-hide as tender as the best Veal in Leadenhall-market. By a little higher charge of heat, bones, hair, horns, hoof, shells, and claws, are reduced to a *jelly;* and chopped straw, bean-husks, potatoe-skins, &c. are turned into palatable *spoon-meat*. The extensive use and application of these inventions, especially in the present times of famine, must be obvious to the intelligent. Already the workmen are so far reconciled to this new species of food, that they begin to make themselves comfortable messes of their old aprons and leather breeches. In short, the Count is not without hopes of introducing the animal food of the ancient and modern Scythians, and the more cooling vegetable diet of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Taught by thine art of turning *stones* to *jellies*,
Fly with the *walls* of Newgate *in their bellies*.

Great man, whose tinkers form, from various metals,
Grillers and broilers, salamanders, kettles,
Steamers and bakers, frying-pans and stewers,
Skillets and saucepans, roasters, toasters, brewers;
Some blest indeed with such stupendous pow'r,
Shall change *old shoes* to *beef* in half an hour;
And turn, amidst the wonders of the shop,
The *tinker's apron* to a *mutton chop*.
Bones, oyster-shells, and hair, and hoofs, and claws,
Shall form too jellies for the *nicest* jaws:
Thus shall the *cuckold* who his *honours* scorns,
Bless his dear Wife, and fatten on his *horns*.

Great King of Fire, who know'st the powers of meat,
And know'st how necessary 'tis to *eat;*
And yet, not only eat, but eat with *pleasure*,
Without one bit of *bolting*, quite at *leisure;*
By which slow movement in the mastication,
Millions may soon be saved to this *poor* Nation!
What gratitude, what thanks, to thee are due,
Instructing a great Empire how to *chew!*
In Workhouses, where ignorance abounds,
And all the Poor, voracious, feed like Hounds,

Sharp Overseers shall at the table stand,
And *give the word*, with serjeant-like command;
Thus will their crackling Jaws in concert chime,
And, like a Fidler's Elbow, move *in time*.
Oh! if I too might cater for the belly,
Old Fiddle-strings should make us Vermicelli;
Cockchaffers, with a very trifling art,
Compose a Pie, at least a pretty Tart;
Soap-suds to Syllabubs and Trifles change,
And Bullock's Lights and Livers to Blamange;
And Sheep's-dung, without quantities of studying,
Glean'd from the fields, produce a fine Plum-pudding.
A wool-stuff'd Pin-cushion would make a Puff,
And Tripe start forth from Breeches of old Buff;
And, with Sir Joseph's leave, with Fish might pass
His Fleas, his *favourite* Fleas, for Lobster-sauce*.—
But what an insolence in *me* to prate!
Pretend to *him* to open Wisdom's gate,
Who spurns Advice, like Weeds, where'er it springs,
Disdaining counsel, though it comes from *kings*†!

* The experimental dinners promised by the Count, are expected by the Members of the Royal Institution with great avidity. *Grass-broth, flint-soup, fricasseed leather-breeches, stewed old shoes*, &c. &c. will soon be forth-coming; set on the table too by automatical waiters, to the vast *surprise* and *instruction* of all beholders.

† Here I must beg leave to *quarrel* with the Count. Although a man may, like the Count, possess *extraordinary intellect*, and although a man may be the

Yet say, why Physic from thy house exclude*?
On physic ponder, what a *public good!*
Hygeia weeps, poor Nymph, to be neglected:
Shame on thee! let the fair-one be protected.
Of physic didst thou never own the skill?
Say, did thy *purity* ne'er need a *pill?*
Go, go, harangue the Members, goad 'em, goad 'em,
And make them send away for Doctor Brodum;
Or Doctor Meyrsbach, who with sapience sees
A mighty Empire fall by *toasted cheese:*
Or doughty Doctor Solomon invite,
Who cuts the talons of Disease, the Kite,
That hovering, threatening, spread abroad, prepare
To lug us Goslings to the fields of air.—
And why Divinity be banish'd, pray?
Souls are of *some importance,* let me say.
In God's name, send a card to Rowland Hill,
Who *to a tittle* knows his Maker's will:
The film of darkness banish'd from his eyes,
He kens the darkest secrets of the skies;

best judge of *himself,* nevertheless it is *indecorous* to treat the opinions of *others* with contempt. The Count's constant assertion is, "I never was yet in the wrong: I know every thing." Granting this to be true, the declaration is nevertheless *arrogant* and *supercilious.*

* "All discussion relative to Religion and Medicine will be carefully avoided." —*Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.*

Of Cherubim and Seraphim the Host,
As though they wrote the Parson every post.
Hill knows what Satan *does*, and *means* to do;
Knows all the *plottings* of th' infernal crew;
The *tools*, the *tortures* for a sinful soul;
And what the *fire* to roast it, *wood* or *coal*.

Oh, while Mechanics hold with thee a sway,
And blacksmiths, tinkers, hammer it away;
While such obtain thy smile (a lucky lot),
Let not *ingenious* Aris be forgot.
To shine a *worthy* Member, Aris sighs;
Aloft *his excellency* lifts his eyes:
Pitt's bosom-friend, oh grant him then his pray'r,
Whose Gags and Handcuffs wondrous *worth* declare;
Whose whips of *thong*, to radiant *wire* allied,
Tickle with *neatest* touch the human hide.

With rapture have I visited thy house,
And marvell'd at thy vast extent of νους.
Thanks to thy care, that, 'midst its ample round,
Soup, tea and toast, and coffee, may be found;
And wine, and punch, and porter; fresh'ning draught,
Mending the monstrous *wear and tear* of thought*.

* "To render the house of the Institution more pleasant and agreeable to such Proprietors and Subscribers as frequent it, an additional room has lately

Thus a *new birth* shall Rumford's glory tell,
And from its bowels spring a grand Hotel.

Yet, 'mid thine House's philosophic glooms,
Since Conversation has its *private* rooms,
Extend the thought, by Love delicious led;
And give of Graham the *celestial bed.*
In would Subscriptions like a Torrent pour:
Nymphs of *delight* would leave each Cyprian bower;
The Bond-street Loungers to thy call repair,
And form, like Smithfield, a perpetual fair.

Say, canst thou make (whose brains have not their fellows)
Fire *blow itself* without a pair of bellows?
Soon shall we see a Haunch, with equal *wit*,
Turn round and *roast itself* without a spit;

been set apart for their private and exclusive use: this has been called the Conversation Room, and is distinguished by an inscription over the door. As conversation in the Reading Rooms could not fail to interrupt those who read, the Managers are confident that all those who frequent the house will be so sensible of the reasonableness of the regulation, as to abstain from conversation in the Reading Rooms when any person engaged in reading is present.

"To render the Conversation Room still more useful and agreeable, it will be furnished with a collection of good maps; and, as soon as some necessary previous arrangements (which are now actually making) shall be finished, those who frequent this room will be furnished, at the most reasonable prices, from the Housekeeper's Room below, with soups of various kinds, tea, coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments."—*Vide the Count's Journal.*

Fish *without* frying-pans come *hot and hot*,
And Dumplings *boil themselves* without a pot.
Nay more, Automata shall rise: I see
A Pin *pursue*, and *pierce* the nimble Flea;
Now in the bedstead old, or in the rug,
Pluck from its lurking-hole the wounded Bug.
Untouch'd, the Handkerchief shall wrap the nose;
Untouch'd, the Pen-knife cut the corn-clad toes;
Untouch'd, the Comb the vermin tribe assail,
And Scissars opening clip the finger-nail:
The Soap *unaided* the rich suds shall spread,
And Razors trimly shave the beard and head:
Formal as Pitt, the Treasury-bench shall rise,
And, bowing, ope the Budget for *supplies*;
The Church's Desk put forth its pious pray'rs,
And Lincoln's Pulpit preach like Parson Nares*.—
Great man, the culinary tactics studying,
Instructing Worlds to *eat* a Hasty-pudding†!

* A staunch stickling Parson for *preferment*, the *salvation* of souls, and the *state*. Newspapers, Pamphlets, Magazines, Reviews, Ballads, &c. proclaim the merits of our Lincoln's-inn Preacher. The Pulpit itself is a weekly witness of his various enthusiasm. He does not yet deem himself *properly* remunerated: is there nothing more for the poor *gaping* Priest?

† "The Hasty-pudding being *spread out equally* on a *plate*, while hot, an excavation is made in the *middle of it*, with a spoon: into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put; and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, or, *more commonly*, molasses. The butter, being soon *melted* by the *heat*

To thee poor Poets shall their offerings bring,
Who roast, like *me*, their victuals by a *string;*
All struggling with a laudable intention,
Who best shall praise thee for thy *vast invention.*
And since thy skill (believe me not in joke)
Contriveth *traps* to *catch* our London *smoke;*
Soon, very soon, mayst thou proclaim aloud
(Rare news for farmers), *traps* to *catch* a *cloud.*
Quick on his *prisoner* Hob will lay his hands,
And *tap* his watry *belly* for the lands;
And thus our Parsons will be saved the pain
Of *putting* Heaven *in mind* to send down rain.

Oh why will Scandal thus let loose her tongue;
And call the voice of Knowledge, Folly's song?
Great are the beauties of *association:*
What charming union, *soup* and *conversation,*

of the pudding, mixes with the sugar or molasses, and forms a sauce; *which*, being *confined* in the *excavation* made for it, occupies the middle of the plate. The Pudding is then *eaten* with—a spoon; each spoonful of it being *dipt* into the sauce, before it is *carried* to the mouth: *care being had, in taking it up*, to *begin* on the outside, or *near* the brim of the plate; and to approach the *centre* by *regular advances*, in *order* not to *demolish* too soon the excavation which forms the reservoir for the sauce."

Such are the Count's *culinary tactics* in regard to the *siege* of a Hasty-pudding. Nobler *generalship* perhaps was never exhibited by Marlborough, Turenne, or even Buonaparte himself.

Assisting each the other with delight!
Thus Babes are pleased their *alphabet* to *bite;*
And thus, without the harmless fraud discerning,
With *gingerbread* the urchins swallow *learning.*—
I know that Envy turns her head away,
And calls the Institution "puppet play:"
But, ah! in censure people should be *mild;*
Philosophy *herself* was *once* a *child.*
Yet still those rude sounds stab mine ear's poor drum;
"A *bite, palaver, nonsense, fudge,* a *hum.*"
In vain Wits call thee (blasting thy machines)
A *walking bundle* of *old magazines.*
Believe me, immortality is sure;
Long as thy Chimneys, shall thy Praise endure:
Oblivion ne'er shall swallow Rumford's name;
Aloft ascending, lo, thy *radiant* Fame
With thy own curling clouds of Smoke shall rise,
And *sun-like* give them *lustre* on the skies!—
I know they mock thee (in their laughter loose),
Because thou *sweep'st a chimney* with a *goose**.

* The Count certainly lays claim to the *invention* of *sweeping chimneys* with a *goose,* by forcing down the animal alive, with a string about its neck, from the top of the chimney; when the poor creature, by flapping its wings, as it is pulled up and down, *sends* the soot *about its business:* but it is really an *Irish discovery,* used also to extinguish fires in chimneys, by which means the Goose becomes *roasted* at *no expense.* No bad hint this, for the Count's *economical* system.

I know the World a jealous spirit fosters,
And christens thee the weakest of impostors;
'Stead of a *war-horse*, one of Folly's *hacks;*
The *prince*, the *king*, the *emperor*, of the *quacks*.—
Sir Joseph of thy Journals makes his sport;
Laughs at thy Dinners*, keeps thee from our Court,
Or long, *long* since, hadst thou received commands
To come and *lounge* at Levees, and *kiss hands*.
Yes; to eclipse thy blaze, behold him strain,
And rummage the dark Coal-hole of his Brain:
But not one *knob* is in it, do not doubt;
All, long ago (believe me), *all* burnt out.
Too plain I see him (jealous of thy name),
Try every *jockey trick* to *pass* thy fame:—
In vain; the Fates against the Knight combine:
Strive as he list, the glorious race is thine.
To *snap* more *snakes* Sir Joseph means, I know,
And *swallow alligators* in Soho;

* Take, gentle Reader, the Count's own words from his *own Journal*, on the subject of what he calls Experimental Dinners:—"In order that the Proprietors and Subscribers may be enabled to judge, from actual experiment, of the merit of any new method of cooking, or of any new dish, that may be proposed, a *dining-room* has been built, and will soon be ready for use, at the House of the Institution, in which the Managers will occasionally order *experimental dinners;* to which the Proprietors and Subscribers will be invited, as far as the accommodation will admit: the expense of such dinners to be defrayed by those who partake of them."

More *tadpoles* down his *cable gullet* pour,
And *frogs*, and *butterflies* a mealy show'r:
From *hieroglyphics* a *new name* he seeks;
And tastes, and pores on, *Babylonian bricks:*
Still, with his Squire*, the Knight in *fancy* sees
Fame in his *blankets*, *lobsters* lodged in *fleas;*
And, swearing that in future nought shall foil 'em,
Has order'd honest Jonas to *reboil* 'em.

Unrivall'd Rumford, ere I close my Song,
Hear, hear an *oracle* from Peter's tongue:—
Great scholarship with *wisdom* link'd, is *rare;*
Yet these unite in thee, I do declare.
For scholars seldom are the most *discerning:*
'Tis true, each Priscian swallows *loads* of learning;
Yet a poor Moth (that *paper-idolizer);*
Devouring *wit*, but *not* a *whit* the *wiser.*

Oh since, from every corner of our isle,
Books court thy hand to gain thy gracious smile;
Regard *my* offer, nor the trifle slight:
Receive a Poet's solitary *mite;*

* Honest Jonas Dryander, the *sine quo non* of Sir Joseph.

A *little* incense to embalm thy shrine,
A Life exceedingly resembling *thine*;—
The History of that Hero with a hunch,
The *laughable*, th' *immortal* Mister Punch.

THE

ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;

A POETICAL

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Yes; on thy simple isle, in Fancy's eye,
Envying I often look, and often sigh:
In fancy rove thy small domain by day;
And, pleased, with thee in nightly visions stray.

THE

ISLAND OF INNOCENCE.

To thee, my Friend*, amid that peaceful Isle
Where bounteous Nature blooms with sweetest smile;
Where never Winter, on his northern blast,
Howls on the hill, and lays the valley waste,
O'er a pale Sun the cloud of horror throws,
And buries Nature in his vast of snows;—
Ah, no! where endless Summer, ever gay,
Opes a pure ether to the Orb of Day;

* A Gentleman whom the Author of this Poem met by the merest accident, on a small Island situated near the Gulf of Mexico. His companions were his Wife, a most lovely woman, and four beautiful Children; whose history would form an interesting romance. Persecuted by their Parents for a mutual love-attachment, they forsook their native country (America), to seek some distant asylum. On their voyage they were wrecked; but fortunately escaped with their lives, and preserved their property. Finding the little Island on which they were thrown, to be in possession of a few inhabitants of the most perfect simplicity of manners, and the most lively friendship; pleased also with the salubrity as well as the beauty and fertility of the spot; they adopted the resolution of passing their days in this remote corner of the Globe; convinced that the most perfect happiness resides oftener in simplicity than in splendour. Their opinion soon became realized: fond of the innocent Natives, and equally beloved again, the delightful little Republic flourished under their auspices, and restored the Golden Age.

That gilds the tree, and flower, and grassy blade,
And works his threads of gold in every glade:—
To thee, my Friend, where shrubs of incense rise,
And pour their grateful fragrance to the skies;
Where rills, in wanton mazes, wind away,
Diffusing health and plenty as they play;
Where the rich treasures of the pine reside,
And orange-branches bend with golden pride;
Where, from the boughs of odour, mingled notes
Of rapture warble from a thousand throats;
And, blest, from vale to vale the cooing Dove
Wings with his Mate, and teaches Man to *love*:—
To thee I yield the Muse's artless line,
And envy all the blessings that are thine.

Yes, on thy simple Isle, in Fancy's eye,
Envying I often look, and often sigh;
In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
And, pleased, with thee in nightly visions stray;
Behold thee happy at thy wonted toil,
And mark the blossoms of a fruitful soil:
While at thy side thy Julia plants the ground,
With all her little progeny around;
Who study shrubs and flowers with eager eyes,
And learn of *simple* Nature to be *wise*.

Pleased to explore the Insect world, they rove,
Tribes of the Flood, and Minstrels of the Grove;
With all the varying species of the Field,
Whose forms and lives delight and wisdom yield;
Display the page of Providence's plan,
That shows his wondrous works to wondering Man.

No wish is theirs (forbid it Heaven!) to hurt,
To wound, and murder, a poor wretch in *sport;*
To lift the tube of death, with hostile eye,
And dash a fluttering victim from his sky;
To bait with writhing worms the barbarous hook,
And drag the finny nation from their brook;
Justly forbid, the cruelty to know,
And gather pleasure from the pangs of woe.

Blest, on their boughs, the Squirrel tribes they see,
And call the hungry urchins from their tree;
Who, fearless, hastening at the kind command,
Fly to their food, and court th' extended hand;
Now scud in playful gambols o'er the plain,
And, fully feasted, seek their groves again.
And now they beckon to the feather'd throng:
Forth fly, in flocks, the little Bands of Song;
They hop, and chirp, and flutter round each head,
Pleased to be call'd, and anxious to be fed.

At length, content, they flicker to their spray,
Adjust their plumes, and pour the thankful Lay.

Now, happy, to the stream they haste, to feed
With liberal hand the little finny breed:
Fearless of danger, lo, the sportive Fry
Mount to the water's brim with watchful eye,
And, leaping oft as urging hunger calls,
Meet the dropp'd crumb, and catch it ere it falls.—
Such are the blisses of thy Girls and Boys,
And such the blisses Innocence enjoys.

Oh, when will Britons list to Reason's voice,
And, changed, no more in cruelty rejoice?
How nobler, thus t' address the harmless Hare!
"Child of the Field, oh come beneath my care;
Safe in thy lonely slumber pass the day,
Along the moonlight hills in safety stray.
No dog is mine, nor engine that destroys;
Peace to thy loves, and all thy nightly joys:
When Heaven's kind bounty made those valleys *mine*,
Heaven made the freedom of those valleys *thine*."—
How nobler, to the Winter's Bird* to say!
"Poor stranger, welcome from thy stormy way:

* The Woodcock.

Drop in my groves, enjoy the tepid springs,
And, lodged in peace, repose thy wearied wings:
The food and shelter of my valleys share;
Like *me*, a child of Providence's care."—
How nobler, to the finny tribe to say!
" Yours be the rills that 'midst my pastures stray.
Enjoy your sports, enjoy the sunny beam;
Health form your food, and wholesome keep your stream:
Torn be the net, and broken be the hook,
That wanton carry death into your brook.
The Power who gave to mortals every good,
Forgets not *yours*, his infants of the flood."

Humanity, how few thy merits see!
How scarce the altars that are raised to *thee!*
Nymph of the tender heart, and melting eye,
Vain o'er the savage Million is the sigh.
Oh could thy gentle spirit more impart
Of softness, sweetness, to the human heart!
But lo, by cruel Nature led astray,
The ruder Passions rule with boisterous sway:
Drown'd is thy Voice; a Zephyr's sigh, no more;
The murmuring Rill, 'midst Ocean's mighty roar.

On plumes of down, my Friend, *thy* moments fly,
Peace in thy heart, and pleasure in thine eye:

Thy cot though humble, all the Virtues there
Forbid an entrance to a sigh or tear.

Yes; oft in Fancy's eye thy cot I view,
Enwrapp'd with vines, and flowers of vivid hue;
The pebbled avenue, the murmuring spring,
Crowded with fearless Birds of various wing,
That sportive, fluttering, pour the happy Lay,
A mingled Minstrelsy the livelong day:
And oft, on Fancy's ear, thy Julia's lute;
Whose melting sounds the soul of Pity suit,
Complaining die; and oft I hear again
A loud, a happy, cheerful, grateful strain,
Join'd by a little Offspring's throats, that raise
The song of wonder in their Maker's praise.
Sweet is the humble prayer, that Heaven implores;
Divine the voice, of mortal that adores.
In fancy too I see, beneath thy care,
The simple Natives at thy stories stare
Of streets and churches, palaces and tow'rs,
And busy million that through London pours;
And animals that stately, stout, and strong,
Drag to a rout a golden house along;
Alas! with many a *wondrous* sight beside,
Begot by Luxury, and nursed by Pride.

Yet, fond of these our *wonders*, should they sigh,
And cast to Britain's scenes a wishful eye;
Oh give the history of our horrid deeds!
Proclaim how Love laments, and Friendship bleeds;
How Virtue pines, how Merit hides the head,
And Pity steals to tombs, to mourn the dead:
Paint all the horrors of domestic strife,
And give the gilded snares of polish'd life;
Tell tales of Fortune, at whose tinsel shrine
Fools daily kneel, and for her favour pine;
Who, when she yields, means only to beguile,
Fate in her hand, and ruin in her smile.

Oh paint our dungeons, where, with putrid breath,
The wretch, desponding, pants, and sighs for death!
Paint the poor Felon, doom'd, ah! doom'd to die,
Wan the pale cheek, and horror-struck the eye;
With languid limbs that droop to earth in pain,
Press'd, loaded, labouring with a clanking chain;
While, on the stillness of the midnight air,
Sad moans the voice of Misery and Despair.
Paint all the horrors of the midnight shade;
Theft's iron crow, and Murder's reeking blade.
Paint the poor Objects that we hourly meet,
The Wrecks of Beauty, crowding every street;

Daughters of Innocence, ere Demon Art
Won on the weakness of too soft a heart;
And doom'd to infamy the tender kiss,
Due to pure love alone and wedded bliss.
Paint Courts, whose sorceries, too seducing, bind
In chains, in shameful slavish chains, the mind;
Courts, where unblushing Flattery finds the way,
And casts a cloud o'er Truth's eternal ray.
And quote the Sage who courts had serv'd and *known**:—
"O Crassus, let me fly, and live alone:
Though much I love thee, let our commerce end,
Nor from his solitude recall thy friend.
Thanks to the Gods, my *servile* hours are o'er;
And, oh, let Memory mention *courts* no more!"

Behold the Courtier; there the eye surveys
A Willow crawling to each form with ease:—
But mark the man in rigid virtue bred;
An Oak, in majesty he lifts the head;
Asserts his freedom, base control defies,
And towering hides his branches in the skies.
Friend of my heart, nor let thy sail unfold,
To court Peru with all her hills of gold;

* A philosopher named Alexander, the friend of Crassus.

Nor court her sister Mexico, whose ore,
Possess'd by Demons, *curses* every shore:
The splendid Mischief usher'd to thy vale,
What but a *plague* that taints with death the gale?
Too soon the Imp would blast the sacred scene,
And damn of Innocence the cherub reign:
Fame, Justice, own th' omnipotence of gold;
Nay, blushing Modesty herself is sold.
Alas! one Virtue more illumes the mind,
Than all its envied Wealth illumines Ind.

Own'd be my folly: yes, seduced my eye,
I saw the golden mountains with a sigh;
Saw with delight the fatal mischief shine,
And envied even the *slave* that dug the mine.—
How like the foolish Insect of the night,
That leaves his cell, to seize the taper's light!
Pleased, and unconscious of the treacherous rays,
He hugs his fate, and dies amid the blaze*.

From thine, how different is my lot!—Alas!
In calms of Sunshine while thy moments pass,
Mine, 'midst the murky Clouds that life deform,
Unequal rush, and mingle with the storm.

* My Readers will quickly perceive that this allusion is not new, though differently applied.

Fired with the love of Rhyme, and, let me say,
Of Virtue too, I pour'd the moral Lay.
Much like Saint Paul (who solemnly protests
He battled hard at Ephesus with *beasts)*,
I've fought with lions, monkeys, bulls, and bears,
And got half Noah's ark about my ears ;
Nay *worse* (which all the Courts of Justice know),
Fought with the *brutes* of Paternoster-Row.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL;

OR,

THE SQUADS IN AN UPROAR;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF POLITICS;

OR,

EPISTLES, POETICAL AND PICTURESQUE,

WRITTEN

BY TOBY SCOUT, ESQUIRE,

A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITION,

AND EDITED BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

HAD Britain an atom of wit,
And wish'd her lost health to regain,
She would kick out the mountebank Pitt,
And consult her old *doctor* again.

AH! silly John Bull, or John *Ass*,
Deserving full many a drub;
Thy long ears can with pleasure let pass
Any lie, *any* tale of a tub.

Surrounded by Wolves, a gaunt pack,
With praise and fair promise they treat thee;
And so thick in thy headpiece, poor Jack,
Thou suspect'st not their plan is, to *eat* thee.

TO MR. PITT.

SIR,

THE numerous and too successful attempts of Ministers, and their Hirelings, towards the annihilation of Literary Genius, render it a hazardous undertaking for an Author to commit a liberal sentiment to paper. The mousing Owls of Power have so often hawked at the Eagle, that they have nearly killed it. Your old *friend*, and unwearied coadjutor, Aris, Governor of the *Bastille*, has, I am informed, been giving "dreadful note of preparation" with his hammers and files; putting his machinery into the nicest order, for the *accommodation* of the hands and legs of his *free-speaking*, *free-writing*, and *free-thinking* visitors: *machinery* which has contracted a most *unpleasantly looking* rust, for want of *proper exercise*, owing to the gentle spirit of Addington, rudely shouldered from his station by a *rival* who was dismissed the public service unaccompanied by a sigh, and who is, by some uncommon fatality, returned to it without one single solitary congratulation. Even his meanest parasite (and I call on

Mr. Canning for the truth of my assertion) is ashamed of an *Iö Pæan!* But "*Quò tendit hoc opus?*" you exclaim: "what is the purport of this address?"

It is, *lofty* Sir, *humbly* to *implore*, that, as you have contrived, by a most refined specimen of political jockeyship, to snatch the reins from the hands of your competitors, and vault into the seat of the old State-coach, you will not, in the *fury* of your career, *drive over* Mr. Scout and his Editor, from a mistaken conception that a *smile* at Man John, or Man Will, must be a *sanguinary libel* at Man John's or Man Will's *master*. You, Sir, have been an *author:* witness your various pamphlets on the *beauty* and *necessity* of a Constitutional Reform, printed in St. Martin's Lane; and which you endeavoured, by the most indefatigable industry, to *suppress*, as soon as you arrived at the summit of your *modest* ambition. As your present *reign* forebodes rather a transient existence, it is probable that you may, in your *zeal* for *expiring* Liberty, resume the *goose-quill;* and, forgetting the traps laid for poor thoughtless scribblers, may *yourself* become a melancholy and *blushing* prisoner. *Nec lex est justior ulla, quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

P. P.

TO

NICHOLAS SCOUT, ESQUIRE.

EPISTLE I.

PREPARE thy two ears, Cousin Nic*:
Lo! our senses are all of employ full;
And our stomachs, of poverty sick,
Will speedily sing, "Oh be joyful!"

Hope peeps from a cloud on our squad,
Whose beams have been long in deep mourning:
'Tis a lane, let me tell ye, my Lad,
Dev'lish long, that has never a turning.

But now for this nice bit of news:
Know, our worthy old Monarch is dying;
If we mind but our P's and our Q's,
We shall quickly be roasting and frying.

* Nicholas Scout, Esquire, of the city of York; a gentleman of fortune, and a first cousin of Toby Scout, Esquire. The Letters were written at the commencement of his Majesty's late unfortunate indisposition.

Yes, Fame will soon publish aloud,
Of good eating and drinking a story;
As the Sun of Pall Mall, from his cloud,
Will soon be ascending in glory.

Cousin Nicholas, credit the Muse,
Who scorns to report a false tale;
That the Minister shakes in his shoes:
Harpoon'd is our mighty State-whale.

How he flounders about, and makes fun,
Poor Mister Leviathan *Addy!*
Lo, his Grandeur, so lately a *sun*,
Is sinking (sad fall!) to a *caddy*.

Yes, poor *Addy* is deep in a bog;
A nice pickle, you well may suppose:
Very like, between *sawyers* a *log;*
His sharp-tooth'd *good friends*, and his *foes*.

Yes, the fellow will get a dry shave;
His chops will be held pretty fast:
And, thank God, Cousin Nic, we shall have
The loaves and the fishes *at last*.

Believe every sentence I speak:
Sailing orders are issued; and mind,
George's anchor is really *apeak*,
Sails all set, with an excellent wind.

The Doctors, good servants of Death,
Are call'd in, and prescribing their slop.—
When thou wishest to shorten thy breath,
Nic, send for pill, potion, and drop.

Yes, the Quacks are call'd suddenly in;
Pepys, Heberden, Reynolds, and Millman.
Who would *now* for his life give a *pin?*
Four! enough, *without* fever, to kill man.

"In a number of counsellors," Nic,
"There is wisdom," so says the black cloth:
Yet a proverb as good we may pick,
And as old, "The more cooks the worse broth."

On the call for the Knights of the Potion,
Some look pleasant, and others full sad:
All London in short is in motion,
And much on th' *alert* is our squad.

The tradesmen, once proud of the *feather**,
Now cast higher glory their eye on:
Soap, herrings, wigs, mouse-traps, and leather,
Are all looking out for a *lion*.

The Taylors cross-leg'd on their boards,
Needle-arm'd, hand extended, prepared
To stab the black cloth with their *swords*,
The instant *the death* is declared.

And likewise the Milliners all,
Arm'd with scissars and pins, on the gape;
On the blacks with dire fury to fall,
And cut through deep columns of crape.

Such a Mob around Buckingham-house,
Like Shrimps all together they cling,
That there's scarce room enough for a mouse;
So alarm'd for the life of the King.

From the mountain, and forest, and fen,
(What a tumult, and bellow, and roar!)
Rush the Beasts to peep into his den,
To spy if good Leo's no more.

T. S.

* The crest of the Prince's arms.

EPISTLE II.

THURLOW now is the Carleton-house Mentor:
You know him, Nic; bony and big,
With a voice like the voice of a Stentor;
His old phiz in a bushel of wig.

All the Pages, and Footmen, and Maids,
As his *Wisdom* march'd solemnly in,
(The impudent varlets and jades!)
Gather'd round him with wonder and grin.

Cousin Nic, thou hast hawk'd, I am sure,
And witness'd a large German Owl
Hopping forth with a visage demure,
To attract all the nations of Fowl:—

At once all the Birds of the air,
Grey, and yellow, green, brown, black, and blue,
Flock around him with chatter and stare:
"Whence d'ye come? who the devil are *you?*"

All our laws he will sagely expound,
Give the Parsons a twig by the ear;
And, to add to the *graces* of sound,
He will teach his new Pupil to *swear.*

At some of his thoughts you would wonder;
Rudely utter'd, we dare not deny:
He resembles a loud Clap of Thunder,
That frightens and *brightens* the sky.

Yet this in his praise I will say;
That whether he's sober or mellow,
Though as blunt as a Bear in his way,
True Genius *admires* the old fellow.

So much for old Gravity, Nic.
Thou exclaimest, "Oh, *tempora mutantur!*"
Or swearest I'm clapping a trick.—
Cousin Nic, I'll be cursed if I banter.

T. S.

EPISTLE III.

O FRIENDSHIP! thy sighs I revere,
Sweet balm on the heart that has bled.
O Love, what a treasure thy Tear!
A rich Pearl on the tomb of the dead.—

How d'ye relish this *flight?* rather *rare,*
And *sublime* for the *lead* of these days.
And now let me talk of a Fair,
Sweet object of pity and praise.

To Blackheath when the messenger came,
And announced the small hopes of a cure,
He expected a smile from the Dame;
With a purse for his news, to be sure.

When she put her white hand to her pocket,
He thought some rare *gift* would appear.
Ah, her *handkerchief* only! She took it,
Sweet mourner, to hold a fond tear;—

A tear to which Friendship gave birth;
And Love, of the Passions the queen:
Pure pearl! had it dropp'd to the earth,
In treasure how rich it had been!

When he said that the little and great,
That Kings, like their Subjects, must die;
She look'd up with a visage so sweet,
Bade farewell with so tender a sigh!

Her fate is uncommonly cruel;
Yet a lustre she casts on her race:
By the Lord, Cousin Nic, she's a jewel,
And her heart is as fair as her face.

But Scandal has always her mud,
At Merit, poor Merit, to throw;
Of ink has for ever a flood,
To blacken a bosom of snow.

Sweet Stranger! from splendour withdrawn,
On wisdom and charity bent,
To Health, and the breeze of the lawn,
To the cottage of Peace and Content.

Cousin Nic, with the subject I'm fired;
Yes, I've really drunk deep of the stream:
Yet a *goose* must be really inspired,
When the Virtues and Loves are the theme.

T. S.

EPISTLE IV.

I MET Mother Hun in the Park,
The *dam* of our *great* Master Canning;
Forth flying, as brisk as a Lark,
With her Daughters perspiring and fanning.

" Lord bless me! my dear Mister Scout,
I'm this moment come up in the hoy:
I'm so glad then, to find ye here out;
Lord! Lord! I'm *transparent* with joy.

" Let's sit down upon one of the benches,
Tell one t'other what each of us hears:
But first, Sir, these Girls are my *wenches;*
Jolly jades, Mister Scout, for their years.

" I'll sell no more *ointments**, not *me!*
No, that would my consequence *level.*
Great *prefarment* I quickly shall see,
So my boxes may roll to the Devil.

* It is called Costello's Collyrium, which has experienced a most uncommon sale, from the very fortunate circumstance of having *opened* the eyes of the Heaven-born Minister: who, to exhibit to the World a rich specimen of *disinterested* gratitude, saddled the Nation with pensions on Madame Hun; the Miss Huns, *aliàs* Cannings, *aliàs* Reddishes; a pension on her Husband, Mr.

" You have heard, Mister Scout, I suppose,
How I got my *nice* little *appointment:*
Mister Pitt, Sir, whom every one knows,
I open'd his winkers with *ointment.*

" So raw and so swell'd was each eye,
He could not peep out of a hole:
Sir, it is not a bit of a lie,
The Man was as blind as a Mole.

" Sir, Administration is weak;
Water-gruel, no more, Mister Scout:
We shall soon hear the Minister squeak;
We shall hear him for mercy cry out.

" You remember Lord North, the great ox,
How he ran in a frighted condition,
And bellowed to Portland and Fox,
And so form'd the fine famed Coalition.

" This will happen again, if *we* please:
Yes, yes, and the thing shall be done;
And Addington crawl on his knees,
And bellow to Pitt and *my son.*

Richard Hun; a place in the West Indies for *one* Master Reddish, and military promotion in the East for the *other;* and, to crown the whole, a pension for poor Uncle Tommy, the tinker of Somers Town. What a beautiful nest of Caterpillars, ordained, by the Heaven-born *economical* Minister, to devour the few remaining leaves of the old Oak! EDITOR.

" We shall get out the Statue *at last;*
It *shall* be brought forward, it *must:*
Yes, yes, we'll make up for the *past;*
I'll kick up a devil of a *dust.*

" Mister Scout, we can now muster *strong:*
This day will I go to the Grocer's,
And give him a spice of my tongue,
And call them great fat-headed *dozers.*

" I'll have Pitt in nice gingerbread too,
Finely gilt, with the anchor of Hope;
And thus will expose him to view,
In the baker's and pastry-cook's shop.

" There are numbers of methods, no doubt,
By which popularity's made;
And I know them all, Master Scout:
I think I'm no fool in *that* trade.

" I would take forth an Owl from his hole,
(Now I don't mean a sarcasm on Pitt,)
And I'd put the grave Bird on a pole,
And the Nation should kneel to *tee-whit.*

" You have heard of his marriage, I guess;
Nice match! oh, a very nice match!
Half a million of money, not less:
O Lord, 'twas a *beautiful catch!*

" Yet how *mortally proud* they all *be!*
Three days, Sir, before the grand wedding,
Bundled off were my Daughters and *me;*
Pack'd off in the mail, bed and bedding:—

" For we wern't of importance enough,
Our court to *great people* to pay;
And so we were all order'd off,
For fear of *disgracing* the day.

" But the pride of the Scotts was *so* hurt,
When they found we sold bobbin and inkle:
O Lord! 'twas *descending* to *dirt;*
It was coupling a Whale with a Winkle.

" I dare swear, if I sat by her side,
Her elbow away she would twitch,
For fear of her elegant *hide:*
I might *probably* give her the *itch.*

" Proud Ma'am need not toss up her nose,
Who perhaps owes her fortune to *jobbing:*
A shop is no *sin,* I suppose;
And *jobbing's* no better than *bobbin.*

" I could whisper a word to a Scott;
That among the *great* munchers of curry,
The *lacks* are not easily got,
Nor *honestly* made in a *hurry**.

" Slife! what's all her money to *me,*
That I'm to be clapp'd on the shelf?
Thank Heaven, I'm as wholesome as she,
And a Christian as good as herself.

" What signify riches and titles,
What signifies richness of blood,
Or what even the nicest of victuals,
If a body ben't *vartuous* and good?

" Pray, had Adam and Eve an estate,
Poor souls, when they dropp'd from the Moon?
No: they had not a knife nor a plate;
Not a table, nor dish, nor a spoon.

* General Scott, the Father of Mrs. Canning, made an immense fortune in the East Indies, by his profession, and a *lucky* throw of the dice.

" Does she think I ha'n't *larn'd* to *behave?*
Does she think I can't sit *to* a table?
That my parents good *scholarship* gave,
To eat *hay* with a Horse in a stable?

" That my meat, like a Hound, I should *tug;*
That Hog-like my grinders would work?
Does she think I should cough in the mug,
And pick all my teeth with a fork?

" Or snuffle or grunt in my broth,
Then *whisk* out a mouthful of *wind;*
Lick my plate, *for* to save the clean cloth,
And drink healths to the fellows behind?

" Does she think I was born to be dumb?
Of my tongue that I have not the use?
Made to listen, and stare, and be *mum,*
And cannot say 'Boh!' to a *goose?*

" She thinks I'm a *heathen,* no doubt;
Some *outlandish beast,* that I *howl.*
I waan't born, no indeed, Mister Scout,
In a wood, to be scared by an *owl.*

"Ups and downs we all see, Master Scout :
This World makes a terrible *touse;*
Here and there, Sir, some *in* and some *out;*
Now a *man*, and next minute a *mouse.*

"Son Canning shall start up a *lord;*
Great speaker, a *wonderful* thinker!
A *staff* for my Boy of the *sword;*
Rank for Richard, and Tommy the *tinker.*

"My Girls will *so blaze* on the town,
Their chariots and phaetons sporting;
Billet-dowksing with Bucks, derry down!
Such a kettle of fish! *such* a courting!

"Lord St. Vincent *must* go, he *shall* go;
His anchor's apeak, never doubt it:
For the man for *his* office, you know,
Is the man who *knows nothing about it.*

"Lord! *what* has he done worth admiring?
No *huge mighty* matters, depend on't:
A little hard fighting, and firing,
And boarding, and so there's an end on't.

" Well, Heavens bless ye! Call soon on me, pray,
To settle th' affairs of the Nation:
I now can *afford* to be *gay;*
And we'll have a nice *jollification.*"——

Thus ended this Nightingale's song:
What a *bore,* Cousin Nic! what a clack!
What a cock-and-bull tale! what a Tongue!
Zounds, 'twould distance the Fly of a Jack.

EPISTLE V.

CORINNA talks *loud* in her airs:
" I *will* have what I've fix'd my delight on:
A fig for *some people!* who cares?
Nothing less than the Duchess of Brighton!

" Ye Dames all *so pure* and *so chaste*,
Who have *blink'd* me, I'll handsomely *swinge:*
Of the cup of contempt ye shall taste,
Or I ne'er knew the sweets of *revenge*.

" With envy your pride shall be kill'd;
To my *circles* ye shall not be beckon'd:
With Princes *my* room shall be fill'd,
And my name shall be Ninon the Second.

" *I know who* dared *squint* at my routs:
I know who ne'er ask'd me to theirs,
Who turn'd up their impudent *snouts;*
For their *honour*, Lord! fill'd with *such fears!*

" I've a catalogue fair of *nice* Dames,
A pretty *black list* of each *chit;*
And if Vengeance, dear Vengeance, have flames,
The *torch* shall be speedily lit.

" Too long have I acted the Dove;
I will soon play the part of the Viper:
I will rant like the Mistress of Jove;
I shall dance, and the *King* pay the Piper."—

The Lady *was* clever and pleasant;
Much a favourite, *of yore*, with the men;
Nice picking about her, a Pheasant:
Now, tasteless and tough, an old Hen.

Though the Loves are all fled, the young elves,
With the actions of youth she will *bore* us:
Time always *stands still* with *ourselves;*
We think the World grows old *before* us.

Toad-eaters rush in like a tide,
To their interest most *lovingly* steady;
And, to tickle the trout of her pride,
She's be*graced* and be*duchess'd* already.

Is she beautiful, so much the better;
By this magic thy business is done:
One half of a word, or a letter,
Is enough; 'tis the *sine quâ non.*

O Beauty, how form'd to beguile!
Thy charm will for ever endure:
Lo, the loftiest, seduced by thy smile,
Descend, like the Hawk, to the lure!—

Thy pride, I suppose, may be hurt,
But the World is a devilish *queer stick:*
Dost thou wish for the smiles of a Court;
Make love to a petticoat, Nic.

EPISTLE VI.

Cousin Nic, couldst thou see *some* Court faces!
Most rueful indeed, a yard long.
Gone, gone are the smiles and the graces;
Most capital subjects for Song.

I've just met with some of the crew:
Bull-head Cardigan, dead in the dumps;
Salisbury, looking confoundedly *blue*,
And his Countess as *blue* as poor Numps.

Maids of Honour all wandering about
Are seen, with a sorrowful air;
With their lily-white Handkerchiefs out:
Sad Flags, cousin Nic, of despair.

Old Liver—, you know who I mean;
Old Jenk—, of the closet old Rats;
Will feel his bones cracking, I ween,
(Heaven grant it!) by one of *our* Cats.

Smart lads in the Council will shine,
Instead of the stupid and tubbish;
Choice Spirits, instead of dull Swine;
Bright Jewels, instead of old Rubbish.

The Bed-chamber Lords are in dudgeon;
And, cropsick, the Grooms and the Pages,
As if struck on the head with a bludgeon,
Seem to say, "Farewell honour and wages!"

The Cooks in a pitiful *stew*,
The Scullions half out of their wits:
"Adieu to the platters! Adieu
To the dripping-pans, saucepans, and spits!"

Lord Salisbury's *poor* Butler and Groom,
With other young Knights of the Mews,
And other young Knights of the Broom,
For their *places* all shake in their shoes.

As a whisper is current abroad,
When the Prince shall arrive at the Throne,
Farewell to the farce of an *Ode;*
Thus "the Black's occupation is gone."

Or, *should* this same Ode be in vogue,
Musicians will come from that class
Which know the sweet Lark from a Hog,
Braham's voice from the bray of an Ass*.

* Unfortunately for the credit of his Majesty's Band of Music, it is *not* composed of *musicians*, but of people of mean occupations, who receive the salaries, and hire, for a trifling sum, performers to *fiddle* for them. Lord Salisbury knows *all about it*.

Pitt is just like a Fox, for a Hen,
Slily squinting and creeping about.
Snuffing wildly the wind; but what then,
If Dame Partlet refuse to *come out?*

How *cut down*, from the Line to a Lugger!
The Grocers observe him at Dover,
And *may* send him a pound of *brown sugar;*
But as to the Statue, 'tis *over.*

Ah Lucifer, Son of the Morning,
How fall'n! ah, how lost all thy light!
No longer the Heavens adorning,
Poor planet, good night t'ye, good night.

And yet, though the fellow I hate,
I still must acknowledge his merit:
Though his *quackeries* and insolent state
I despise, let me honour his *spirit.*

Retired from political battle,
To his castle, to learn to be *wary,*
He *astonies* the fields and the cattle
With tactics *yclep'd* mili*tary.*

He has got all the technicals, *pat;*
Studying Saxe and Vauban, night and day:
And already has *kill'd* one Ram Cat,
Three Magpies, two Owls, and a Jay.

Over hedges and ditches and quags,
Huge feats he is seen to perform:
He has torn a poor Dunghill to rags,
And taken a Bog-house by *storm.*

To Pitt are all weapons alike:
With his bayonet he *stabb'd* an old Sow;
He *pierced* a large Calf with a pike,
And *slew* with a Broad-sword the Cow.

Many Rams has he tumbled about,
And crack'd of some Yearlings the scull;
Put of Oxen a score to the rout,
And leap'd on the back of the Bull.

For his tutor he takes General Moore,
As great in a battle his skill is;
And thus a fit Chiron, I'm sure,
For instructing his pupil Achilles.

Together for *glory* they run:
If a Hedgehog they meet, he is dead;
If a Squirrel, *bounce*, off goes a gun;
If a Mushroom, *smack*, off goes his head.

Is a Stump of a Tree in their way,
With a fury *heroic* they rend it:
Is a Mole-hill; in battle-array,
In *column*, they march to *defend* it.

On counterscarps, curtains, and ravelins,
Mines, sausages, bridges, and ditches,
Pikes, bayonets, ramrods, and javelins,
Palisadoes, and guns and their breeches,—

They *so* talk! *such* a history of wars!
Even at meal-times, untired is the tongue;
When, lo! with the voice of a Mars,
They sing of proud triumph the Song:—

INVITATION TO BUONAPARTE:

A DUET,

BY MR. PITT AND GENERAL MOORE.

BUONAPARTE, come over:
We'll meet thee at Dover;
And the Generals our forces commanding
Will salute thy *two* ears
With *three* excellent cheers,
And a warm *Cornish hug* at thy landing.

Lewis, Jerome, and Joe,
Let us see too, and know,
With thy Uncles and Aunts, a *brave* band:
Bring likewise thy Cousins,
Of whom thou hast dozens;
And bring the old fox, Talleyrand.

Thou'lt be frighten'd to see
How brisk we shall be,
To *bestow* every thing in our power:
Most excellent air;
Nice *lodgings* to spare,
Even the *best* to be found in the Tower.

As *French manners* are thine,
And so very divine,
Thou never wilt fail of delight;
For the *monkeys* by day
Will chatter away,
And the *tigers* howl music at night.

As thou oft didst protest
That a *fight* is a *feast*,
And as no man indeed can be *thinner;*
Thou shalt have, *not* a *pullet*,
But a dainty hot *bullet*,
And a *pike* for thy *teeth* after dinner.

Come the Consul whenever he will,
(And he means it, when Neptune is calmer,)
Pitt will send him a damn'd bitter pill
From *his* fortress, the Castle of Walmer.

T. S.

EPISTLE VII.

Last night I dropp'd in on a Club;
The *great* Mister Squibb in the chair,
Who became a *grand bear* from a *cub*,
Important in *look* as Lord-may'r:—

Or a certain Law Lord of our days,
A great *un*deciding decider;
Very rarely a subject of *praise*,
But oft of a wicked derider;—

Who *hems* with *much wisdom*, and *ha's*,
And *seldom* concludes *in a minute;*
And whose *wig* might as well in a cause
Be employed, as the *head* that is in it.

Thou hast witness'd, full many a time,
The *magic* that waits upon *place;*
Where the note of the *owl* is *sublime*,
And sheer *grease* a fine sample of *grace.*

From the coal and the smoke of his shop,
To the bench let black Mulciber move;
Lo! his *tools* into *consequence* hop,
And his *sledge* is the *sceptre* of Jove.—

Squibb now with much gravity rose,
A most solemn and sanctified look :
" Pray, inform us all, what you suppose
Is our Sovereign's complaint, Mister Puke."

Puke answer'd : " Indeed, Mister Squibb,
Of opinions I'm not a *free* giver ;
But I think that a child with a bib
Must pronounce the disease in the liver."

Now Gripe started up, in his pride,
Whom no death of a Patient affrights :
" Mister Puke, you and I differ *wide ;*
'Tis no more in the *liver* than *lights*."

Puke, nettled, now answer'd and said,
" Though your *wisdom* was never *suspected ;*
If I know any thing of my trade,
Mister Gripe, 'tis the *liver*'s affected."—

" Sir, I don't think you *do*," answer'd Gripe,
With a smile, and a squint, and a leer.
Now Puke, in a rage at this *wipe*,
Thought of dealing a box on the ear ;—

But sagely suspecting *return*,
And possessing some love for his *hide*,
He was forced in his bowels to *burn*,
And submit, to Dame Prudence, Miss Pride.

How few boast the wisdom of Puke,
A present not every man's lot!
How *easier* to bear a *rebuke*,
Than a *sword* in the heart or a *shot!*

Honour likes to shoot, stab, and to slice,
When affronted; wild, panting for *blood:*
Very strange, that a Lady so *nice*
Should prefer such *indelicate food!*

"Well," quoth Puke, "thou shalt have thy own way,
Master Gripe; or to prate, or to kill:
Allow me the freedom to say,
Thou art *vox et præterea nil.*"—

"Well," quoth Gripe, "what hast thou been *a* saying,
Master Puke, that redounds to thy *glory?*
Goose-gabbling, a jack-ass's braying:
To talk Latin, mere *nugæ canoræ.*"

To high words now the Disputants rose,
Indeed words not in *flattery* rich:
Gripe talk'd loudly of pulling a nose;
Master Puke talk'd of kicking a breech.

"Thy physic," quoth Gripe, "is all slop,
Not fit for a pig or a porter:
Could I catch thee but once in my shop,
I would pound thee to dust in my mortar."—

"With *such fellows*," quoth Puke, in disdain,
"I scorn, like a blackguard to wrestle;
Yet, Gripe, had thy head any brain,
I would dash it all out with my pestle."

The Company now interfer'd,
To set those *hot* matters to rights:
They drank friends, and no longer was heard
The dispute between Liver and Lights.—

And now, Cousin Nic, I beg leave
(As *labour* and *I* don't *agree*),
To my pen a small respite to give,
And indulge in a pinch of rappee.

Peace now being happily made,
Up rose on his legs Master Sly;
And thus to the Chairman he said,
While "Hear him! hear! hear!" was the cry:—

"Sir, Administration is *weak;*
Very feeble, exceedingly, Sir:
It has not a man that can speak,
Not a tongue on a topic to stir.

"The Premier I grant *very good,*
Fit to join with his *wife* in *debate;*
Prescribe a child's *physic* and *food:*
But he should not *prescribe* for a *state.*

"His judgment on *mutton* and *beef,*
I allow him without hesitation;
And of *tea* too, it is my belief,
There is no *sounder judge* in the nation.

"In a boarding-school too he might *shine,*
And make a most excellent *teacher;*
Nay *more,* make a *decent* Divine,
And *per*haps prove a *popular preacher.*

" But we want, Sir, a man of deep thought,
Of political, sharp, penetrations;
In the school of experience, Sir, taught;
Well versed in the interests of Nations:—

" The man from intrigue who refrains;
Scorns to creep, Spaniel-like, to disgrace;
Who, firm in his virtue, disdains
To enrich an *old cat* for his *place*:—

" The man who would *die* for the State,
Of freedom the glorious defender:
Not a fellow of *infinite prate;*
Not a noisy and bullying *pretender*:—

" *Not* the man who encourages *spies*,
For poor Liberty laying the snare;
Affected no more by her cries,
Than a Poacher by squeaks of a Hare:—

" *Not* a childish, vindictive, poor fool,
Against men who may *smile* at his name;
Who fancies the praise of each *tool*,
Nothing less than the plaudit of Fame.

" 'Tis the man who, sublime, for the State,
His neck to the axe would submit,
To bless it, to snatch it from fate;
And *that* man is the *great* William Pitt:—

" *Great* man, who even *kings* would *resist*,
And pawn for the Realm his last shirt;
Too *virtuous* to make Civil List
The fount of *corruption* and *dirt*:—

" *Great man*, so *sublime* in his station;
The Pilot who weather'd the Storm!
Good man, who ne'er *promised* the Nation
A thing which he did not *perform!*

" How *nobly* from office he went;
Great man, not a doit in his fob!
Great man, with his *conscience* content,
Retiring as poor as poor Job!

" *He* wish'd not to burthen the Nation;
He wish'd not for mountains of pelf:
He wish'd for his Country's salvation;
He never once thought of himself.

" Other barks on the ocean of time
Shall be lost, into atoms shall split;
While, towering in triumph sublime,
Through the foam moves the *great* William Pitt.

" Of sweet Woman he courts not the smile,
Of Venus ne'er seen in the school;
An *animal* rare in our isle:
Heaven grant that he mayn't be a *mule**!"

Having finish'd his splendid Oration,
Down solemnly sat Master Sly;
When lo! of a *different* persuasion,
Up rose, in much form, Dicky Dry:—

" Mister Chairman, the very *neat* speech
Just deliver'd by good Mister Sly,
Demonstrates how well he can *preach:*
His *assumptions*, I beg to deny.

" Sir, 'tis no very difficult matter
To be *florid*, and *roundly assert;*
With *irony*, names to bespatter;
And characters cover with *dirt.*

* I do not allude to the proverbial quality of that animal, but to his well-known inability of perpetuating his species.

" I allow his Oration is neat;
Full of point, Sir, I freely admit:
But, Sir, the distinction is great,
Very great, between *wisdom* and *wit*.

" Mister Sly must be surely in *sport*,
So ill is the character suited:
Mister Sly may have found out *his* Port;
Not the talents and virtues *imputed*.

" Survey him in Westminster-hall;
Poor Youth, not a brief in his bag!
There he look'd very small, very small:
Not a client to make his tongue wag.

" Next behold him in league with a Duke,
Busy then as the Devil in a storm;
Attempting poor *gudgeons* to hook
With a bait, a fine bait call'd *reform!*

" *Pretty* doctrines they scatter'd around!
Pretty letters to Sharman they wrote!
Sir, I quickly should visit Lob's pound,
Should I dare even a passage to quote.

" Master Aris and I, very soon,
Should be trying of handcuffs a pair ;
When his Honour would teach me a tune,
' Bread and water,' a *favourite* old air.

" Well, at length Master Billy *got in.*—
Arrived at the summit of power,
What's *reform?*—Oh ! a *damnable sin ;*
A *demon,* from that very hour.

" Now terrier, cur, spaniel, and hound,
(No matter, rain, sun-shine, or storm,)
Were to hunt ; and, whenever they *found,*
To *strangle* that *vermin,* Reform.

" Now trace him in Administration :
Take a peep at his pretty vagaries ;
His *rare engines* for *calming* the Nation,
Messieurs Reeves and *mild* Governor Aris.

" Of *kindness* so *full,* the *sweet* Saint ;
So ready some *comfort* to give us :
When we *open'd our* mouths with *complaint,*
His Jails *open'd theirs* to receive us.

" Next at Newgate behold the *great* man,
Sad scene of *sad ir*recollection!
Where tongues with much *liberty* ran,
And dealt in most saucy *reflection.*

"What a *pity* that *memory* should *fail!*
Great pity indeed, I repeat it,
That a *yesterday's* action or tale,
To-day one should *cleanly forget it!*

" What a day of dire mortification!
What a day of proud triumph for foes!
How *nimbly* the gem reputation
Was going, that day, to the *crows!*

" Mister Sly says his Hero was *poor,*
Which a deal to his glory redounds:
If the *huntsman* was *lean,* we are sure
The *lean* Nimrod *well fatten'd* his *hounds.*

" Mister Sly says his Hero, *so pure,*
Never courted the smiles of the Ladies.—
Sweet Joseph! not Woman allure!
What a comical sort of a blade 'tis!

" That Pitt from the Ladies should fly,
Is rather an odd sort of whim;
But I never should wonder, not I,
If the Women all scamper'd *from him.*

" From his *credit* I scorn to detract,
For candour I always revere;
And if Fame ever mention'd *one act,*
'Twas in *whispers* no mortal could hear.

" Civil List, Sir, 's a dangerous affair:
On *this* head he had better been *mum;*
Wisdom looks on that List with a *stare.*
But no more on that subject, Sir, *hum!*

" ' *Great* man!' said the *great* Mister Drake,
' Whose *virtues* and talents *surprise:*
Not of *wretched* mortality's *make;*
But sent us *express* from the *skies.*'—

" *If* Pitt *was* sent down from on high,
The World in opinion must join,
And pronounce with one voice, that the Sky,
Like Houndsditch, pass'd *counterfeit coin.*"

T. S.

AN

INSTRUCTIVE EPISTLE

TO

JOHN PERRING, ESQUIRE,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON;

ON THE PROPOSAL OF AN ADDRESS OF THANKS TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON, FOR HIS GREAT AND UPRIGHT CONDUCT WHEN PRIME MINISTER.

Justum et tenacem propositi Virum. HORACE.

" SUBLIME, who sacred holds his word;
Loved by the Virtues, Wisdom, Wit;
By Freedom's friends caress'd, adored."—
Muse, send *this* character to Pitt.

EPISTLE

TO THE

WORSHIPFUL THE LORD MAYOR.

BELIEVE the Bard, my good Lord May'r,
That we have been upon the *stare*,
For your Address for *just* administration;
Which brought the Premier so much *fame*,
With *peerless* lustre crown'd his name,
And spread a *smile* of pleasure o'er the Nation.

Wild Expectation, on her toe,
Has been a month at least, I know,
Looking for this fair tribute of your thanks.
Perchance some Demon, secret, sly,
Has mark'd th' affair with *jealous* eye,
And, deep in dark intrigue, been playing pranks:—

Some Pittite, mad, vindictive, crost,
Because the *statue* has been *lost*,
Has tamper'd with *some* Aldermen, I fear;

And, Men of Common-council greeting
In sad unguarded hour of *eating*,
Mix'd *ministerial poison* with their beer.

Poor *iron-dust*, through playful fate,
Attracted by the *magnet* State!
Or let us rather call them *straws*
Whirl'd from their dirt (their native sphere)
By sudden gusts, aloft, here, there,
Of *babes* the *wonder* and *applause*.—

I've seen *that* Demon's cloven foot:
In spite of mobbing, damning hoot,
The daring Imp has learn'd to stand his ground;
Well steel'd his heart, and bronz'd his face,
He cocks his nose upon disgrace,
And hunts his game, a persevering Hound.

And now, Lord May'r, I shall *suppose*
That Addington's inveterate foes
Impede this honest scheme of thine;
Then take this *minikin* of *mine*:—

ADDRESS

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON.

YOUR good, your mild administration
(An epoch in this happy Nation),
  Our grateful thanks demands;
And let us here express our grief,
That Fate, at times an artful thief,
  Should tear you from our hands.

Though Demons may in league unite
To blur thy Star's illustrious light,
  That brightens now the age;
Lo! History, with her golden pen,
To give thy name to *future* men,
  Shall fill with thee her page.

Oh, may the men who seize thy place,
Their country's glory ne'er disgrace
  By little, base, intriguing arts!
Instead of conquering, by their crimes,
Our sacred liberties and limbs,
  Subdue, by *noble* deeds, our *hearts!*

SOMETHING like *this*, Lord May'r, I want;
This is no *parasitic* cant:
Thou know'st of Addington the merit.
Let Calumny her venom spit,
And Envy hiss, and tools of Pitt
Employ their cruel coal-black spirit.

Without disguise, *that* Pitt I *hate;*
Despise his mind, and parrot-prate;
His minions, with disdain I see 'em:
And would the King (my wish devout)
Make *all* the motley pack *turn out*,
I'd seek Saint Paul's, and sing *Te Deum.*—

Dear Perring, *we* are *Devonshire*-born,
Where Plenty fills her golden horn:
And whether sober, Sir, or mellow,
Old Devon *certainly* contains
Now, as of yore, some splendid brains,
And many a brave and honest fellow.

Then let us not *disgrace* her name,
But give her star a brighter flame;
Exalt, if possible, her credit;
Yes, *boldly* act, and write, and think:
And mind; my horn's *last drop* of *ink*,
To raise her glory, lo, I'll *shed* it.

Thy planet led thee to the East,
To fill with precious gems thy chest,
And *eke* with precious ointment:
Mine westward order'd me to roam;
And, after years, come loaded home
With *sterling*—disappointment.

And yet, I'm not a broken spirit;
The Public has observed *my* merit,
As well as India *thine:*
To which kind Public, low I bow,
Its *candour* and its *taste* allow;
For gratitude is mine.

Now to the point. Exert thy might,
And separate the *day* from *night;*
Discern good friends from foes:
For thou hast brethren dark and deep,
Amid thy flock some scabby sheep;
Aye, *many* a one, God knows.

Yet should an Alderman *demur*,
Straight strip him of his gown and fur,
That gown of vivid scarlet;
And should the Council dare refuse
To sign th' Address, *stain'd* be the *blues*
Of every gravy-gulping Varlet.

I fear, *that* Linen-draper's* jaw,
Which gives to Liverymen the law,
(Forsaking *trade*, in hour most evil,
Lawn, *cotton*, *dimity*, and *muslin*,)
The *pates* of Common-council puzzling,
Has lately play'd the very devil.

Of *such* oh may the savoury Haunch
Ne'er enter the unhallow'd *paunch*,
Great rival of a *bag:*
Before their mouths may Brawn advance,
And Turtles fat and Turbots dance,
And *balk* each well-worn *snag!*

Down their plump cheeks may custards stream,
Rich trifle, syllabubs, ice-cream:
And may they writhe and grin,
And spread their tantalized poor chops,
To catch the luscious sugar'd drops;
And *not one* drop get in!

Nay more: may Giants of Guildhall,
Whom *mortals* Gog and Magog call,

* Mister Waithman, a *great* City Orator, a Son of Liberty and Opposition, and *elève* of John Wilkes, of *volcano* immortality; who, from his *great* and *cheap* shop in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, facing the *noble* monument called Obelisk, raised and dedicated to his *glorious* Patron, draws *patriotic inspiration* for his *motions* and *speeches*.

Leap down on every head,
When next they meet on Lord Mayor's Day,
Their vows to Gluttony to pay;
And crush each *sconce* of lead.

Oh strain each nerve, my good Lord May'r!
Merit like Addington's is rare:
To *leave* him, what a pity!
The thunder of *my* Muse's Lays
Shall shake Parnassus with his praise,
And *thou* shalt shake the City.

THE

HORRORS OF BRIBERY;

A

PENITENTIAL EPISTLE,

FROM

PHILIP HAMLIN, TINMAN, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON, PRIME MINISTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A POSTSCRIPT;

CONTAINING

Sensible Animadversions on Judge Grose's *solemn* and *serious* Address to the unfortunate Tinman.

—*Omnia Romæ*
Cum pretio. JUVENAL.

Poor Hamlin, hammering in his tin-shop, thought
That Ministers, like Saucepans, might be bought;
That Courtiers, like a Fish-kettle or Platter,
Were made of *very malleable* matter.

A PENITENTIAL EPISTLE.

From those hard walls, amidst whose awful round,
The ear with horror feels the clanking chain;
Where sighs from hollow vaults unpitied sound,
And tears of bitterest anguish stream in vain:—

Where faint, and fasten'd to th' unfeeling floor,
The wretch desponding mourns amid his gloom;
Expecting Death's dread hand t'unbolt his door,
And lead him half-alive into the tomb;—

From those hard walls poor Hamlin pour'd his sighs,
Much marvelling how he came to *such* a *place;*
And, lifting his two melancholy eyes,
Address'd the Author of his sad disgrace:—

" An't please your Worship, hear me, Sir, I pray;
Hear me a bit. Lord! Lord! I thort no harm;
No more, please God, than of my dying day:
I ne'er once thort of making zich a starm.

" I thort that voakes were bribed in Lenden too,
Az well az in the country; zo thort I:
I caan't but zay I look'd confounded *blue*,
To hear the Terney-general's *grievious* cry.

" Lord! half the Corporations, zo I've *heerd*,
Look pon a Bribe no more than Bites o' Vleas;
And zwallow Oaths, Lord! not one crume afeard,
Az glibly az they clunk their Bread and Cheese.

" I never thort that twas a sin or shame;
Vor, az vor squeamishness, I never vound:
I caan't zay that I thort myself to blame,
That voakes wud quarl way two good thousand pound.

" I know, the last election, Plymouth Votes,
Aye many, many, look'd confounded *grum:*
They thort of *zomething* vor to buy mun coats;
Fath! happy to have got but *half* the sum.

" *Gert voakes* have slipp'd a purse into my hand,
Guineas; zometimes twas eight, and zometimes ten:
And zo I thort, with maney at command,
To give a *dowzure* to gert voak agen.

" And simply thus I thort that I might do,
Lord! never dreaming of a jail, d'ye zee;
But thort that, az my *betters* did zo too,
It never could be *wickedness* in *me*.

" *Zomebody* 'll have the place, I do suppose;
A Plymouth man, I make no sort of doubt:
A *vote* too, but *that* God Almighty knows;
I *really think* that things wull *zo turn out*.

" Then why not *me?*—A tinker, very true;
But there's Squire Canning's Brother hath a place:
He was a crock and kittle-mender *too*,
But had *good friends* to hoist him from disgrace.

" I own, I wanted Wisdom for my guide;
Indeed twas foolish, out so *plain* to plump it:
And then methought, so great indeed my pride,
Twas handsomer to *buy* a thing than *mump it*.

" Lord, Sir! I kept a reputable shop;
Lived well, as any body may suppose.
But, so disgraced, what have I now to hope?
My goods will stink in evry body's nose.

" ' A Newgate Bird liv'th there,' the voakes will cry;
Spit pon my goods as they pass by my door.
' A jailbird!' will they hoot as they go by,
And never buy a spoon or save-all more.

" Nort *else* had I to offer, Sir, indeed:
Had I a *vote*, 't had beed another case;
Or, had the town of Plimmoth beed my own,
Shure, Sir, you shud a' had it vor the *place*.

" Zoon as old Andrew Hill had slipp'd his breath,
My neighbour Tap, the landlord, comed to me:
Says he, ' Leave tinkering, there's a charming *death;*
Hamlin, an angel of a death,' quoth he.

" ' Zounds, what a noghead and a fool,' says Tap,
' To mend old crocks, and candlesticks, and kittles;
Thy hammer always going, rap, rap, rap;
And all to git, forseth, a bit o' vittels!

" ' Thy road is now as plain to wealth, my lad,
Plain az from Frankfort Gate to Plimmoth Dock;
Then mind thy P's and Q's, and daan't be mad,
And think no more of kittles or a crock.'

" Quoth I, ' How, neighbour Tap?' Zo then Tap zed,
' Thee now mayst git a *birth* all warm and snug.'
And then he tould me, Andrew Hill was dead:
Zo he and I together drink'd a mug.

" ' Lord! Hamlin,' quoth a, ' what a beast thee art;
When thou mayst be a Gentleman complete,
To stand here hammering in a stinking shart,
Moiling as black's the Dowl with mucks and sweat!'

" Zo, Sir, twas not *my* fault, your Honour zees;
Twas landlord Tap, you vind, that made me do't:
The fellow mused me with a hundred lees,
And I was fool enough to hearken to't.

" ' Hamlin,' quoth Tap, and wink'd, ' *I know* gert voak;
They be no better than their neighbours, mun:
At Curts, Lord! Lord! mun, Honesty's a joke;
Froth, leke my fresh-draad Beer: Lord! downrert fun.

" ' Offer the Minister at once the *bait*,
Thou'lt find a *gudgeon;* zee if I'm not right:
Now daan't take squeamish scruples in thy pate;
Snap is the word at Court, I know he'll *bite*.'

" And zo zays I again to landlord Tap,
' Art *sartain* that he's hungry, Tap, and poor?'—
' Try, *sniggle* for'n,' quoth he; ' I know he'll snap.'—
Snap with the devil to't, it is, I'm shore.

" ' There's Pitt,' quoth Tap, ' as poor az a charch-mouze,
Without a dish or plate upon his shelf;
Trying to git again into the Howze,
And make a little *zomething* for his zelf.'

" Zo did I trust to Tap: and, leek a fool,
Believed the Minister was leek a *vish;*
Thort leek a poor weak boy that goeth to school,
And leek a blockhead thort to bread my dish.

" ' I know mun all,' quoth Tap, ' I know mun well;
Iss, Hamlin, iss, I know mun well enew:
I've had mun at my howze, both gert and smaal;
With all their *grandeur*, 'tis a dam *queer* crew."—

" ' And is it zo?' zaid I. ' It is,' zaid he;
' I tell thee, Hamlin, no man know'th mun better.'—
' Then, Tap,' zaid I in answer to'n, ' dost zee,
I'll do't: I'll zend the Chanceller a letter.'

" And zo I zet me down at once, and wrote
The Letter that did give zo much offence;
I guess that you can zay it all by rote:
Which show'd, I must confess, my want of sense.

" God know'th my heart, I never thort of harm;
Your *conscience*, Lord! I didn't mean to *shock* it:
Two thousand pound, I thort, wud keep ye *warm*;
Nor thort it was a *crime* to *fill your pocket*.

" Tis cruel hard for to be put to jail,
Vor doing what *gert voakes* do evry day:
I thort I might come down upon the *nail*,
And tern a penny in an honest way.

" I do ashure ye, Sir, that I'm a *vote*;
Had many a guinea slipt into my hand:
And thort at any time that I might do't;
And thort it was the *way* of all the land.

" The *gert voakes* shaked our hands, as blest as Grigs,
And with King George's image made mun *burn*.—
Az *gert voak* buy *us* leek a lot of Pigs,
Why not *we* buy the *gert voak* in return?

" Tap bid me write, and *gauge* the sarvants all;
And bid me try your Worship's maid and man:
But, leek a Blockhead, I *forgot* it all;
And wrote to *measter*, stead of Joan and Jan.

" I must zay this for Tap; he bid me *squint*,
And zee how things were managed in your houze:
If covetous leek *zome voakes* in the law*;
Not only starved theirselves, but evry mouze.

" I've heerd, Sir, a fine Lady†, zome time dead,
Did keep a shop vor Titles, and got rich;
And sold mun just as bakers sell their Bread,
Or as a porkman sellth a Ham or Flitch:—

" Up jump'd *Sir* Jan, *Sir* James, *Sir* George, *Sir* Will,
Up with his star and garters rose *my lord:*
This was the case, I hear, and *may be still;*
And places too she sold, to make a hoard.

" Now there's *Lord* Rolle, that I remember well
When simple *Mister* Rolle, not one crumb more;
What made'n a great *lord?* Lord! *I* can tell:
Twas Pitt, and Devonshire interest, to be shore.

* The late Lord Kenyon, of *miserable* memory; and a *present* great Law Lord.

† Madame Schwellenberg.

" Lord bless us! I remember that *as how*
He was a *simple* Squire, upon my soul;
And meend too that his *wife*, my lady *now*,
Call'd 'n nort else but Janny, Janny Rolle.

" Now by God's marcy, and your kindness, Sir,
If ever from this Hell* I should escape;
From home I shall be *zo* ashamed to stir,
There'll be *such* talk, and laugh, and grin, and gape!

" I never now shall have my pretty rambles;
Afeard of evry Butcher, evry Drab:
Ne'er go for beef and mutton to the shambles,
Nor to the fish-stalls for a plaice or crab.

" I ne'er must put my nose upon the Hoe†;
The people's jeers wud give me zuch a shock:
And slily by Mill-Prison I must go,
To sell my pots and dripping-pans in Dock.

* It is asserted, and from very respectable authority, that this pathetic Elegy was sent to the Minister before the sentence took place, and produced a most fortunate *peripætia* in this Newgate Drama.

† A most delightful Walk for the *Plymouthians*, now totally neglected on account of its *come-at-ibility* beauty.

" The World's *too bad*, I speak it to their shame;
When a Man vall'th, the meanest rogue will bang un:
Zo with a Dog too; give un a bad name,
And evry body hath a rope to hang un.

" Voakes will point at me as I go along;
The very Boys will hold me by the tail,
And crack their jokes, and zing a jeering song,
And whoop, 'Here's Mister Hamlin come from jail!'

" I thought of high preferment, I declare;
But that, I fear, will never come to pass:
That I should be one day our Plymouth *mare;*
But, Lord! my lot's to be a Plymouth *ass*.

" Instead of marching proudly through our town,
Amidst the town-voakes all with wondering faces;
Deck'd all in scarlet, Lord! a fine fur gown,
Just leek a King, behind the silver maces;—

" Lord! Lord! to be confin'd in theese dark place,
And have a *rope;* for zo it may befall:
Ah me! it is a very *different* case
Between a room in Newgate, and Guildhall.

" Shore, Sir, I've drink'd your health a hundred times,
And never dream'd that you could be *uncivil;*
Have wish'd *zome vokes* the gallows for their crimes,
And wish'd the *warhoop* fellows to the devil.

" Indeed, Sir, you're a *favourite* with us,
Thort mild and *human;* yes, indeed you are:
But Pitt, and all his dirty gang, we *cuss;*
Though Dock and Plimmoth git so much by war.

" We hate the Grenville faction, hate mun all:
A pack of hungry Hounds, just like starvation;
That snarl, and quarl, and grin, and bark, and bawl,
Wanting to burst their guts upon the Nation.

" I love his Majesty, deny't who can;
True to his government, and evry thing.
Whene'er he dyeth, Heaven bless the gentleman!
I daan't think we shall git a *better* King.

" Now, Sir, be please to let a body know,
And let me zee the end of all my cares;
That, if I'm to be *hang'd*, Sir, I may go,
And make my peace with God, and zay my pray'rs."

Such are the Tinman's tuneful Sighs,
That from his gloomy mansion rise,
Something like Song from dying Swans of old:
Then, Addington, thy rigour quit,
Nor boast the iron heart of Pitt;
But show that *thine* was form'd in Mercy's mould.

Yes, let the Culprit be forgiven;
No *actual rape* took place, thank Heaven!
He wish'd to *buy* thine Honour's pure embraces.
I own, with *awkwardness* he strove;
A country bumkin in his love,
A *simple* Cymon 'midst the polish'd Graces.

Then smile, and put the Bumkin out of pain,
And send him *whistling* to his *shop* again*.

* "And whistled as he went, for want of thought." *Cymon and Iphigenia.*

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE the Penitential Epistle could come from the Press, the awful sentence was pronounced upon my *simple* Countryman; who has, I find, been *agreeably* disappointed, in *not* being ordered for *execution*. This case of an attempt at *political simony* having been most impartially and fairly weighed in the scales of *political justice*, it has been determined that Three Months' further habitation in a jail, and the payment of One Hundred Pounds, will be the precise *quantum* of punishment due to the *enormity* of the offence.

The learned Judge (Grose), with the usual *professional solemnity*, in an eloquent and impressive address to the poor trembling Tinman, *informed* him, among other important matters, that, for a First Minister to receive a Bribe with a view of securing a preference in the appointment to any office where *merit alone* should be consulted, would be a high misdemeanor and a breach of trust. "It must therefore," continued the learned Judge, "be considered as *no*

small misdemeanor, for any individual to attempt to *overturn* this *corner-stone* of the Constitution.

"Men in *all times*," continued the learned Judge, "have held such attempts in *abhorrence;* and more *convincing* proofs cannot be given, than the *few instances* on record, of persons being *accused* of similar offences. It was a practice," continued the learned Judge, "which, if countenanced, would lead to mischief incalculable; as in every office, civil and military, men of ability must give place to the idle, the ignorant, and the corrupt."

With every deference to the learned Judge, I must beg the indulgence of a trifling comment on this part of his Lordship's *solemn* address to the Tinman. That a Prime Minister *should be* superior to a Bribe, in order that *Merit alone* should receive the meed of her labours, may readily be admitted; but had the learned Judge observed the transactions of the World, and more particularly the *political* World, he would have discovered that few, *very* few, have founded their pretensions to high honours and lucrative appointments on the basis of such an *unfashionable* and *solitary* claim as *merit*. The pedestals on which the *most*

conspicuous figures of this Kingdom are elevated, are composed of a *stained* and *rotten stone*, instead of the *unsullied, solid*, nay, *immortal marble*. Was it *merit* that pleaded for the "*heaven-born* Minister*?" God mend the poor *angels* he left behind, if formed of *similar materials!* Was it *merit* that created him Chancellor of the Exchequer? Was it *merit* that introduced his Brother, of *sleeping* and *yawning* memory, to the first situation in the naval department? Was it the *merit* of his most *disinterested* Associates, that procured themselves such a handsome provision, on their various resignations? Had there been a single blush in the skin of a Pitt, it must have appeared on that occasion. Was it *merit* that raised the *humble* Bellows-blower of the late huge Organ of Saint Stephen's Chapel (*videlicet* Master Canning); placed him on the back of that lean tame *jack-ass* the Nation, with *Mother* Hun, and *her daughters* from the country *theatrical* barns; Brother Tom the Tinker, from Pentonville; and Brother Bob, a common Soldier, from Botany Bay? *Such* is the *respectable* and *motley* group, worthy the pencil of some modern Hogarth. *Such* was the *heaven-born* Minister's *laudable remuneration* of *virtuous labours*, and *such* his *boasted* political *eco-*

* So sublimely denominated by *one* Mister Drake, in a parliamentary oration.

nomy! Was it the modest voice of *merit* that pleaded for Lord Grenville, and his *poor* Wife? But I am tired of putting questions that raise a smile at the instant they are proposed.

The assertion of the learned Judge, that "men *in all times* have held Bribes in *abhorrence*," wants *confirmation;* and that the "few accusations" of the commission of the crime "on record" are "convincing proofs" of such *abhorrence*, is certainly fallacious. Thus do I deny both *premises* and *conclusion*. That Bribery is *not* held in *universal abhorrence*, I appeal to every man that can *see* and *hear*, as well as to *thousands* that *taste* and *feel;* and I assert, that the *paucity* of *accusations* for Bribery which appear on *record* is more owing to the *love* and *acceptance* of the Bribe, than the *abhorrence*. Such is my humble sentiment of the present state of *political corruption*, so diametrically opposite to those of the Judge, who, I am inclined to think, argues from *particulars* to *universals;* and, from the purity of *his own* heart, infers the virtue of the Million: which strongly induces me to believe that the learned Judge is, in *politics*, more of a *simple* Parson Adams * than an artful and unprincipled Machiavel.

* A character drawn by Fielding, in that excellent novel Joseph Andrews.

So universal is this *terrible* vice, that even the *sacred* region of Parnassus is not exempt from its taint. Mister Francis Rivington, lately a *great* Commander in the Bridewell Volunteers, and a *great* Bookseller to boot; and Mister Charles Rivington, *great* among the *saints* of Methodism, and eke *great* in partnership with his Brother Francis; also the Reverend Mister Nares, *great* in *evangelical* Children, called Sermons, poor still-born brats; moreover, the Reverend Mister Beloe, *great* in *literary* Children, long since *dead*, named Translations, Poems, &c. (the aforesaid two *reverend* Gentlemen being now the two great *spinning jennies* of the Rivington *manufacture* of monthly *criticism**); these, I say, sit on the *apex* of Parnassus, and *dispose* of *places*

* The two Parsons who labour in the critical vineyard called the British Critic, and are the principal workmen. They sit at the right hand of the Rivingtons at every *critical dinner;* and are looked up to with *reverence* by the inferior *literary scalpers* that are invited to the Rivington table, to exhibit their *scalps* and receive the wages of their *execution*. To be somewhat serious; I would advise these two *reviewing parsons*, who *pretend* to piety and morals, not to damn a little amatory line in *one* Author, and recommend in a strain of panegyric a work that would have defied the prurient powers of the famous Lord Rochester to surpass. A pair of Divines, preaching piety in their pulpits, and recommending (even by quotation) the *lewdest songs* that ever were sung at the orgies of the Cyprian Goddess! The *Bible* and *bawdry* issuing from the *same* shop! For shame, Parsons! the *altars* of Christ and Venus should never be attended by the same *high-priests*.

to literary Ladies and Gentlemen who sigh for a niche in the temple of Immortality. As criticism is considered by the aforesaid *gentlemen* in the light of a *trade*, like *bookselling* and *preaching*, they naturally endeavour to *make the most of it*. So much for hypocrisy.

To conclude my commentary.—Let me inform the learned Judge, that, by *extending* his scale of *information*, he will find that Public Virtue, so far from being in its *bloom*, is in a most lamentable *decline:* and that, if the minutest wheels of the political machine are not smeared with the oil of corruption, the *whole* will be at a *stand-still;* or, to use the more energetic language of Doctor Johnson, of *sesquipedalia verba* memory, it would resemble the pyrotechnic wheel, which, for want of more of the *sulphureo-nitrato-carbonic* particles of explosive animation, experiences annihilated effulgence; and, submitting to the *vis inertiæ*, becomes destitute of the rotatory circumgyration.

TRISTIA;

OR,

THE SORROWS OF PETER:

ELEGIES

TO

THE KING,
LORDS GRENVILLE, PETTY, ERSKINE,
THE BISHOP OF LONDON,
MESSRS. FOX, SHERIDAN, &c. &c.

Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis.—HORACE.

IN cold neglect is Genius heard to sigh;
And Virtue lifts in vain the languid eye.

PROLOGUE.

A SAGE, whose name I don't at present know
(And 'tis no mighty matter, I confess),
Says, if he wish'd to curse his bitterest foe,
How would he do it?—curse him with *success.*

"Curse *me,*" cries every one who reads my Book,
"If *I* don't wish that formidable *evil:*
On *me* let Fortune ever smiling look,
I'll *run the risk* of going to the Devil."

I fear *I'm* one of those; and wish to meet
Dame Fortune always smiling, in my pow'r:
Adversity one can't with pleasure greet;
Too much a cross Old Maid, so very sour.

T' enjoy Life's comforts be my lucky lot;
Some let me have, dear Life, however *small:*
"A *mouse,*" the proverb tells us, "in the pot,
Is always better than *no* meat *at all.*"

Few are the treasures that Parnassus yields:
  Its hills and dales, of very little price,
Abounding more in *rocks* than *golden* fields;
  And less in *sheep* and *cows*, than *rats* and *mice*.

The streams of Helicon are deem'd *divine*,
  Yet quench not thirst of Bards like British *ale*:
Envy must own, its founts are vastly fine;
  Yet Poets oft *prefer* the *tubs* of Thrale.

Poets are ever treading upon Stars,
  Sublimely walking arm in arm with Gods:
Neglecting thus all sublunary cares;
  Good solid Beef for Shadows, Songs, and Odes.

Mild is the mien of Merit; ah, how meek!
  All diffidence, she looks with downcast eye.
A blush, a crimson blush, o'erspreads her cheek;
  And fear of censure gives her soul a sigh.

From tumult far she loves to wander, far;
  A simple, pensive, silent, thoughtful Maid;
All lonely shining, like the Evening Star
  That sparkles on the solitary shade.

She pants not for the splendour of a name;
To praise, to Flattery, wishing to be deaf:
Trembling, she steals herself away from Fame;
A blushing Strawberry hid beneath a leaf.

Sweet though her song, she hopes *not* to be heard:
In groves, the melting softness shuns the light;
In secret warbling, like the tuneful Bird
That, shaded, charms the listening ear of Night.

How timidly she tapp'd at Grandeur's door,
Afraid to wound the ear with slightest pain!
Where Gruff the Porter bade her, with a roar,
Go to the Devil with her canting strain.

There, Folly rushes with his dirty boots,
Tattoos, and nearly thunders down the dwelling,
Loaded from Drummond's, Mordecai's, or Coutts':
Hark! like his Hounds, tempestuous, howling, yelling.

Lo, Gruff (his hand, for ever on the watch,
With many a piece of silver has been crown'd),
Proud a round oath, or friendly damn, to catch,
"Hopes that *his honour's* well," and bows to ground.—

"*Where* dwells this blushful Beauty of our isle?"
Exclaims the World: "this Merit let us *see*."—
That World (an unbelieving Jew) will *smile*,
When I inform him that she dwells *with me*.

Yes, let me own I nursed the infant Hope;
Expecting *presents* from the Lord's Anointed.
"Bless'd is the man who *nought expects*," says Pope;
"For, lo, that man shall *not* be *disappointed*."

THE SORROWS OF PETER.

ELEGY TO THE KING.

The Poet informs his Majesty of a Rumour of *great things* having been done for him at Court; and of his *awkward* Situation in Consequence of that Rumour, arising from the *teazing* Visits of *Friends* and *Creditors:* and supplicates his Majesty's gracious *Attention* to the Subject, and to relieve his Anxiety.

O KING! the wondrous changes in the State
Engage these curious eyes of mine, to see
If Madame Fortune means to change *my* fate;
That is, if Ministers have thought of *me.*

Soon as the Post arrives, I seize the Papers;
As much for *place* my appetite is whetted:
In vain! And then I fall into the vapours,
And think it *hard* my name is not *gazetted.*

Friends have pour'd in: "Ah! Peter, my old boy!
The old jade Fortune has been kind at last.
Joy, joy, *Pindaricus;* we give thee joy:
Well, well, the Loaves and Fishes come *at last.*"

In vain I tell them that 'tis no such thing,
And represent it as an idle rumour.—
"Poh! Peter, thou art joking: our *good* King
Forgives a *jest*, and loves a bit of *humour*."—

"Sirs, what d'ye mean? I've nought, upon my soul."—
"What! not a hint? no message? ha! no letter?
Soon we shall hear thy *coach's* thunder roll:
Credat Judæus, Peter; we know better."

The mad Ex-courtiers cry, "Thou old Black Sheep,
Thy rhyming sins will never be forgiven:
In peace in *this* World ne'er expect to sleep;
Nay more, expect not to make peace with Heaven."

Bonfires have also blazed; lit up by people
Whose patience, almost lost, for years has tarried:
The Bells too, nearly cracking the old steeple,
Pealing as though the Poet were just *married*.

The Marrow-bones and Cleavers have been here,
To pay a compliment upon my *pension*.
"Ah, Butchers!" I have whisper'd in their ear,
"Fudge! downright fudge! mere humbug; sheer invention."

The Cook too, with his *petit souper* bills,
For some dear Lais, fond of pretty picking;
Who, fair as Hebe, just like Hebe *fills*,
So fond of oyster-sauce and a broil'd chicken!

The Pot-boy soon, and Taylor too, I fear,
Will pay their court: the Barber too, the prig,
I make no doubt, will presently appear,
Inquiring how I liked my last new wig.

And, ah! the Cobler too has sought my room,
To *compliment* the Poet and his Muse;
Quite dissipated all his former gloom,
With *smiles* presenting "a *small bill* for *shoes*."

The little Robins, seldom seen before,
Seem twittering gratulation to the Poet:
Wagtails and Sparrows too surround my door,
Chirp pleasure, and the Cocks in concert crow it.

Even from its hole, beside my straw-stuff'd bed,
A poor starved Mouse who hears these sounds of Babel,
Pokes forth, with seeming joy, his little head,
To spy if any thing is on the table.

"Poor Mouse!" I sigh: "thy face must *still* be lean,
Like mine; since nothing has been done *for me*,
How canst thou, though thy appetite be keen,
Expect that something should be done *for thee?*"

Thus has this diabolical report
Plunged your poor Poet in a sea of trouble:
Thus have the fancied honours of the Court
Deceived, and got me in a horrid hobble.

Dread Sir, your Bard's ambition soars not high,
To take Pitt's place, or join the Privy-council;
But yet a warbling Goldfinch, such as I,
Might peck *some* hemp-seed, taste a *little* groundsel.

Yes, Sire, this mortifies and makes me sad:
Pleased should I be to meet your high commands;
Beyond a doubt, I should be *vastly* glad
To join the Royal circles, and *kiss hands.*

Then, Sir, permit the Bard t' approach the Throne,
To ask if this intelligence be *true:*
The World proclaims it with the firmest tone;
Yet none can *tell his fortune*, Sir, like *you.*

ELEGY TO THE SAME.

The Poet remarks the *Change of Sentiments* in favour of three principal Patriots, Fox, Sheridan, and Burdett, &c.—The Poet, being one of the *Sheep* in the List of the *proscribed*, wishes his *Fleece* to be *whitened* by the Sunshine of a *Court-smile;* but apprehends that fortunate Epocha to be at *some Distance*. —He hints to his Majesty, that he has no Disinclination to accept of something handsome; relates a mortifying Circumstance in the Life of poor Maynard, a French Poet; and mentions the Want of Hospitality in *some* of the Gentlemen of the Palace.

Oh look at Sheridan, Burdett, and Fox;
Such *terrors* once, such *bugbears* to the Crown:
Lo, nothing *now* in either Patriot shocks!
The Palace marks their forms without a frown.

Pages, and Maids of Honour, at their names,
No longer pale and trembling keep aloof:
Demons no more, their mouths emit no flames;
No tails they wear, nor carry horns and hoof.

" Heavens! Mister Fox is quite a *charming* man;
So placid, and *so* generous in his nature:
And then again for Mister Sheridan;
So lively, clever, Lord! so *great* a creature:—

" *So* sensible indeed, *so* full of wit,
So pleasant, *so* good-humour'd, sober, mellow;
Lord! without meat a fortnight one could sit,
To hear him talk; he's such a pleasant fellow:—

" Full of his fun, and always something new;
O heavens! a Nightingale, to Pitt the croaker:
One easy, as we say, as an old Shoe;
The other, stiff and formal as a Poker.

" Then there's Sir Francis, how polite a man!
So worthy, and his character so fair is.
Pays all his debts, uncommon! a *black swan!*
Oons! down with Cold Bath Fields, and down with Aris!

" *So* handsome, and *so* neat as a new pin,
So like a *gentleman* in every feature!
Lord! what a shame Mainwaring should come in;
A shabby, nasty, black and ugly creature!

" There, Pitt has *kick'd the bucket;* what a rout!
He made the people many an empty dish:
Our Party were unwilling to *cry out;*
But no one, to be sure, cries 'Stinking Fish.'

" He's dead; and Heaven go with him, where he goes:
Poor bees, he robb'd our hives of all the honey.
Hard are his taxes, God Almighty knows:
Like so much Dung, he shovell'd off our Money."—

Yes, Fox and Sheridan, and poor Burdett,
Sore frighten'd all the Pages, Maids, and Dames;
Put all the Cooks and Scullions in a sweat:
Wolves in their forms, and *poison* in their names.

Poor Sheep, by Pitt call'd *black*, throughout our Isle;
Poor Lambs, that wander'd bleating to and fro;
Now, in the sunshine of the Royal smile,
Behold, their Fleeces are as white as Snow!

Oh, would *my* wool but turn a little white!
I too am *black*, and doom'd to bleat and hunger.
" No," cries my ruling Star; " thou still must bite
The barren rock, and wait a *little longer*."

My Liege, there are some very pretty places
That I could fill; at least, that would *fill me:*
One whisper to their Lordships, or their Graces,
Would *do;* I think we should not *disagree*.

"Who first an oyster eat, was a bold dog;"
So said King Charles, whom hunger seldom vext.
But he (say I) who ventured on a *hog*,
Must think of dining on the *Devil* next.

Ah! sharp is hunger; for, to feast on air
Must make the stomach look confounded *blue*.
I grant, those things are *formidable* fare:
What will not Teeth, t' *oblige* the Stomach, do?

A Poet of great poverty and fame,
Maynard, address'd old Richelieu on a day:
"My Lord, I'm sunk in years, and blind and lame;
Ere long, the debt of nature doom'd to pay:—

"Soon as I gain the Elysian fields, the King,
Our late good Monarch, whom we all must love,
Will say, 'Monsieur Maynard, what news d'ye bring?
What are my Subjects doing, pray, above?'

"Then will I mention the *great things* I see;
Report *your* deeds, that dazzle every eye:
Now should he ask, Sir, what you did for *me*,
What to the King, my Lord, must I reply?"—

"Reply?" cried Richelieu to him; "answer, *nought*."
Oh, what an answer to so great a Poet!
Thus to disgrace the Cardinal was brought,
And History's blushing page will ever show it.

Dread Sir, your Palace-gate I often pass,
Kneel at your door at times, and scent your meat;
But neither Cook nor Page comes out, alas,
And kindly crieth, "Peter, rise and eat."

ELEGY TO THE SAME.

He moralises on Virtue and Money; mentions the Neglect of celebrated Authors; and triumphs in the Idea of the Honours he should receive from Napoleon, could he be conveyed to Paris.—Gives a noble Speech of the Emperor on the Occasion.—The Poet concludes with dropping another *hint* to his Majesty about *merit* and *places*, which last he very probably will discover to be purely Utopian.

"WHAT's Virtue, without *fortune* to support it?"
Says Horace: "viler than the vilest weed."
What Genius? grant *sublime*, yet who will court it?
The World inquires not, who can *write* or *read?*

But *he* who gives a splendid ball or rout,
Like Thelluson, a breakfast or a dinner;
Him, *him*, the World endeavours to find out;
Makes *wits* of fools, and *sanctifies* a sinner.

The gentle Ovid, whom the Graces love,
Charm'd with his plaintive Lyre the hills of Thrace:
No tears could melt, no supplication move;
The Exile pined, and perish'd in disgrace.

Yet all the World, one universal cry,
Condemns the rancour of the Emperor's soul;
That frown'd, unmoved by Pity's melting sigh,
The abject slave of Passion's proud control.

Old Homer, that sublime immortal name,
Poor Bard! sung Ballads through the streets of Greece,
To save himself from famine (what a shame!),
And sold them for *one halfpenny apiece.*

Our Milton too, with equal spirit fired,
No Patron found, his talents to requite;
And pining, from a barbarous World retired,
Sung darkling, like the tuneful Bird of Night.

The plaintive Otway perish'd through hard need,
While rhyming Dulness batten'd at her ease;
And Dryden, on *ambrosia* form'd to feed,
Just like a Rat, has dined on *bread and cheese.*

Much did King Charles our Butler's works admire,
Read them and quoted them from morn to night;
Yet saw the Bard in penury expire,
Whose wit had yielded him so much delight.

And *you*, my Liege, if Fame the truth report,
In reading verses oft employ your leisure;
And often, from the tumults of a Court,
Read *certain odes* too, with uncommon pleasure.

Eternal scandal to the barbarous age,
In piteous penury Saavedra pin'd;
In piteous penury lay poor Lesage:
Oh, what a stinging satire on mankind!

Yet let *one* action of the day shine forth,
(And candour loves to dwell upon my tongue:)
Thurlow could see a Cowper's modest worth,
And crown with fair reward his moral Song.

Dame Fortune never asks me what I wish:
Though bold my flights, that raise the eyes of Kings,
They ne'er exclaim, "Thou wondrous Flying Fish,
Amidst our seas of Claret wet thy wings."

Oh would the Angel to my room repair,
Who raised good Habakkuk, and lift *my* crown,
(No matter by the wig or by the hair,)
And then in Paris gently set me down;—

Soon at my lodgings would arrive a card,
From him whose deeds a World with wonder fill:
"The Emperor's compliments, requests the Bard
Would eat his mutton with him *en famille.*"

Then, as the bottle jovially we push,
The Gallic Alexander roars with spirit,
"*Great* Monsieur Peter, I shall beat the bush
For some nice *place* to crown your matchless merit."

Then will he say to Monsieur Talleyrand,
"I honour Genius, and of Bard the name;
So take this charming Poet by the hand,
And cover yon ungrateful Isle with shame."

Behold me then on Fortune's wheel, in short,
High fix'd, a seeming Hero of Romance;
Kiss'd by the Ladies of Napoleon's Court,
And visited by all the Wits of France!—

Such is the picture Fancy loves to paint,
A scene perhaps that sober Wisdom scorns.
Sick is my soul, with disappointment faint:
"Curst cows," reports the proverb, "have short horns."

Tell not in Gath nor Askelon such things,
And furnish Scandal's tongue with defamation:
No; let her never cry, "The *best* of Kings
Neglected the *best* Poet of his Nation."

Pleased, on his tombstone couldst thou read these words?
"Here lies the Bard of humour, wit, and whim;
Who though he *sweetly* smiled on Earth's great Lords,
They ne'er bestowed a single smile on *him*."

ELEGY TO LORD GRENVILLE.

The Poet accuses the Delusions of Hope, who had promised him a Number of *good things;* sings with much *pathos* of the Treasury, and a *stranger* called Money; and concludes with a handsome Compliment to Lord Grenville, hoping for the Honour of his Lordship's Acquaintance.

Hope whisper'd, that my market would be made,
If one day Pitt should *go upon his travels.*
Lo! Pitt is off; yet Fortune lags, a jade.
This, please your Lordship, the poor Poet gravels.

Hope whisper'd me that Calumny's black breath
Would cease, and that the howling imp would die.
Yet in the winds I hear the fiend of death:
This steals a sorrow from your Poet's eye.

Hope flatter'd: but her pleasure is, to cheat;
She loves to *chouse* the feeble-sighted Mole;
Her mansion forms the Idiot's last retreat;
Her glittering beams, the *moonshine* of the soul.

O Grenville, who hast felt the furious storm,
And bellowing thunders, of the gloomy main;
Traced too with boldness Danger's giant form!
In port, at anchor, thou art *snug* again.

While now amid thy fleet, with towering pride,
Safe moor'd, secure from rocks, and winds, and fog;
Admit my little *cutter* alongside,
And ask its Master to a glass of grog.

The Treasury's golden door to many a man
Opes wide; ah! shut on me, the bright abode:
These shoes have tramp'd from Beersheba to Dan,
Nor found a small brass farthing on the road.

A Guinea's lovely face I never see;
Though strong my passion, wishing to be *billing:*
Even little Sixpence *prudish* is to *me;*
And coyer too her elder sister, Shilling.

With *thee* the beggar is no longer poor,
The blackest sinner white-wash'd soon and *sainted:*
Regeneration then within thy door,
Oh what a pity we are not *acquainted!*

ELEGY TO LORD HENRY PETTY.

The Poet addresses Lord Henry Petty on those important Objects called Meat and Drink; disclaims the Vanities of Ambition, his *highest* being to sing in a *snug corner* and *eat*.

O Petty, of whose talents, virtues, Fame
Is with her trumpet pleased to talk a deal!
Oh listen, if thou lovest a Poet's name,
To what *concerns* a Poet much, a meal.

To *me* has Nature bountifully given
A handsome stomach, and discerning palate;
Forgetting to *complete* my earthly Heaven,
And put a little *something* in my wallet.

I wish not to be Minister, not I;
I put not up my prayers for Petty's place:
Nor Fox, nor Sheridan, produce a sigh;
To Ireland goes unenvied Bedford's Grace.

Too often Fortune, on her cloud-capp'd tow'r,
Shall place a gentleman; and then, uncivil,
Shall bid the thunder roar, and torrents pour,
And wash and blow his honours to the Devil.

Survey *gude* Melville and his *gude* friend Trotter,
Who drove the World before them in high glee:
Amphibious Melville; yes, a kind of *otter*,
That lived on flesh and fish by *land* and *sea*.

Be *somewhat* mine; but, far from bustling men,
In stilness be the *gentle* Poet blest!
In secret solitude a humble Wren,
To hop and peck, and twitter near my nest.

Form'd with *economy*, in Wisdom's school,
What Government may give I will not squander;
And imitate the Prodigal, the fool,
Eat grains in hog-sties, and a vagrant wander.

The gay Hilario lived in style, in state;
A palace for his mansion, dined with Dukes;
Enjoy'd his carpets, sofas, pictures, plate,
Dogs, horses, music, mistresses, and cooks.

Pale Envy mark'd with wishful eye the scene:
How long? ah! soon did Fortune turn her back;
Revoked her smiles, and show'd an alter'd mien,
Refusing *farthings* where she gave a *lack*.

Behold him meagre, wan, in mean attire,
Doom'd ever in a prison's cell to pine;
Now cooking, at a little hungry fire,
A pound of tainted mutton on a twine!

Much should I like to see a Joint of Meat,
Instead of one poor solitary Chop;
Afford my friends, at times, a little treat;
The Fidler call, and give their heels a hop.

My mansion too I would enlarge, I own;
Increase my tables, knives and forks, and pottery:
Now this, my Lord, could easily be done,
Would Fortune ask me to attend her *lottery*.

One word from Petty makes the Goddess kind,
Which thus a pretty little place secures:
My Lord, though to *my* merits always blind,
Her eyes were open'd to discover *yours*.

ELEGY TO LORD SIDMOUTH.

The Poet exhibits a Sort of Claim on Lord Sidmouth's Attentions, founded on the various and dangerous Battles he fought in Support of his Administration.—He freely acknowledges his Smile on his Lordship's *prudery*, that resisted with so much *Violence* the Bribe of the silly unthinking Manufacturer.—He gives a pathetic History of the Tinman's declining Health, his Swan-like Soliloquy before his Death, his Epitaph; and makes up all Matters with Lord Sidmouth by a small Sarcasm on his own Muse, and a handsome Compliment to the noble Lord.

O SIDMOUTH, *aliàs* Addington, on high
I mark thee basking in the Royal smile;
Where Honours, thick as Hops, and pensions lie,
That spread a lustre o'er our *happy* isle.

So high in favour, and so near the Throne,
Say, canst thou not, by *ways and means*, contrive
To gratify a harmless humming *drone*
With some small *honey* from the Court's huge *hive?*

Oft have I dwelt with pleasure on thy name,
And fought thy battles in the wars of wit;
And oft, the tuneful Stentor of thy fame,
I took thy part against the *Janus* Pitt.

Now charged with Ode, the Muse, with much renown,
Has fired from Newspapers a deadly gun;
Knock'd many an imp of Opposition down,
Now with a red-hot satire, now a pun.

Such are the *services*, perform'd with spirit;
Then ponder on the labours of the Muse:
Think of a something to reward her merit;
The Dame would *thank* thee for a pair of shoes.

Hark, hark! I hear the voice of hundreds cry,
"Thy Muse has covered him with ridicule."
This allegation let me not deny;
But Sidmouth should have *smiled* upon the fool.—

Muse, on the Tinman let us drop a tear,
And breathe a gentle sigh upon his fate;
Who took to heart his destiny severe,
And never after made a spoon or plate:—

Ne'er solder'd stewpan, saucepan, or a kettle;
Made not extinguisher, nor pair of snuffers;
In short, ne'er meddled with one bit of metal:
So much a *wounded delicacy* suffers.

Lone in his parlour, just behind his shop,
Poor man! in solitude he sat and sigh'd;
Tears from his eyes, like Peas, were seen to drop,
When thus, in sorrow sunk, the Tinman cried:—

"Farewell my dripping-pans! tin jacks, farewell!
Skimmers and syringes, and toasting-forks,
Tin pint and shaving-pot, and scallop-shell!
Farewell my shop, with all its *shining* works!

"Farewell my hopes, that whisper'd a fur gown,
That to the windows brings all Plymouth faces:
No Mayor, in *glory* to parade the town;
Before my Aldermen, *behind* my maces.

"Since Newgate held me, I am lost, forlorn;
My strength decays, in speech I daily falter:
Hourly I wish I never had been born,
For every thing around me *smells of halter.*"

Thus mourn'd the Man of Tin, and spoke no more:
I saw him carried to the churchyard's gloom;
I sought his grave at evening's stilly hour,
And sympathising thus inscribed his tomb:—

" Here lies a Tinman, who, to wisdom lost,
Tried hard to bribe a Minister of State;
Who knew not, when a man obtains a *post*,
That all the *virtues* on his Worship wait.

" Poor Man! he knew not that the *great* are *good*,
Inflexible, in honour *vastly* nice;
That virtue *ever* mingles with high blood;
That lofty Lords, like Coblers, *have their price.*"—

Yes, Sidmouth; though thy talents I admired,
And loved thy virtues, thou couldst not escape:
By laughing-subjects is the Muse inspired;
And mine's a little, saucy, grinning Ape.

And where is all the *mighty harm*, I wonder?
What is it *all*, when *all* is said and done?
The Bard, to kill a Midge-fly, pours a Thunder;
And spares no blemish, though 'tis in the Sun.

ELEGY TO LORD ERSKINE.

The Poet addresses a just Eulogium to the Lord Chancellor.—He thinks that he has taken now and then a poetical Liberty with a *certain* Peer of the Realm; also with the *modest* and *disinterested* Mister George Rose—recites a Speech of the *exalted* Earl of Liverpool; and complains of the false Opinions of the World concerning him.

O Erskine! on whose head, whose blameless head,
The Muse of Eloquence has placed her Crown;
Where Malice has her venom vainly shed,
Aud Envy, the foul fiend, has fix'd her frown!

Such is thine Honour's fairness, a pure Snow;
And such thy talents, as must charm a Nation:
Blest change! the Cygnet, for the croaking Crow;
Long-wish'd *amends* for *one* late *elevation.*

Though far from Courts, a Culprit in disgrace,
In dreary solitude my merits shine;
Though near a Throne I dare not show *my* face,
I'm glad to see the Monarch smile on *thine.*

I think I've call'd Lord Cardigan a fool;
And, were I King, *that* Lord should be displaced:
Heavens! can the liver of a Saint be *cool,*
When *such* on Fortune's pinnacle are placed?

I own, I never could respect George Rose:
Wishing him *captain's clerk* or *purser* still,
Not roll in treasure; which, God only knows,
Is Ocean roaring from a creeping Rill.

"Hoot!" cries old Liverpool, "ye rhyming rogue,
Ye munna laugh at people of high station;
Ye that have neither stocking, shoe, nor brogue:
Yer lugs should suffer for your defamation.

"Ye thenk, becaze yer head has some wee brain,
And thenk, becaze that ye can speel yer letters,
That ye may shower your Squebs as theck as Rain,
And take domn'd leeberties wee all yer betters."

Rave on: no trophies I to Dulness raise;
Too proud, though poor, to call *foul* weather *fair*,
Proclaim a dirty Cloud the solar Blaze,
And Substance yield to Castles in the Air.

Full oft I laugh (to burst with rage is vain),
To see what false ideas mortals form;
A cloud of Darkness drear they paint my Brain,
With thunder, lightning stuff'd, and floods and storm.

Ah! more like Luna, from her eastern bow'r,
That issues forth in radiant robe array'd,
Steals sadness from the solitary hour,
And gilds the horrors of the midnight shade :—

Or sweet Arcadian Nymph, whose smiles adorn
Some region that in Savages delights;
Or Lark, the little Syren of the morn,
'Midst Magpies, Owls, and Jays, and screaming Kites.

ELEGY.

The Poet sympathizes with the *disgraced* State of *Knighthood* at Windsor; and gives the Conversation that took place in St. George's Chapel at Midnight, between a Pair of noble Spectres.

Yet not alone is Poetry despised;
The noble Knighthood also feels disgraces:
At *scornful* Windsor, is the Order prized?
The Knights, poor fellows, *blush* to show their faces.

Where is the spirit of our ancient sires?
Tares flourish, where should grow the golden Wheat.
Instead of Glory, groveling Gain inspires.
How rarely *merit* and *preferment* meet!

Where are the noble military Knights,
In Windsor's sacred stalls that *ought* to shine;
Men, for their country that have bled in fights,
And, glorious, cast a lustre on their line?

Alas! the men who *now* the *honours* gain,
Provoke from sober Justice e'en a laugh;
Lo! by these heroes, sheep *alone* are slain,
Geese, turkeys, rabbits, or a hog, or calf.

There *was* a time, when Honour was in fashion;
There *was* a time, when Glory was ador'd;
When Merit was the idol of a nation;
When Valour edged the fury of the sword.

Knights who ne'er kill'd a *foe*, except a *flea;*
Whom garter, mantle, waving plumes, adorn;
Poor knights of Windsor with disdain survey,
Look down upon them with the squint of scorn.

'Twas at the midnight hour, when walk the dead,
Saint George met Edward in the sacred fane;
When thus the Saint bespoke the King: "Ah, Ned!
Alas! poor Honour now is in her *wane.*"—

" Dear George, 'tis very true," replied the King;
" Poor Honour is just come upon the parish:
Merit may tramp the streets, and ballads sing;
My new-made *knights* can boast of nothing *warrish*.

" Shall Stitch, the cross-legg'd rascal, to this fane
Hop from his Board and Hell, to be a *knight;*
Th' immortal glory of the Order stain?
What! to the lordly Lion mount a Mite?

" Shall Harry Haunch, Dick Duck, and Toby Pigtail,
Be *knights*, because his Lordship *cannot pay 'em?*
Sam Sledge, Bob Boots, Ben Broadcloth, and Will Wagtail,
Because his *debts* are such he can't defray 'em?

" Oh must Tom Turbot, Tart, and Matthew Mustard,
Enjoy the lofty honours of the Stall;
And on that cream-faced animal, Kit Custard,
The glories of an Installation fall?

" On market-days, alas! how dread the sound
From butcher-knights, a most disgraceful cry:
' Beef, mutton, four-pence farthing, Ma'am, a pound;
Nice pork, Ma'am; veal, Ma'am; pray, Ma'am, what d'ye buy?'

" Ere long, the brazen barrow-drab, Bet Bundle,
Shall come and bully, with her bill, my Lord:
Bet ceases, in a trice, her wheel to trundle,
To kneel beneath the splendours of the *sword*."—

Now crowed the Cock; the eye of orient Day
Peep'd on the noble Ghosts, each other greeting:
" Bye, Ned; I'll give," Saint George was heard to say,
" The history of *my* Knights at our next meeting."

ELEGY TO J. DONITHORNE, ESQ.

The Poet, in a Series of happy and illustrative Comparisons, bewails the Cruelty of his Fate.

HEAVENS, what a World we live in! oh, how sad!
To this, thy long experience will agree:
Half-fill'd with fools; be-devil'd, drunk, or mad.
How blest, dear Donithorne, were all like thee!

Patient as men upon the river's side,
Who for a dinner throw the worm or fly,
So patient I Preferment's fish have eyed;
But cannot hook one, or to boil or fry.

Patient as Hunters in an eastern wind,
(Ungracious wind, for running hares unfit,)
I seek Preferment's Hare, but cannot *find:*
In perfect stillness sleeps the rusty spit.

The Smiles of Kings who court the trump of fame,
No *little* partialities should know:
On merit, wheresoe'er it springs, the same;
Like heaven's kind Showers, on every plant that flow:

Or like the Sun's bright orb that beams on all,
Disdaining winds and elemental strife;
Bids on the lane's poor Pool its kisses fall,
And bids it, like the Ocean, teem with life.

Patient as blushing Virgins of sixteen,
Whose ears have heard a Lover's piteous prayer;
If those same Lovers are not constant seen,
Or, faithless, mean to fly to *other* Fair:—

Patient as Widows in their mournful weeds,
When *no* kind *second husband* comes to sigh;
Or Heir, that cannot to th' estate succeed,
Because his father *chooses not* to die:—

Patient as Cats before the mouse's hole,
  Winking and nursed with sanguine hope the while,
To nab the little animal, poor soul:—
  These eyes have sharply *moused* for Fortune's smile.

ELEGY.

The Poet complains of the unequal Distribntions of Fortune; of the Countenance given by the Great to a vile Catgut-scraper and Canvas-dauber, in Preference to the *sublime* Bard; and concludes with a *beautiful* Apostrophe to *his* Divinity, Independence.

While others sink in seas of *rosy* wine,
  Where *rosy* Pitt resign'd his boozing breath;
No drowning oceans of the grape are mine:
  I *can't afford* to put myself to *death*.

While others, stuffing, choked on dainty fare,
  Like London Aldermen *undaunted* die;
To Heaven with turtle in their mouths repair:
  I *can't afford* to *choke myself*, not I.

I cannot make a Larder of my Throat,
  Nor of my Stomach form a purple Well:
Good Claret by the *sight alone* I note;
  And judge of Venison, only by the *smell*.

Now on a bench I ponder in the Park,
Near some frail Nymph as hungry, beauteous sinner;
And now alone, voracious as a Shark,
Dream of a feast, or count the *trees* for dinner.

Behold! the Catgut-scraper, with his *croud*,
Commands at will the house of hospitality;
Sits by the Peer, not Lucifer more proud,
And *hobs or nobs it* with the Man of Quality.

And now, behold, a *bellowing* Calf *knocks* in:
He thunders, and no Porter dares oppose;
Jokes with his Lordship, fills himself to *chin*,
Where the poor Poet dares not show his *nose*.

Behold the Canvas-dauber! he can draw
My Lady's cat's-face, or her Pug, or Parrot;
Shall range at large the mansion, and give law:
But where's the *modest* Poet? in his *garret*.

Such is the Bard's sad fate of *modern* days;
To gain Life's comforts by his art, unable;
A man despised:—the long-ear'd Beast that *brays*,
Finds in his manger a *superior table*.

O Independence, to thy name I kneel;
Yes, with idolatry I bend the knee:
If aught of pride, aspiring pride, I feel,
Sweet Nymph of Freedom, 'tis to live with thee.

Then sorrow never would my heart invade :—
So let us in some rural mansion dwell;
Content will join us there, the simple maid,
And to a little Heaven convert our Cell.

Content gives freshness to the fields of air,
With every sweet the breath of Zephyr fills;
Can make our common viands dainty fare,
And yield a flavour to the fountain's rills.

Thus will we pass in silent ease the day;
Each hour shall carry sunshine on its wings:
Nor envy Salisbury's *glory* at the Play,
Five hours a *stake* behind the chair of Kings.

ELEGY.

He bewails the World's Want of Candour and Discernment, in hearkening to one of the Rivington Reviewers, and paltry Paragraph-spinners, to his (the Poet's) Disadvantage.

Too poor am I, alas! to *pay* for praise;
I cannot visit a Reviewer's *shop:*
And well I know how much a *dinner* sways,
A pot of porter and a mutton chop.

To gaunt Reviewers, Paragraph-inditers,
Each *trembling* door is ever open found.
Who dares *affront* such *formidable* writers;
Snakes, whose sharp fangs inflict a mortal wound?

Puff call'd on Daub one morning: "My dear fellow,
How much improved in colouring and grace!
So chaste the contour, and the tints *so* mellow;
Not *thou*, but Titian, finish'd up that face.

"To *thee* are Raphael, Titian, feeble souls:
Daub, o'er the Town its merits shall be spread."—
"*Dear* Puff, Wife waits with coffee and hot rolls."—
Puff, like a Bull-dog, *breakfasts* on the *head.*

Just before dinner, Puff pops in agen:
" Daub, I *must* see the *progress* of thy art;
Oh, like thy glowing Pencil were my Pen!
Sblood! all alive: the figure makes one *start*.

" *Exhibit*, Daub; success is sure, don't doubt it:
The charming piece will ravish all beholders,
Spring from the canvas, murder all about it."—
Thus *dineth* Puff upon the *neck* and *shoulders*.

" Daub, what a gem! the *finish* I *must see*;
With not *one* flaw, with lustre so replete."—
Thus Puff upon the *body* drinks his *tea*,
And makes a *supper* on the *hands* and *feet*.

Yet not alone on Daub he plays his art:
The Players too must contribute, beg, and bow;
Or woe to Romeo's, woe to Juliet's part!
He like a Lubber dies, and *she* a Sow.

The Singers too must humble, must *come down*,
Or, lo! the *pen* destroys them at a stroke:
" *Bad*, *shocking* stuff; an *insult* on the Town:
Crack'd, *out of tune*, the voice; the Raven's *croak*."

Poor Tweedledum must also taxes pay,
Must bend to Puff, or woe to Tweedledum!
"The fellow has no bow, no tone: *he* play!
Zounds! to the dancing dogs unfit to *strum.*"

But Puff possesses still a wider sphere:
For Puff, the advertising Taylor stitches;
A scrap of *Latin* wins the public ear,
And gives to Puff a handsome *coat* and *breeches.*

The Man of Pork who wishes for a name,
Approaches with a joint, or dainty chop:
His Hogs at once a laurel gain from Fame,
And lo! all London crowds to Griskin's shop.

Has Block the Barber got a son and heir,
Puff pens a paragraph as quick as thought:
"Quite well the *lady* and the Child appear."—
Puff joins the christening, and gets *shaved* for *nought.*

Is Crispin married, Fame must tell the Town;
Puff hails th' event, informs the World the *news:*
Behold perfection the *fair* Lady crown!
Puff gets his *bridecake*, and a *pair of shoes.*

Is Mistress Tripe, the Butcher's *lady*, dead,
Out flames a paragraph of pretty *penship:*
"Resign'd and pious tears in plenty shed,
By all that had the *honour* of her friendship:—

"She left three children to lament her fate,
And worthy Mister Tripe to join their grief."—
Rich laud! in *gratitude* to Puff, the plate
Receives a handsome tribute of *roast beef.*

Yet more than this can Puff, ah happy Puff!
In fate how much *superior* to the Bard!—
Besides, this fellow calls *my* Poems *stuff;*
Though form'd by labour hard, ah! very hard.

Shield sets my Song, and Incledon may sing;
But if the pen of Puff shall chance to damn it,
Alas, how little will the Ballad bring!
Too soon the grocer's spice and sugar cram it.

ELEGY TO MR. FOX.

The Poet addresses Mr. Fox and Poverty in a tender and pathetic Strain, and accuses the late Minister of a most infamous Duplicity.

O Fox! thy talents Envy's self must own.
I saw not *all* thine actions with a *smile;*
In days of yore, my face confess'd a frown:
Some acts indeed disturb'd the Muse's bile.

The hours of youth are light; those hours are past.
But truce! a sweet *forgiveness* shall be mine:
A Summer Sun is sometimes overcast;
Well pleased, I see thee now with lustre shine.

If right I guess; if Fame reporteth true,
Who very often deals in downright *fibs;*
Fortune has made thee look a little *blue,*
And of some pounds of fat has robb'd thy ribs.

Thou then wilt pity a poor Brother-bard;
As *courtiers* call'd me, "an old rhyming *sinner;*"
Who playing, with such want of skill, my card,
I cannot get a herring for my dinner.

Amid the scramble for the loaves and fishes,
Ye Gods! I fear me, I am come *too late:*
Such legs and noble sirloins in the dishes,
'Tis *hard* that *I* should find an *empty* plate.

Like Belisarius have I fought and bled,
Attack'd the tyrant Pitt with all my art:
What my reward? a bludgeon on the head,
Whips on my back, and daggers through my heart.

Pitt's hungry Bloodhounds constant watch'd my walk;
When, like the Babe, sweet innocence was I:
In Coffee-houses listen'd to my talk;
And forged, to blast my fame, the *treason'd* lie.

What gave that Pitt, that *patriot* Pitt, his pow'r,
For which old Chatham taught his heart to hanker?
Ask Richmond, Cartwright, who in evil hour
Join'd their dark counsels at the Crown and Anchor.

To fire and sword the *flaming* patriot flew,
To cut down all the plants of Opposition;
Plants from his own infernal seed that grew,
Nursed in the hot-house of his own sedition.

Rewards and *statues* now the Rogue required,
To give to immortality his name:
With damn'd combustibles the house he *fired*,
Then sought our *thanks* for *putting out* the flame.

Ah, Charles! amid the toil for loaves and fishes,
I see no change of colour in *my* fate:
Though *full* my heart of thee, and *warm* its wishes,
Not *one* my stomach *fills*, or *warms* my plate.

Go, (for I'm pleased to see Old Nic as soon,)
Go, Poverty, and never see me more;
Who takest knife and fork, and dish and spoon,
And turn'st the sad inhabitant to door.

Thy hag-like form, and melancholy tones,
Sharp nose, and pale cold cheek, and beamless eye,
And shrivell'd skin that scarcely veils thy bones,
Spread terror o'er my soul, and wake the sigh.

'Tis said, that thou some years ago wast seen
With Rose and Jenkinson, on Scotia's plain;
Then leave, oh! leave me, with thy haggard mien,
And visit Rose and Jenkinson *again*.

ELEGY.

The Poet confesses his utter Dislike of Pitt's Administration; describes his own uncommon Intrepidity; and relates an apposite Story of a Brother-Bard, and a rhyming King of Sicily.

Fond of the marvellous are mortals all,
And love sublimely of *themselves* to talk:—
From Paul's church-yard, upon the dome of Paul
I ne'er could *see* a Fly, nor *hear* him *walk*.

Yet some have *wondrous* ears, and *wondrous* eyes:—
Drake, ere he came, beheld his idol Pitt;
Beheld his *angel form* amid the skies,
And heard his wisdom, eloquence, and wit.

Too oft Credulity entraps the soul:
She lies in wait for idiotism and youth;
Listeneth to tales baptized *rigmarol*,
And makes them pass for oracles of truth.

What thousands thought, with marvelling Master Drake,
That Billy Pitt descended from the skies!
I own, *I* stood not staring like a stake:
Pitt blazed no *meteor* on the Poet's eyes.

Yes, I detested Pitt and all his measures,
And wrote *Will*ippics on Administration;
For treating just like Dirt the public Treasures,
And forcing to the *workhouse* a great Nation.

Pitt swore he'd hang me; order'd out his *thieves*,
To seize the gentle Poet by the throat:
But, lo! the Poet laugh'd at Mister Reeves;
Still with *Will*ippics swell'd his daily note.

"Thy measures are all vile," I boldly said;—
Then vowed he horrid penalty and pain:
"Thy measures are all bad, all bad, all bad,"
Fearless of punishment, I roar'd again.—

A certain King of Sicily made Verses;
Sends for the Poet Laureat, Mister Bayes:
Bayes enters; and the rhyming King rehearses,
Expecting from his Poet peals of praise.

Deeming them Gems from the Parnassian mines,
"Well, how d'ye like my Verses, Mister Bayes?"—
"Bad lines," quoth Bayes, "most execrable lines:
I never heard such stuff in all my days."

Black look'd the Tyrant, but pursued his Rhymes:
"Well, *now* what think ye?"—"Worse, my Liege,
and worse:
Don't publish them, O King! and damn the times."—
Then Bayes's *taste* the King began to curse.

The disappointed Monarch, in a rage,
Loud by his crown and by his sceptre swore,
If thus he judged, he'd put him in a cage,
Or chain him all his life-time to the oar.

The King read on; but, ah! in vain he read:
The *same* untuneful lines, the *same* dull sallies.
"Speak *now*, Bayes."—The poor Poet shook his head:
"Worse still, and worse: oons! send me to the
galleys."

ELEGY TO MR. SHERIDAN.

He compliments Mr. Sheridan—confesses that he has been a Literary Reviewer, but of the most consummate *candour*.—He complains of the Illiberality of Mankind; condemns literary Impostures; and wonders at the Want of Discrimination in the World, which so often mistakes a trifling Capacity, with a little schoolboy Learning, for *Genius*.

O SHERIDAN! amidst thy walks of wit,
Success has crown'd thee, every Muse has smil'd;
While Peter, thanks to Dulness and to Pitt,
Finds Pindus a most melancholy wild.

Oft am I term'd a *niggard* of applause,
And that I do not *justice* to the times.
Alas! the World complains without a cause:
Display the Virtue, and *I'll find* the Rhymes.

I own I've squeezed *some* miserable souls,
And made them of their folly somewhat sick:
Show'd to a grinning World their phiz; like Moles,
'Midst fields they ravaged, in a cloven stick.

I own, with candour too that I *review'd*;
Unstain'd like Rivington's *black* tribes, my tongue:
Merit with *tomahawks* I ne'er pursued;
Spared hooting *owls*, and *kill'd* the birds of *song*.

I spared not puppies, though they bore a star;
I spared not blockheads, though they wore *lawn sleeves:*
On vile impostors rush'd my angry war;
Rogues in saints' masks, and literary thieves.

A Hound, *mute* Hound, in cold contempt they call me,
That never to fair Merit *gave my tongue:*
With every weapon of offence they maul me,
Poor Orpheus 'midst the Bacchanalian throng!

Much have I suffer'd, and my Lady Muse;
Bullets, like Hailstones, pelting at our head:
From Mud Forts fired, call'd Rivington's Reviews,
Ah me! incessant showers of *brass* and *lead:*—

Where, clothed, well fed, warm quarters, handsome pay,
Enough to put old Satan in a *sweat,*
Four Parsons, hired (like Swiss) to wound and slay,
Are peeping, aiming, from the parapet.

Muse, tell their names, at whom Religion stares;
Like Scavengers, that labour in the kennel:
Maurice and Beloe, all-devouring Nares,
And supple, fawning, crawling Parson Rennel.

O Genius, thou fair Flower of rich perfume,
What stinking Weeds have stolen thy sacred name;
Displayed their tawdry Colours for *thy* Bloom,
Till blushing Folly's self has cried out "Shame!"

Possess'd of memory, Nature's gift to fools,
Thus Coxcombs read and learn the thoughts of others;
And, swell'd with Lexicons and Grammar-rules,
Scare with Greek-thunder their old Aunts and Mothers.

Of *such* I could a manufactory make;
With such *sad things* the groaning World encumber:
From town and country *any* orders take;
And send, at shortest notice, any number.

Grosses of Rennels I could quickly send,
Of Cobler Giffords, and such *cobbling* fellows;
Of Fuselies, *numbers*, *numbers* without end;
Thousands of Nares, and Maurices, and Beloes.—

O Sheridan! once more to thee I turn;
Say, is there *nothing* that *my* taste would hit?
In vain, I fear me, for the gift I mourn;
Lo! every Wit would *kill* a Brother-wit.

Thus, when two Clouds of Fire sublimely meet,
Immediately are heard most serious matters;
The gloomy foes in sounds of Thunder greet,
And, rushing, tear each other into tatters.

ELEGY.

He complains of the abusive Language of the Courts, and of the Hostility of Lord Puzzle the Lawyer towards him—gives a Portrait of old Puzzle, *ad vivum*.

By Courts I'm call'd a devilish saucy fellow:
The Monkeys chatter, and the Tigers growl;
The Calves of Quality, offended, bellow;
The Hounds of Calumny with fury howl.

Lord Puzzle wish'd, alas! with horrid jaws,
The pretty *lamb* of Poetry to kill:
For *what* enormity of crime? because
I sought the Muse's mount, to taste its rill.

Most lustily indeed old Puzzle swore,
I roam'd a Demon, and would eat the State;
And that my bleatings were the Lion's roar;
That Ellenborough's club should give me fate.

Perchance the Muse has *smiled* on poor old Puzzle;
For poor old Puzzle is conceited, proud:
'Tis hard indeed the Muse's mouth to muzzle,
While *others* at old Puzzle laugh so loud.

I dare not Puzzle praise in Verse or Prose:
Puzzle, the darkening Ink-fish of the law,
His mud of *doubts* around, unsparing, throws,
And of a Fly's Foot makes a Tiger's Paw.

Yet this deciding, *undeciding* man,
Contrived that Fame should stuff him in her trumpet;
But Fame, what pity! since the World began,
Has oft been found a fawning, lying strumpet.

Heaven keep me from old Puzzle and his court,
Full of *wig wisdom* in his solemn hour;
Full of *deep doubts*, and even of Clerks the sport;
Uncertain whether *two and two* make *four*.

To mention *him* with Bacon or with Hyde,
Would make poor History sick, we won't say *vomit*.
Heavens, what a tarnish on her page of pride!
A feeble winking Rushlight, and a Comet.

ELEGY TO NARCISSA.

He confesses the Folly of his Youth in pursuing Fortune, who never could be induced to notice him.—Her Daughter however, *Miss*-Fortune, was of *easy Access;* or rather *too importunate*, addressing him even at the Hazard of his Life.—The Poet recollects past Times and Narcissa, with a sigh; and, even in the *Autumn* of his Days, would dare whisper *soft Things* in her Ear, would Dame Fortune, with a few kind Looks, prove favourable to his Wishes.

When youth was mine, I envied Fortune's store;
With envy gazed upon her splendid dome;
Knock'd, with assurance, at the Lady's door,
And, though I *saw her*, "Nobody at home!"

My thoughts by day, by night my happy dreams;
To Afric's *roasting* climates did I roam;
I sought her mansion near the golden streams,
And knock'd (poor Peter!): "*Nobody at home!*"

Still went I on, where great Columbus found her,
'Midst thunder, tempests, and the ocean's foam;
Saw on her isle a thousand Slaves surround her:
Again I knock'd, but "*Nobody at home!*"

"Ungrateful Dame!" I cried: "not see the Bard,
The Philomel of Britain's polish'd isle?
Not see the Poet who has toil'd so hard,
To gain admission for a single smile?"

Grieved to the soul, to London I return'd,
And set me down in Duke Street, Portland Place;
In sackcloth and in ashes there I mourn'd,
And cursed my star that kept me from her Grace.

Yet, though the *mother* I could never greet,
Her *daughter* wish'd to see me and my books;
Miss-Fortune: oft I saw her in the street
With Bow-street Runners, men of horrid looks.

The Damsel swore she *loved* me and my wit:
'Twas difficult to keep the Girl in check;
For, lo! near Newgate, in the reign of Pitt,
Rudely she strove to hug me *round the neck.*

Like Captain Potiphar's bold Wife of yore,
Who seized the *gentle* Joseph, she provoked me;
And, had I not displayed a Giant's pow'r,
I verily believe the jade had *choked* me.

Yet for *myself* I wish'd not wealth alone;
For thee, Narcissa, was the wish in part:
I thought thy beauties once would be my own,
And sigh'd to give thee *more* than my poor heart.

With *thee* I hoped to live in rural ease,
Far from the tumults of the World withdrawn;
Where Health would meet us with her fragrant breeze,
Lead to the hills, and join us on the lawn:—

Now prune the vine, and now the various tree;
With pleasure view the blossoms of perfume;
Now in the blushing Fruit (and cull'd for thee),
Behold the tempting Rivals of thy bloom:—

With thee to tread the dews at early day,
And meet young Morning on the orient hill;
Pleased, as the brooks in murmurs wind away,
To learn some moral lesson from the rill.

With thee I hoped, in Summer's golden hour,
To wander, arm in arm, the glade along;
To touch the Lyre of Love amid the bow'r,
And thou the blushing subject of the Song.

When Winter ravaged in his stormy rage,
With thee I hoped t' enjoy the cheerful fire;
With thee converse, or read th' instructive page,
Or mingle with thy sweeter voice the Lyre.

Now for the tuneful Tenants of the Grove,
That sue for pity, strew with grain the ground;
Poor beggars, the sweet objects of thy love,
That flocking chirp their gratitude around.

With thee I wish'd to raise the tender flower,
And in thy presence dig the grateful soil;
With thee the nursing rill, Narcissa, pour,
And deck at last thy bosom with my toil.

And when, at midnight, through the vast of shade,
The tempest whelm'd the World with wild alarms;
Then to my bosom press a timid Maid,
And lose its thunder in Narcissa's arms.

Such were my wishes: yet thou still art fair;
And I, though lost some blushes of my cheek
By Time's rude hand, would Fortune grant my pray'r,
With Love's sweet whispers would thy cottage seek.

But grant that beauty were no longer thine,
Narcissa's converse would the hours beguile;
Even in old age would happiness be mine:
Time leaves a *treasure*, if he leaves thy *smile*.

ELEGY TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Poet supplicates his Brother-poet, the *good* Bishop of London, and one of the *great* Guardians of the British Museum, to dislodge the Parsons that are got into that Dwelling; thinking it more in Character for a pious Divine to attend rather to the Souls of his Parishioners, than to lousy Birds, Quadrupeds, and musty Manuscripts: and supplicates for *himself* the Post of a Curator.

O PORTEUS! hear a Poet's humble pray'r;
For, Porteus, thou hast been a Poet too
Of yore: like me, of golden trappings bare;
Like me, with scarce a stocking or a shoe.

No friends have I, alas! on Fortune's wheel;
No Patron kind, to help me at a pinch:
But happier thou! when wanting a good meal,
Sweet smiled upon thee Lady Charlotte Finch.

Sweet were the smiles indeed of Lady Charlotte;
For, lo! 'twas she, as all the World believes,
So good, so chaste (abhorrent of the harlot),
Who heard thy *prayer*, and gave thee thy Lawn Sleeves.

Say, Porteus, (for thou ought'st to love a Poet,)
Why can't *I* get to Montague's great House?
As well as can thy Parsons, *I* can show it,
And keep from *nits* the Elephant or Mouse.

Three Parsons now are keeping Cock and Hen
From preying worms, the Weasel and the Rat;
The tribe of Ostrich, and the tribe of Wren;
The tribe of Goose and Cuckoo, tribe of Gnat.

Moths in old Books, and Parchments too, they scout.—
Though *great* the *toil*, and *hundreds* worth a year,
This arm, I trust, can put them to the rout;
With *equal* fire attack their front and rear.

An't please your Lordship, well I know the art
Of snatching from perdition Fish and Fowl;
Can bid *mortality* from Snakes depart;
Preserve a Crocodile, and *stuff* an Owl.

As *brave* as Maurice, *brave* as Parson Nares,
These hands the leathern forts of Moth can storm;
And, *sharp* as sportsmen Foxes chase and Hares,
Through all his various windings hunt the Worm.

Then pray now send each Parson to his parish,
Where Sin the cradle of each infant rocks;
And, since with *nitty* tribes so wondrous *warrish*,
Oh bid them slay the *maggots* of their *flocks!*

ELEGY.

The Poet is addressed by the Goddess Wisdom, who reads his Fortune, very severe and very *disheartening;* but nevertheless administers good Counsel.

Who is that Form which cometh clothed in light,
With step of speechless grace, and front sublime;
Whose eye can pierce Futurity's deep night,
And view the shadowy scenes of distant Time?

Immortal Wisdom! Hear her voice divine:
"O Peter! I *respect* thy tuneful rage:
I *quote* thee oft; and many a golden line
Instructs, *illumines*, and *adorns*, my page.

" Know too, *my* Pupils all thy Odes rehearse,
And dwell with constant *rapture* on thy name;
Yet will foul Slander's venom seek thy Verse,
Pale Envy's fang too fasten on thy Fame.

" But, lo! the Cedar, on the hills that tow'rs,
Must face the Storm, and meet the Lightning's stroke;
The Drone will buz around the fairest Flow'rs;
The Caterpillar crawls on every Oak.

" The royal Eagle, in his airy sweep,
By Rooks and Crows is pester'd beyond measure;
And, lo! the mighty Monarch of the Deep
Too often feels the Sword-fish and the Thresher.

" Sweet are the melodies that leave thy Lyre;
Rich in invention, fancy, fire, and spirit:
Yet know, though Taste and Genius may *admire*,
Nor Place nor Pension will *reward* their merit.

" High on Parnassus thou canst claim a *seat*,
A sure election; yet, O Man of Sorrow!
If, *mortal*-like, thy mind be fix'd on *meat*,
Go, keep a *vote-shop* in a Cornish borough."

ELEGY TO CYNTHIA.

He marvels at the unfair Representations of the World in regard to his Muse; and *candidly* avows a stronger *Penchant* for Praise and the tender Passion, than for Satire.

WHAT are my dire offences, what my crimes,
That I can never, never be forgiven?
It seems as if all Hell were in my Rhymes;
Shut on my nose each avenue to Heaven.

No rude, no savage Satirist am I,
Arm'd with a Sledge to knock poor Folly down:
A *gently* biting Blister I apply,
And with a *gliding* Razor shave her crown.

I rush not on the World with scorpion *whips;*
Beneath their fury none are heard to screech:
Touch'd by my *toe* alone, a Culprit skips;
Shoe-leather application to his *breech.*

Yet hark: they all are crying, "Murther! murther!
A Turk, a Saracen, is come among us:
No massacre was ever carried further;
His weapons scalp and flay, and stab and prong us."

How dreaded; though, of courtesy the pink,
Mercy and I walk arm in arm together!—
Such are the horrors at a *drop of ink!*
Such are the clamours at a *goose's feather!*

Smiles at Court follies are a *venial* thing:
That I have *laugh'd*, at times, is very true;
Laugh'd at the lordly Minions of a King,
Lord Owl, Lord Vulture, and the *Lord* knows who.

But, ah! how happier, happier far, the hours,
Of Love and Cynthia that indulge the dream!
Then, then her song the Muse with *rapture* pours,
When Beauty and the Virtues are the theme.

But, Cynthia, dear *variety* invites;
In quest of *this*, the Muse at times will stray:
And, though thy converse and thy bloom delights,
Perpetual roses must not strew her way.

ELEGY TO THE BEE.

He most pathetically addresses the Bee, on the *Ingratitude* of the World towards him; and prophesies of himself a Fate equally cruel.

Sweet Labourer! midst the Summer's golden hour,
Full oft I trace thy little busy flight:
With pleasure see thee perch from flow'r to flow'r;
On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies, light.

Yet what to thee is Summer's golden smile?
And what to thee the flower-enamell'd plain?
Will *gratitude* reward thy daily toil?
No, no; thou workest for reward *in vain.*

Not long the hive of treasure will be *thine;*
Rapacity will force thy little door:
Those treasures with thy life must thou resign,
A breathless victim on the fragrant store.

O base return, to lose thy precious breath!—
And *I,* ye Gods, *as basely* shall be served:
Thou for thy treasure wilt be *smoked* to death;
And I, the honey'd Poet, shall be *starved.*

ELEGY TO SCOTLAND.

He drops a Tear for the supposed Death of Simplicity; but, recollecting himself, finds her alive and in good Health at the Seat of the Duke of Roxburgh.

DEAD is Simplicity, long dead; ah me!
Of yore, hard work'd Earl Thomas and his Spouse:
Earl Thomas sweating in the field; while she
Help'd Nan the Dairy-maid, and milk'd her cows.

No sparkling jewels held my Lady's neck fast;
No silks embraced her bosom and her crupper:
Beer and salt herrings form'd her simple breakfast;
Her dinner beef, and bread and cheese her supper.

Coaches were scarcely known; or, if they had one,
'Twas for conveniency toward the weather:
Not gilt and varnish'd; no, a very sad one;
A poor alliance between *wood* and *leather*.

Then was the Minstrel's Harp with rapture heard;
The song of ancient days gave huge delight:
With pleasure too did wag the Minstrel's beard,
For Plenty courted him to *drink* and *bite*.

The Poet now no longer is carest:
Sweet Bird, he hops and flutters to and fro
With ragged plumage, and without a nest;
Half-starved he sings in Paternoster Row.

Of yore, our Gentry held not honour *cheap:*
A man would hang the head, that left a jail;
How like a Pointer that has choked a sheep,
And steals off with a squint, and drops his tail!

The earth, with *terror* clothed, the Bailiff trod;
Like Jove th' *important* fellow walk'd the land:
His awful Voice, the Thunder of the God;
Jove's Sceptre, the dread Tipstaff in his hand.

No more he frightens; *now* the Man of Debt
With philosophic *calmness* walks the town:
No more, a scarecrow, Newgate starts a sweat;
Despised his ruffian grasp, and mock'd his frown.

Yet let the Muse be candid: Fame reports,
That sweet Simplicity in Scotia reigns;
That many a Man of Birth the Minstrel courts,
With bacon feeds, and stuffs with peas and beans.

Thrice-happy Scotia, blest by Ossian's birth,
And graced by her who every heart allures * !
Invite *me* to that pleasant spot of earth,
And happy let me touch the Lyre at Fleurs.

I heed not Johnson's sarcasms of rude Thunder;
Who trod a greeting soil, yet scorn'd to thank it.
Where was the Genius of the Land, I wonder,
It did not *toss* the Cynic *in a blanket?*

ELEGY.

He continues to wish that he had been so happy as to have been a *Vote* in a Cornish Borough; and, with Tears in his Eyes, enumerates the Pleasures and Honours he has thus *lost*.

URGANDA, if a favourite Cat *lies in*,
Invites her friends to caudle and rich cake:
But when *my* Muse is *brought to bed*, no din,
No how-d'ye visits, my *cool* Neighbours make.

Or, is the Monkey sick, he takes *his* bed;
Old Slop is sent for, to prescribe for Pug.—
Complains the Muse on what shall rest her head,
What soul will send a pillow or a rug?

* The Duchess of Roxburgh.

Oh! had I been a *vote*, a *borough vote*,
Then Fortune would have squeezed me by the hand:
Then would my back have worn a different coat;
Shirts, stockings, shoes, had been at my command.

Then with his lofty Lordship I had din'd;
With *other* Votes, a numerous band, at table:
Had drunk his health, received his smiles so kind,
'Midst clattering knives and forks, and sounds of Babel.

Then had I mark'd the *wonders* of his face,
Gaped at his speech, and swallowed every word:
Then had I got the *promise* of a *place;*
For *promises* are *frequent* with a Lord.

Then had I touch'd his Lordship's hand or cuff;
And measured him all over, inch by inch;
Mark'd how his Lordship *gracefully* took snuff,
And *possibly* been *honour'd* with a pinch.

Then had I heard of Boys the joyous yells;
To praise the Lord, the Cannon's loud endeavour,
And sounds of Marrow-bones, and jingling Bells,
Mix'd with *sublime* huzzas, "My Lord for ever!"

Then with his Lordship I had march'd the town,
With Mayor and Aldermen, a pompous band;
To enter the *votes*' houses up and down,
And seen him shake Tom Stirrup by the hand:—

And now Ben Block the barber, now Sam Sledge,
Now Stitch the taylor, now the mason Shovel;
Old Scrape the scavenger, the woodman Wedge;
In short, each happy wight that own'd a hovel.

Then had I seen the Lord and Grannies greet,
Seen the old Dames their mouths for *kisses* wipe;
Heard the loud smacks of busses, all so sweet;
And seen his Lordship smoke their stumps of pipe.

Then had I seen his Lordship, at his chaise
Take leave, with Mayor and Aldermen, in sorrow;
Hoped weather would be fine, and good the ways,
And that he soon again would *bless* the Borough.—

No matter who the *bidders*, all's the same:
The man that hard for Cloacina labours,
With *gold* is welcome to the good old Dame*;
Ship-*brokers*, or Ship-*breakers*, or Ship-*swabbers*.

* An old electioneering *lady*, known in Cornwall by the name of the Dame of the West; the *fair* subject of many a pleasant song.

ELEGY TO MR. ROWLANDSON.

The Poet wishes for the Pencil of Rowlandson, to make an Exhibition of the Rivingtons' *Reviewing Parsons.*

Ah, Rowlandson! in vain are all my toils;
The Muse's ordeal the vile Priests despise:
In vain she roasts them, carbonades, and broils;
The spit and gridiron the *dark* band defies.

Oh, did I boast thy pencil's happy power,
Parnassus should the *black* Impostors show;
High on a pillory should the Culprits tower,
And make *wry faces* to the Mob below.

There, while their ears sore writhe beneath the nail,
And each poor piteous Priest for mercy begs,
With tune Apollo should those ears regale,
And all the Muses send them *rotten eggs.*

While sad, below, Hypocrisy should mourn,
The British Critic dropping from her hand,
Its *leaden* leaves by Taste and Genius torn,
Old Aristarchus should survey the band.

Smiles on his cheek, and pleasure in his eye,
To see the imprison'd heads with horror stare,
" Lo!" pointing with contempt, the Sage will cry,
" The *foes* of Learning who have *stolen* my chair."

ELEGY TO A FRIEND.

The Poet describes his small Library, and the *cheap* Manner of obtaining the Lucubrations of it: the ingenious Authors of whom, he speaks of with all the Reverence *due* to their *Merits;* and expresses a Hope of enlarging his Collection by the Assistance of Hucksters, Grocers, Pork-sellers, &c., well known *Encouragers* of *modern* Literature.

SMALL is the Poet's library, God knows;
Small is the praise, the candid Bard can utter:
Leaves of light wisdom; but in scraps it flows,
Instructing, and in fond *embrace* with *butter.*

Subscribing to a Chandler's Shop for *cheese,*
I gain the labours of celestial thought:
Sermons of Nares my eye with wonder sees,
And reads his British Critic all for *nought.*

But *now,* in *higher* walk t' employ his time,
Behold, our Aristarchus, Parson Nares,
Steals every day an hour from Prose and Rhyme,
To *wait on* Snakes, stuff'd Monkeys, Owls, and Hares.

Far from his Parish, and the *toil* of praying,
Far from the *drudgery* of *soul*-salvation,
To *save* old Egypt's *mummies* fast decaying;
The precious *stink* and *treasure* of the Nation.

To *save* the Bird's Nest, Butterfly, and Bat,
The tribe of Squirrel, and the tribe of Mouse,
The race of Weasel, and the race of Rat,
Whose *glories* grace of Montague the House:—

Where Maurice too and Beloe, grave Divines,
Fled from soul-slavery (what an easy fate!),
Make *new* antiquities, and *new* old lines,
And pension'd show the Toy-shop of the State.—

Yes, Sir, my Library is rather small:
In comes Mathias, hugging many a *slop*;
And Parson Rennel from the *huckster's* stall,
And kissing *sugar* from the Grocer's shop.

And, lo! the labours too of Mister Knight,
Leaves fond of *fish*, and oft with *mustard* taken;
Leaves that in *candles* also take delight,
A chop of *mutton*, and a slice of *bacon*.

Soon too I'm promised Mister Fuseli's work,
His Shakspeare, Milton, by the man of *pickles*,
Discourses;—also, by the man of *pork*,
The labours of the *wonderful* John Nichols.

And now, embracing *sugar* christen'd *brown*,
Leaves from the works of Cobler Gifford's Muse;
Stepp'd from her stall at Ashburton, to town,
Where oft she whistled to old boots and shoes.

Ere long, the *huckster* promises me more;
Lives of the brother Rivingtons, great men:
Great traders in the literary lore;
Encouragers of paper, ink, and pen.

In Paul's Church-yard, the Bible and the Key,
This *wondrous* Pair is always to be seen;
Somewhat the worse for wear, a little grey;
One like a *saint*, and one with Cesar's mien.

Fat are the Hounds of Rivingtons' known pack,
Fat on the venison of the *nation's* park;
Much like the Devil's Hell-hounds too, and black;
And hunt, like them, their victims in the *dark*.

ELEGY.

The Poet remarks the different Treatment of Bards of the present, and that of past Ages; and complains of not meeting as much Encouragement for his Verses as Organ-grinders, Exhibitors of Bears, Camels, Dancing Dogs, and Punch.

In days of yore, the golden days of Rhyme,
The mighty Monarch to his Minstrel *bow'd;*
But what is now the character sublime?
A blind old Ballad-singer and his croud.

Kings too were Poets: David to his Lyre
Sung sweetest elegy; and David's Son
Sung to the Harp with all his Father's fire,
And all the Virgins of Judea won.

And thou, Isaiah, too didst deal in Song;
Born, let me say, a *gentleman*, and bred:
In satire, let me tell thee, rather *strong;*
That broke the Babylonian Monarch's head.

Had I said *half* as bad of George the Third,
As thou of Babylon's imperious King,
My fate had been far different, take my word;
My just reward, the *pillory* or the *string*.

The organ-grinding Girl, whose discords *kill*,
Is beckon'd by our Dames of highest Quality:
And grist she gaineth to her screaming mill;
And, curtseying, thanks them for their hospitality.

To me *no* Lover of the Muses cries,
"Out with thy wallet, let us hear thy Odes;
Then *George's image* shall delight thine eyes:
Behold, a sixpence for the Song of Gods."

No Nymph of Quality on Peter calls;
No Lesbia, fond of sparrows and the dove;
And bid me make them melting Madrigals;
And say, "Sweet Peter, sing us songs of love."

The Man who carries Punch about the streets,
His scolding Wife, the Baker, and the Devil;
With fair rewards from all spectators meets,
And to his poverty each purse is *civil*.

The Man who leads his Camel up and down,
Where sports a grinning Monkey on his hump;
Dines princely, such the favour of the Town;
And never mourns, like me, in doleful dump

The Men who lead about a Dancing Bear,
Or Dancing Dogs, *good living* never lack;
While *I*, who lead the Muses, (fate severe!)
Can neither treat my belly nor my back.

The Clowns of thirty pounds a year (no more),
Laugh at the Sons of Song, and scornful pass us:
" One little *rood* of dirty land," they roar,
" Is worth a *thousand acres* of Parnassus."

ELEGY TO MR. RICHARD GOUGH.

The Poet addresses Mister Richard Gough, the Enfield Antiquarian, on the Subject of the Arrival of a Couple of *invaluable Curiosities* from Egypt, but of whose *Nature* our British Antiquarians seem *totally ignorant*. He predicts a future *Batch* of *Invaluables* for our National Museum; and concludes with a Wish that Mister Gough would contrive to keep the three Parsons *awake*, who are the grand Curators of the Contents of our British Ark.

O Richard Gough! amid thy Enfield dwelling,
Now o'er a Mummy's precious leg or loin
Devoutly tasting and devoutly smelling,
Now licking an old Dish, and now a Coin;—

O Richard! amidst Locks and rusty Nails,
Now blinking o'er old Farthings blue and green,
And trumpery that every month regales
The readers of the *Gemman's* Magazine;—

Why keepest thou from London far away,
While various *wonders* of the Nile approach?
Oh come and view a *treasure* then; and say,
What greets our eyes, a scorpion or cock-roach.

And haste to view another wonder, Gough;
With rapture are the Virtuosi giddy:
Famed Alexander's Coffin; or a Trough
For Egypt's Pigs, or Cleopatra's Biddy.

To meet each marvel antiquarian, haste;
Proclaim its quality, that none may doubt it:
With rich *sagacity* of smell and taste,
To London come, and tell us *all about it.*

Sir Joseph and his virtuoso friends
Stun, with their loud rejoicings, our Museum:
Archbishop, Bishop, to the wonder bends;
And means, 'tis said, to order a *Te Deum.*

Old Nilus writes us, he will search his flood,
And send us his drown'd rarities with pleasure;
Probe every hole, and shovel up his mud,
To load our happy isle with *tons* of *treasure.*

I see, I see, arrive from Egypt's lands,
Gods of old times, and Godlings, green and blue;
Ribs of its ancient kings, and legs and hands;
To ravish all the lovers of *virtú.*

Precious through time, I view a Vermin vile
That crawl'd on Pharaoh's back, the *very* Louse;
And eke the little Croaker of the Nile,
The *very* Frog that hopp'd about his house:—

Fingers of Lady Potiphar of note,
Which fix'd on Joseph, to her charms to bind him;
And, lo! an actual Rag of that torn coat
Which, struggling, *modest* Joseph left behind him.

Come too, and shake the Parsons from their snore:
Or snakes, and toads, and weasels, steal from sight;
The moths and butterflies will wing to door;
And owls, and bats, and eagles, take their *flight* *.

* During the profound and *mid-day sleep* of the three *divine* Curators of the British Museum, many of the most valuable articles in the same *dormitory,*

ELEGY.

He mourns at the Discovery of Gold, as a Demon of Destruction; expresses modest Wishes, and pays a small but just Tribute of Applause to our amiable Princesses.

BLEST were the days when Gold was yet unknown:
The man who drew it from the secret Earth,
Forced from its bosom an eternal groan,
And, luckless, gave a fatal Demon birth.

The burning soil of Afric I have trod,
And seen the shining mischief in the sands:
Then sighing said, "Behold the World's vain God;
Our Baal, that rank idolatry commands!"

And golden Mexico these eyes have seen,
And from the splendid wonder turn'd aside;
Where Vanity extends her boundless reign,
And loads the shrines of Luxury and Pride.

taking advantage of this comfortable *nap*, contrived lately to make their escape; so that, if a proper person be not appointed with a *flapper*, to keep their eyes open, the three *Levites* will soon be the *only* remaining *curiosities* of Montague House.

I sigh not for a waggon-load of Gold;
For wild Ambition never fired my wishes:
Some modest *little* place I hope to hold,
And taste a *morsel* of the loaves and fishes.

Who court the glittering gems of Fortune's mines,
Court frequent ruin: thus, upon the thorn,
The Spider spins by night his silken lines,
That catch, and break beneath the drops of morn.

I hate not Courts, and all that Courts contain;
A thousand beauties may to Courts belong:
Lo! George's Daughters have inspired my strain,
Sweet subjects also of some future Song.

I mark not Grandeur with an *envious* eye;
But when *those* Nymphs of merit I behold,
I own I see their virtues with a sigh,
And *envy* them their goodness, not their gold.

A bleating Lamb, for verdant hill and vale,
Alas! I wish to leave my barren rock:
A cooing Dove, that tells his plaintive tale,
To build a nest amid the great State-oak.

Or even a Spider, on the cloud-capp'd tree
I wish to weave, for wandering flies, my net:
Nay, a poor Pismire (smaller can I be?),
Run on its ribs, and pick my daily meat.

I never wish'd to pull a Monarch down,
Nor close in hard *fraternal hugs*, not I:
Th' *equality* I sought was, near the Crown,
To *hob* or *nob* in sack with Mister Pye.

ELEGY TO A FRIEND.

The Poet mentions a Part of the Furniture of his Room—grieves that he was never married—supplicates the Vengeance of Venus on the mercenary Beauty—compliments his own Merit, and makes no Doubt of an exalted Situation in the Temple of Fame.

Alas! I boast not Fortune's glittering heap;
Few are the decorations of my room:
Hung with *some* tapestry indeed, but *cheap;*
The *gratis* labours of the Spider's loom.

Too poor, I never could afford a Wife;
Ye Gods! of all misfortunes, most *distressing:*
My stars refused *that* comfort of man's life,
Deeming the prize perhaps *too great* a *blessing.*

For many a Phyllis did I pen the song,
Knelt to her beauty with most saint-like eyes:
In vain my verse, in vain my wooing tongue;
The *venal* Fair-one wanted *more* than *sighs*.

Must beauty be an article of *trade?*
Like Cherries, must the balmy Lips be sold?
The soft and swelling Bosom of the Maid,
Just like a Rabbit's Skin, be given for gold?

Forbid it Venus! From the *venal* Fair
Snatch every charm, to Hay convert her Locks;
Pug up her nose, and pug-like make her *stare;*
And pit her pimpled visage with small-pox.

Red make her eyes, and turn her teeth to jet;
For balm, oh! taint her breath with rotten eggs;
Corkscrew her shape, and elephant her feet;
Raise a high hump, and give two tankard legs.

And, if she seek for public praise by *song*
And *novel* writing, sink her to the dirt:
Oh! be for ever out of tune her tongue,
And may the Novel even disgrace Dame Flirt.

Such be the punishment of Nymphs who sell
(What *love*, and *love* alone, should bless) their charms:
Then *billets doux*, and sighing Swains, farewell;
The eye's fond dotage, and the soul's alarms.

Merit and I, sad exiles, hand in hand,
Just like the Children in the Wood, poor worms,
Unnoticed crawl a most ungrateful land,
Save by sharp Hunger and the howling Storms.

Yet will *some* comfort to our souls remain:
When Time shall tear our frames, each beam and rafter,
Though *here*, for this World's good, we sing in vain,
Our Songs with glory will be crown'd *hereafter*.

Why with the milder virtues was I born,
'Midst a rude world where Vice is in her bloom?
Why with a heart by tempests to be torn,
Lined with the tender Cygnet's softest plume?

Amid those scenes of villainy and art,
Where havoc, murder, depredation, dwell;
Instead of such a softly-feather'd Heart,
A rugged Grinding-stone had done as well.

While Pope and Churchill, with envenom'd rage,
Attack the vice and folly of our isle,
No war envenomed with the World I wage;
Sweet Pity sighs, or yields perhaps a *smile.*

The man who brings into the World a mind,
With milk of human kindness beyond measure,
Will in himself, with small reflection, find,
He brought to this our World a *world* of *treasure**.

ELEGY TO THE BAT.

The Poet addresses the Bat with much acrimony; discovers a strong Similarity of Feature in Bat's Face, and the Faces of Rivingtons' *Critics.*—He however *acquits* Bat, but *condemns* their pampered literary Mohawks.

Day's golden Orb has sunk beneath the skies,
And Silence steals upon the world of shade:
The little playful humming host of Flies,
With gambols wild, the fields of air invade.

Vile Imp of darkness! from thy dirty hole,
I see thee start in wickedness away;
Fierce as a mighty Lord of the Control,
With harmless insects making horrid fray.

* "That brought into our *world* a *world* of woe." Milton.

In thine I mark the phiz of Parson Nares
(The cynic features of ill-nature fill it);
Who, when young Genius his light wing prepares,
Leaps from the shop of Rivington to kill it.

In thine too I behold the phiz of Beloe
(Poor rhyming Priest), and *eke* the phiz of Rennel,
Sad wights; and *eke* that limping *cobbling* fellow:
Labourers in Defamation's filthy kennel.

For where is one of Rivington's Reviews,
Like Eastern Winds, that doth not cast a blight;
That does not try to murder every Muse,
And cloud her merits with oblivious night?

Yet, little Imp of horror, I forgive
Thy depredation on the insect host:
Thou crackest all their tiny bones, *to live;*
And Bats *must* eat, though lives of Flies be lost.

But, lo! the Cobler and the pamper'd Priest,
For *luxury* their scrawling pens employ:
Abuse supplies them with a monthly *feast;*
The palate prompts their poison to destroy.

In vain for praise is Candour heard to pray;
Beg on fair Merit smiles of commendation:
Tush! havoc is the order of the day;
Critics, like Demons, thrive upon *damnation.*

ELEGY.

The Poet condemns the present general Taste, and foretels the Return of the Ages of Barbarism.

The World seems tired (the idiot) with *good things:*
Adieu, adieu, to all that is sublime!
Disgusted Taste for flight prepares her wings;
And curses Music, Playing, Paint, and Rhyme.

Barbaric ages shall again return;
The Goth and Vandal now are on the way:
Even now I hear the voice of Wisdom mourn,
As darkness blots the beams of orient day.

Oh say, were Phebus and each Muse asleep,
When Master Betty murder'd Shakspeare's page;
Or when Miss Mudie, by her *lofty* leap,
Shook off her *leading*-strings, to *lead* the age?

Where was the Muse of Poetry, to suffer
Pig-boys to quit their troughs, to print bombast;
And tempt poor Windham too to be their puffer,
Who gravely tells us Thomson is surpast?

And where wast thou, O Goddess of the Brush,
On whom the voice of Taste in thunder calls;
That to th' Academy thou didst not rush,
And dash the daubs of Dulness from the walls?

Or where wast thou, O Goddess of the Fiddle,
To suffer Air to join with Goosy Gander,
Cock Robin, Horner, and High-diddle-diddle;
And turn a tuneful prostituted pander?

O Muse of Eloquence! how canst thou bear
Poor Canning's voice, that humbly apes thine art?
Vast is the difference, to the *judging* ear:
Heaven's awful Thunder, to a Brewer's Cart.

And, Nymph of Sculpture too, the Bard demands
How thou with patience, with *un*cursing breath,
Couldst see Saint Paul by hard unhallowed hands
Stoned, stoned, (poor Saint!) a second time, to death?

In vain I preach, in vain in scorn I smile,
In vain my pen the giant Vice assails;
Herculean labour, to reclaim an Isle
Where Rapture doats on Mother Hubbard's Tales!

ELEGY.

THE SPEECH OF PRUDENCE.

"Too much of freedom in thy Stanza dwells;
A free-thinker and free-speaker thy Muse,"
Prim Prudence cries; who keeps a shop, and sells,
With one sweet smile, to Christians and to Jews.

"Truth is a dangerous acquaintance, mind;
Struck by her voice, the World is in alarm,"
Continues Prudence: "go and Flattery find:
Thine idol-goddess does a deal of *harm*.

"In days of yore, when first thy Song began,
How suppliant thou didst beg *one* laurel sprig!
So full of meek humility the man;
'One *little leaf* to stick about his wig!'

" But soon as Fame a civil word bestow'd,
Puss *show'd her tail;* of *daring* what display!
Out rush'd thy Pegasus upon the road,
Heels up, and kick'd down all that cross'd his way.

" How tinged with blushes was thy Muse's morn!
Tones in the *minor key*, so sweet, so *under;*
The Linnet's melting warble from the thorn:—
Soon changed to fury, tempest, flame, and thunder.

" Thy wanton Hawk each fearful Bird pursued.
How couldst thou laugh at Bishops and Reviewers?
Thus, in their anger, wast thou *barbecued;*
Their stake thy body pierced, thine eyes their skewers.

" With lawless fury didst thou drive thy car
O'er hill and dale, indeed without a fear:
Vainly thou deem'dst thyself a Man of War;
Reviewers deem thee a poor Privateer.

" Ah, Peter! thou hast made the Court thy foe;
Thy persecution then can be no riddle:
It hates to caper to thy tune, I know;
And wish'd a thousand times to break thy fiddle.

" Most dangerous is th' attempt at *reformation:*
Why to the People wilt thou tell their sins?
Even let the boobies work their *own* salvation;
Why push into their consciences thy pins?

" The Bard who begs his alms from door to door,
Must never dare expose the fool or cheat.
The Rhymer should remember he is *poor:*
Parnassus dealeth more in *air* than *meat.*

" Dread is the Satirist, a name of fear;
Beast of a thousand heads, a horrid creature:
The World's afraid to see him, or come near;
Noli me tangere in every feature.

" How couldst thou dream of mocking Courts of Kings?
Of laughing at the Favourites of a Throne?
Cutting of Quality the stars and strings;
And tying, Dog-like, to their tails a bone?

" By Reason's curb thy mouth has never bled:
Go, wear it, bear it; use will make thee *able:*
And, if a truth *must* get into thy head,
Know, knaves and blockheads keep the *nicest table.*

" Woe to the foolish man, and fit for nought,
Who cannot shut his eyes against the light!
Woe to the man that dares to speak his thought;
And woe to him who swears not, black is white!"—

I own that I have suffer'd for *opinion;*
A liberty of thought was ever mine:
My soul abhorr'd Hypocrisy's dominion,
And scorn'd to yield for pelf a *golden* line.

Well then, since Poets, though divine, must *munch*,
Dame Prudence, songs of *praise* shall store my wallet.
Here, Waiter; bring me a beef-steak and punch:
Conscience, go make thy humble bow to Palate.

Stars, garters, ribbons, reds and greens and blues,
Enjoy your splendour, be with flattery fed:
Even Brudenell's self shall smile upon the Muse,
And find to Gold and Silver changed *his* Lead.

Breakfasts and dinners, routs and masquerades;
Lo! crown'd with garlands, ye shall pass along:
Apollo's self, with all th' Aonian Maids,
Shall join the jovial crew with Harp and Song:—

And, *weeping* Ladies, should a Lap-dog die,
His *memory* shall not want the tuneful shell;
And should a breathless Monkey want a sigh,
The Bard has *praises* and a *sigh* to *sell.*

TO BELLA.

Ah! tell me not that I am old,
And bid me quit the billing Dove:
Though many years have o'er me roll'd,
My heart is still alive to love.
Then tell me not that I am old.

When Beauty's blush delights no more,
And Beauty's smile and sparkling eye;
When these no longer I adore,
Then, Pity, yield the Bard a sigh.
I will not quarrel to be told,
"Son of Apollo, thou art old."

ON THE DEATH
OF
A CELEBRATED MUSICIAN.

Adieu to the song of the grove!
Our Philomel warbles no more.
The loss of his carols of love,
The Shepherds will ever deplore.

And sweet to the Nymphs of the vale
Were his Lays, what delight on the ear!
Whenever he melted the gale,
How the Virgins would hasten to hear!

Where is Echo, so fond of his voice,
So pleased on each accent to dwell?
Poor Echo no more will rejoice,
But silently sleep in her cell.

Though doom'd from the World to depart,
From remembrance he cannot remove
While tenderness reigns in the heart;
For his Song was the language of Love.

Though, sever'd by Death from our plains,
Thou charmest no longer the sphere,
Sweet Warbler, thy spirit remains;
For thy carols will live in our ear.

LINES TO LORD NELSON;

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S NIGHT-CAP, THAT CAUGHT FIRE ON THE POET'S HEAD, AT A CANDLE, AS HE WAS READING IN BED AT MERTON.

TAKE your Night-cap again, my good Lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute:
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there's a *fire*,
Is sure to be instantly *in it*.

TO CHLOE.

AH! tell me not that I grow old,
That Love but ill becomes my tongue:
Chloe, by me thou ne'er wert told,
Sweet Damsel, that thou wert *too young*.

SONG.

THE smile of the Maid I adore,
I have sought, but have sought it in vain:
Hope, lull me with flattery no more;
Fate dooms me to sigh and complain.

When she meets me, the radiance of morn
Breaks forth and enlivens my eye:
When she leaves me, I wander forlorn,
And Night's shadows descend on my sigh.

O Venus, how cruel thine art,
That bids us such beauty behold!
In thee how unkind, to impart
To such beauty a heart that is cold!

Why fill'd is her eye with thy fire?
Why given was the voice of thy Dove,
The bosom and lip of desire,
That will *frown* on the kisses of Love?

VERSES

FOUND IN A BOWER AT MERTON, ON LORD NELSON'S TAKING THE COMMAND OF THE BRITISH FLEET OFF CADIZ.

From Merton's pleasing shades, again
To give new wonders to the main,
The Hero seeks the Gaul.
But ah, what loss! In Fancy's eye
I see him bleed; and hear the sigh
That mourns, ah! mourns his fall.

Yet will his Genius haunt the grove:
And Britons, who their country love,
Shall here with ardour glow;
Drink inspiration from his name;
And, emulous to join his fame,
Shall pant to meet the Foe.

And Beauty too will wander here,
To give to Merton's stream a tear,
And pensive mark her bow'rs:
For what though Glory charm'd his heart?
The softer Graces claim'd a part,
And sooth'd his peaceful hours.

TO HELEN IN TOWN.

Sweet Helen, the dews of the morn
Our steps to the valley invite;
The Linnet, the Thrush, on the thorn,
Are preparing to yield thee delight.

Oh haste from the Town and its noise!
Health is ready to yield thee her treasure:
Then from tumult repair to our joys,
To the region of silence and pleasure.

From our cots we will wander away,
And find out the haunt of the Dove,
Where he coos to his Mate on the spray;
And study sweet lessons of love.

And then we will stray to the bow'r,
Where I'll gaze on thy beautiful features;
Thy kisses of fragrance devour,
And coo like those *innocent creatures.*

Ah! I fear me, I ask her in vain;
The Town will detain the dear Maid:
The Tongues of the Beaus in her train,
Are *rivals* to Stilness and Shade.

Yet what folly to think one so fair
Would bless with her smile a poor Swain,
Be sooth'd and be won by his pray'r,
Who can rivet a *world* in her chain!

THE INCONSTANT.

THE sigh of her heart was sincere,
When blushing she whisper'd her love;
A sound how divine in my ear!
For her voice was the voice of the Dove.

Ah! who could from Phyllida fly?
Yet I sought other Nymphs of the vale,
Forgot both her blush and her sigh,
Nay, forgot that I told her my tale.

In sorrow, I wish'd to return,
And the tale of my passions renew.
" False Shepherd," she answer'd with scorn,
" False Shepherd, for ever adieu!

" For thee, no more tears will I shed;
To Truth and sweet Friendship I go:
The Bird by a wound that has bled,
Is happy to fly from his foe."

ELEGY ON JESSICA.

To her grave will I follow the Fair,
Nor blush her pale corse to sustain;
Whose graces, alas! were her snare,
Which Prudery beheld with disdain.

Her Youth was the Blossom of May,
Her Voice was the Nightingale's tune,
Her Cheek the pure crimson of Day,
And her Mind the mild beams of the Moon.

So fair and unguarded a form
Drew the lightnings of danger around:
A victim she fell to the storm,
And blush'd a sweet wreck on the ground.

By the splendour of riches and power,
Sweet Innocence oft is undone:
Unguarded too, many a flower
Has sunk by the rays of the Sun.

I saw thee when beauty was thine,
Too rich for the Poet's poor arms;
When Envy confess'd it divine,
And Wonder would gaze on its charms.

I have seen thee when Lovers around,
In hope of thy favour, would stand;
And in sorrow depart, when they found
Not a smile, nor a kiss from thy hand:—

And saw, when no more it inspired,
No longer our hearts to beguile;
From thy bosom when Rapture retired,
And the Loves had withdrawn from thy smile.

And when conquest, alas! was no more,
I heard thee in poverty moan;
Asking alms, but in vain, at the door
Of the mansion that once was thy own.

Unwept shall poor Jessica lie,
And neglected be scorn'd on the bier?
Though hard Virtue refuse her a sigh,
Yet Pity shall give her a tear.

SONG TO A COQUET.

Dear Phyllis, thou know'st not thy charms;
That thy Cheek boasts the bloom of the Rose;
That thine Eye by its lustre alarms;
That thy Bosom surpasses the Snows.

Thou know'st thou hast wit at thy will;
Yet from wit, often prudence departs:
Thus furnish'd with weapons to kill,
Thou daily art murdering poor hearts.

Not safely a Swain can pass by;
Thou art ready his steps to beguile:
Some lure is thrown out from thine eye,
Some lure from a song or a smile.

Oh learn from the Minstrel of Night
A lesson to govern the Maid!
Though he fills every ear with delight,
He sings amid silence and shade.

LAURA.

A PASTORAL SONG.

O MY Heart! thou so lately wert blest;
Those days I shall ever adore
When Pleasure alone was thy guest;
But to meet thee, ah! meet thee no more.

How dull were the grove and the bower,
If the Maid of thy love was not nigh!
She gave bloom, she gave life, to each flower;
But with Laura, dear Laura, they die.

Lo! the Linnets, enlivening the shade,
No longer give joy to my ear;
But their carols how sweet when the Maid,
The pride of the valley, was near!

To the gloom, near yon fount, let me go,
Indulging of Fancy the dream:
I will listen to murmurs of woe,
And hear my sad tale in the stream.

A LYRIC EPISTLE TO MYSELF.

Sir, you possess a *deal* of *spirit*,
A *deal* indeed of sterling *merit;*
Your head was cast in Nature's *nicest* mould:
Whatever meets your touch or view,
Is poetry at once, Peru;
You turn, like Midas, every thing to *gold.*

A Block of Marble, it is said,
Holds a fine Statue, or fine Head;
A *very sage* remark, beyond a doubt:
The *only difficulty* lies
In *bringing* to our wondering eyes
This *very curious* Head or Statue *out.*

Of Fiddles too, we may declare,
Each *holds* a fascinating *air:*
But say, what *cunning* hand can *touch* this Fiddle
To *bring out* this enchanting sound?
You, Sir, are fortunately found
In the *good graces* of Miss Tweedle Tweedle.

Your tuneful art at once *creates:*
Description on your pencil waits,
Whene'er you paint the storm or give the sigh,
The thunders of the roaring deep,
The infant's smiling harmless sleep,
The wolf's red glare, or pearl on Pity's eye.

Again: a Canvas, Sir, or Board,
Holds Pictures by the heart ador'd;
And, Sir, such *ingenuity* is yours,
You *work out* very fine old Heads,
And Hills sublime, and flowery Meads,
To last as long as Picture's self endures.

Heavens, what a Proteus! Now you rise,
A daring Eagle, to the skies,
Surveying Princes on their Thrones *below*,
Small as Tomtits upon a twig,
Or simple Robins on a sprig;
Not half th' importance of a Rook or Crow:—

In short, scarce bigger than a Mite;
So very little in the sight
Of this sublimely soaring sun-clad Fowl,
As in Charles Fox's eye George Rose
(And that is small enough, God knows),
Or Eldon under Thurlow's piercing scowl.

And now a Turtle making love,
Saying soft things to Mistress Dove,
Billing with quivering wings, and coo, and song;
Now busy building a neat nest;
Discussing now, supremely blest,
The *future education* of their young.

So happily the heart to move,
You touch the tender Lyre of Love;
Exciting now the tear, and now the smile;
I should not wonder, Sir, (between us,
Under the rose,) if Madame Venus
Presented you the *freedom* of her isle.

Some make you sour and supercilious,
And splenetic and atrabilious;
That is to say, an Ocean of hot Bile:
Now, Sir, *I* know you are *not* bilious;
To coin a word, Sir, rather *chyleous*,
A silky milky Fount of purest Chyle.

Some paint you a Mad Bull, wild roaring,
Tossing folks on your horns, and goring.—
This picture verily provokes my laugh:
You ar'n't *that* formidable creature,
Of milder elements your nature;
Your character resembles more the *calf*.

The Ladies too, so frighten'd, fear ye;
They feel not courage to come near ye;
And yet you treat them with much love and ease:
I know your manners are so bland,
The sweetest Ladies of the land
May take *whatever liberties* they please.

Then, Sir, your reverence for the Sex!
You ne'er abuse them, never vex;
But so much love, so Ovid-like, is given:
So much, Sir, for your *soul* I fear,
If charming Woman were not there,
You would not, if 'twere *offer'd*, go to *Heaven*.

You paint so sweetly Love's alarms,
The neat Historian of their charms;
Touch with such rich luxuriance form and air;
In gratitude the Sex should join,
And give you *gold* for every line;
Nay, make you Poet Laureat to the Fair.

Ulysses like, the World around,
What mines of treasure you have found!
Though not the mines that purchase in the *stocks*.
So polish'd, you return'd from travel;
Like a rough Stone, or lump of Gravel,
That for the ocean leaves its barren rocks.

When sickness sinks their spirits low,
And damps their animated glow,
Stops the poor labouring heart and fluttering breath;
The lightnings of your page illume
The eye's wan melancholy gloom,
And ope its film again, though closed in death.

It is with Envy, Sir, a law,
To find in every fame a flaw;
Enough *you* boast for Envy's tooth, a mountain:
Pure flowing from the Muse's hills,
Let Envy mud a thousand rills,
You still remain a full and beauteous *fountain.*

Sir, should you through the country pass,
And *put up* at the Horse, or Ass,
Blue Boar, or Magpie, Ram, or Goat, or Bear;
At once the people of the village
Would leave their tools, and quit their tillage,
To take in *wonders* at the eye and ear.

Were Pidcock through our isle to go,
And, Sir, present *you* for a *show,*
What towns, what cities, would your form amuse!
He would get money to *some tune!*
More, Sir, than by his huge Baboon,
His wondrous Elephant, and Kangaroos.

Fools who would throw you into shade,
Declare *no* genius is display'd,
Nature, originality, sublime,
No ease, *no* humour, and *no* wit:—
Sir, let *fools* say what *fools* think fit;
Trust to that upright Scrutineer, call'd Time.

Your rival Brothers of the Quill,
Are Moles beneath their dirty hill;
That darksome labour, and the field destroy:
Or just like Beetles, from the ground
That rise, and hum, and buz around;
And, reeling, every Traveller annoy.

Abhorrent of the spectred shade,
Your mighty mind for *light* was made;
You for the regions of the Stars were born:
So like the Lark, with liquid lay,
Impatient of the coming day,
That mounting breaks into the beams of morn.

You're a nice Candle, let me say,
Burning with mild and steady ray:—
But let a saucy Moth desert his hole,
And flap the flame with wanton wing;
We hear him his own *requiem* sing,
Stretch'd midst the altar's fire, a shrivell'd coal.

Your soul is full of Summer weather;
A Zephyr that scarce moves a feather:
But when your vengeance wakes upon your foes,
Farewell the smiling Cherub mien;
The Jove of wrath at once is seen;
Flame in your eye, and thunder on your brows.

Then, lo! the Spirit of the Storm,
Wild bursting forth, a giant form,
Lashing the surly billows to a roar;
That heaves old Ocean from his bed,
Bids him disgorge his swallowed dead,
And pour his wrecks upon the foamy shore.—

Sir, like a Traveller at some stile,
That wearied stops to breathe awhile,
The Muse one minute shall suspend her Lays;
Or like a Miller's, Sir, my wheel,
Fatigued, shall some small respite feel:
And so I close the *flood-hatch* of your *praise.*

PART II.

SEVEN cities of the Grecian world
Pull'd wigs, pull'd caps, foul language hurl'd;
On Homer's birth-place, proud t' *exalt* their *horn:*
Pray let *us* take especial care,
Not thus to kindle up a war
By *not informing* folks where *you* were born.

Cornwall and Devonshire, perhaps,
May for *your* birth pull wigs and caps:
Now, Sir, I do not really mean to quiz ye;
Was it in Dodbrook that the light
First enter'd on your precious sight;
Or, Sir, at gallant Foy, or Mevagizzy?

Sir, I believe that I can guess:
Your birth-place Dodbrook deign'd to bless;
Famed for white ale, and bullocks, ewes, and rams.
'Twas in *this* spot your genius rare
Did first inhale the vital air,
And caught the *tender* spirit of the Lambs.

Of what religion are you, pray?
I think, Sir, I have heard you say

The Quaker's, void of noise and ostentation;
And to the great, sublime, all-wise
Creator of ten thousand skies,
That silence is the highest adoration.

Oh! would the great Longinus rise,
And on *your* Labours cast his eyes,
Touch'd with what *rapture* would he read your Rhyme!
Soon would he cry, "O Men of Metre,
Hide your diminish'd heads at Peter!
Here *burns* the Bard; *here* towers the *true sublime.*

" *Here* glows of Poetry the soul;
Here Fancy's boundless oceans roll.
To him, what are ye? Crackers, and a Bomb.
Compared to him, ye rhyming men,
The Bird of Jove, and humble Wren;
The Pyramids, and some poor Turkish Tomb.

" Of this rich Gem of lucid nature,
Ah! could ye imitate the water;
Obtain the *mantle* of high-mounting Pindar;
Though not up near him, cheek by jowl,
Ye still might be a Lump of Coal,
That flames and warms with *very little cinder.*"—

I know that Flattery's apt to wound;
There's Rum, there's Brandy, in the sound:
Yet, not to *inebriate* Geniuses like you;
You, Sir, are *proof* against this spirit.
But there's a proverb upon Merit;
Which says (the proverb), "Give the *Devil* his *due.*"

A *little* flattery's *right:* I dare
Tell men of genius *what* they are;
A pretty stimulus to emulation.
A Farthing-candle merits *praise:*
Even Canning has his *tiny* rays,
Though born *not* to illuminate a Nation.

The little Dew-drops on the field
Possess a splendour; though they yield
To sparkling Diamonds, yet they have their hour:
They charm us with their elfin light;
At morn the Nymphs and Swains invite;
Adorn and feed the herbage and the flow'r.

Ah! should I pull off a Wren's head,
And strike the little Warbler dead,
Because like Philomel not loud and clear?
Or break Arachne's tender line;
Whose silken texture can't confine
Hyrcanian tigers, or a Russian bear?

Ah! when, Sir, you resign your breath
(For Verse has no effect on Death,
Ne'er melted his dull leaden ear by metre),
A thousand beauteous eyes in gloom,
Will drop their pearls upon your tomb;
Poor mourning Pilgrims at the shrine of Peter.

Sir, Sir, you never ought to die;
But, like Elijah, mount on high:
Not like a paltry, crawling worm, expire.
A Bard of your transcendent fame,
If not a *chariot*, sure might claim
A handsome *curricle* or *gig* of fire.

Where are the Princes of the land,
And Men of Rank, a chosen band?—
Betting on Lewes or on Brighton course.
Sancho, Pavilion, and Squire Mellish,
Have spoil'd for Pegasus all relish;
Poor Pegasus, the Muse's favourite *horse*.

Lo! liveries on the Racer wait;
He eats, and drinks, and sleeps, in state;
So cropp'd his ears, so comb'd his tail and mane:
While Pegasus neglected lies
Upon a dunghill, shuts his eyes,
And lean and ragged grazes through a lane.

Is't possible with all *your* powers,
With all *your* Poetry's fine flowers,
That you should gain *no* patronage, *no* pension?
'Tis strange; 'tis *passing* strange, indeed:
This when Posterity shall read,
What will it say? "Impossible! *invention.*"

Amid the swallowing gulf of Time
What wrecks, alas, of Prose and Rhyme!
But, lo! this gulf shall not *thy* bark devour:
Lo! all sails set, I see it brave
The fury of the thundering wave;
Wind on the quarter, fourteen knots an hour.

Lord, Sir! you don't know *half* your fame:
When dead a century, your Name
Will, Snow-ball like, increase with rolling years;
Even your *worst* Song, which you may call
A common vulgar tune, that's all,
Will then be deem'd the Music of the Spheres.

Yet with your mountain of high merit,
And with your *ocean* of *proof spirit*,
You gain no praise, no favour, from Reviewers:
Who call your lucubrations, *stuff;*
Not fit to wrap up cheese or snuff;
Scarce fit to *travel through* the *common sewers.*

Folks will inquire about your *size;*
Your hair or wig, your nose, your eyes;
Whether you were not taller than a steeple;
In conversation, hawk or dove;
Whether, like other men, *made love;*
Wore clothes, and eat and drank, like other people.—

Excuse this tribute of *fair* praise,
Due, Sir, to your *immortal* Lays;
Sincere is this Address, or Ode, or Letter.
Perchance your *modesty* may *blush:*
It is your *failing*, Sir; but tush!
No man *admires* you *more*, or *likes* you *better*.

ONE MORE PEEP

AT THE

ROYAL ACADEMY;

OR,

ODES TO ACADEMICIANS,

&c. &c.

Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus, &c. HORACE.

SOME folks declare (to wound my dove-like nature),
I mingle too much *acid* with my satire;
Too prone to *smile* at Garters, Stars, and Strings,
And take *strange liberties* with Queens and Kings;
Roast on my ordeal, like an inquisition,
Peer, parson, poet, pimp, academician:
While others swear, two *bastards* of Apollo
(The Bellman and Mathias) *beat me hollow.*

ODES

TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

The Bard, after a *long absence*, saluteth the Royal Academy.—He singeth, in a Strain of high Panegyric, of Himself—yet acknowledging the malevolent Depredations of Time on his Person.

AGAIN th' Academy I greet;
Once more, my graphic friends, we meet:
Shake hands. Ah! why the greeting hand withdraw?
Lo! by your looks, ye seem to say,
"Avaunt, thou vagabond! away!
We'd sooner take the Devil by the paw."

Well, well; once more the Bard appears;
He sings, in spite of rolling years:
Time has not stolen one atom of his fire.
The Muse, unconscious of decay,
Still pours the proud Pindaric Lay,
Still strikes with equal energy the Lyre.

Now cries the Critic of my Rhyme,
"How darest thou *dream* of the *sublime*,

And *fancy* that it e'er inspired *thy* Odes?
How darest thou take a Pindar's name;
To steal into the dome of Fame,
And place *thy* Momus by the side of Gods?"—

I own that Time, to my *surprise*,
Has done some mischief to my eyes,
And done that mischief much *against my will;*
But as the Bulfinch, beyond doubt,
Sings better when his *eyes are out*,
Why not the Songster of th' Aonian Hill?

Time too has chosen to efface
The *fine* Apollo form and grace;
And somewhat bent to earth my lofty head:
Yet, though the knave has touch'd my hand,
The Goose-quill still it can command,
And o'er the snow the feather'd Giant lead.

Time has made free too with my features;
Those *pretty inoffensive* creatures,
That never yet were *cruel* to the Fair:
Spoil'd my poor lip, and dimple sleek,
Run his hard ploughshare o'er my cheek,
And stolen the *blushing* roses that were there.

Time too, I own, my mouth has enter'd;
To steal some pearl the rogue has ventur'd,
And given a lisping to my tuneful tongue:
But, thank the Muses for their care,
And Phœbus, of his tricks aware,
Safe is my brain, the fount of flowing Song.

Th' Academicians would rejoice
If Time had also stolen my *voice:*
But while that voice exists, by Heavens, I'll sing.
Yet mind me; while I pour my Lays,
To Justice I my altar raise,
Too virtuous to profane the Muse's spring.

It certainly must be confest,
I come a *most unwelcome* guest;
'Mid sheaves of corn, a sort of wicked weovil.
As for R. A.'s, I briefly tell 'em,
Fiat justitia ruat cœlum;
Although they sooner would behold the Devil.

WEST.

The Bard complimenteth Mr. West on his Lord Nelson—acknowledgeth his Powers in a *certain* Department of the Art; but biddeth him beware of the Dangers of *Classic* Ground.

Now let me turn to Mister West:
Thy Nelson, it must be confest,
Proves that thy Muse of Painting is not dead.
'Midst works of merit be it placed:
The Hero's form is not disgraced;
Which adds a leaf of laurel to thy head.

At small defects I scorn to carp;
This would be prying much too sharp:
I think this Piece will help to boil thy pot.
And should it a good turbot gain,
As Poets are a famish'd train,
Send the poor Bard an invitation-note.—

Why will not Mortals be content,
And walk the road which Nature meant,
And not eternally with Genius war?
And yet 'tis passing strange, though true;
They keep th' *impossible* in view,
And bid defiance to their ruling star.

The men in Miniature who shine,
Pant to extend their *little line*,
And paint the forms of Goddesses and Gods;
And then, like Phaeton, the fool,
A puppy of Ambition's school,
Disgraced they tumble from the bright abodes.

And 'tis in Music just the same:
The tuneful Nymph, or tuneful Dame,
That in *cantabile* delights the soul,
The sweet simplicity forsakes;
From octave leaps, to octave takes,
And seeks to triumph in *bravura* howl.

The Lap-dog just as well might say,
"I think I'll hunt the Hare to-day,
And in proud triumph lead the Hound or Beagle:"—
Or Sparrow on the chimney-top,
"I hate this life of chirp and hop;
I'll drink the solar blaze, and mount an Eagle."

West, let me as a friend advise:
From classic ground withdraw thine eyes,
Nor fancy from *sublime* to gather glory.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach:
The Pebble on the sandy beach,
Can ne'er expect to rise a Promontory.

FUSELI.

The Poet attacketh Mr. Fuseli for attempting sublime Subjects—also for vainly supposing he hath caught a Shred of the Mantle of Michael Angelo.—He commendeth his Picture of Beaufort, but hinteth a Suspicion of its being a *smuggled* Affair—He wondereth that the Ghosts of Shakspeare and Milton do not leave their Tombs, to punish the Painter for the Disgrace brought upon them by the Imbecility of his Pencil.—The Poet concludeth with Advice of much Humanity.

Ah, Master Fuseli! are *you* here,
To whom Abuse's speech is dear;
Whose jaundiced eye can rarely merit see?
Well, since thy *penchant* is a grin,
It will not be a mortal sin
To give the World a gentle grin at *thee.*

What Demon put it in thy head,
To fix on Beaufort's dying bed?
Was it, the rage of Criticism to rouse?
Speak: was it thy ambitious hope,
With Reynolds, of high fame, to cope;
And envious tear the laurel from his brows?

Fuseli, thou callest Beaufort *thine:*
Speak truth, is this *thy own* design?

But *mum*, this is a very *ticklish* theme.
The palsied hand, that ne'er was found
To lift a weight beyond the Pound,
Will ne'er be thought to raise a Weaver's Beam.

Thy friends, or rather foes, declare,
Thou often dost *sublimely dare*,
And makest Michael Angelo thy model;
Moreover, that thou dost inherit
Large portions of that Painter's spirit.
God still their tongues, or mend each crazy noddle!

They tell thee that thou art a Whale,
Thy mind on Nature's noblest scale.—
The *folk* who flatter thus, mean arrant mockery.
They call thee a fine China jar:
But this I humbly beg to bar;
They should have said, a *pipkin* of *brown crockery*.

Now let not wicked people say,
I wander far from Truth away:
Truth, heaven-born Truth, presides o'er every stricture.
Fuseli, indeed I don't deny
Thou e'er hadst Michael in thine *eye;*
But say, thou never found'st him in thy *picture*.

How dares thy hand, that cannot hit
The features of a poor Tom-tit,
Atempt the Eagle's fury in its flight?
That cannot paint a tame Tom-cat,
Or muzzle of a Mouse or Rat,
Attempt the lordly Lion in his might?

Oh! why in colour dip thy brush,
And, mad, upon thy ruin rush,
And yield thy back to meet the lash of Satire?
Thy *blue* and *green flesh* (let me say)
No *compliment* to Beauty pay:
A *putrid carcase* is not *charming nature.*

Fuseli, whose hand with Nature wars,
Inform me, what provoked thy stars
To make thee serve a prenticeship to Paint?
What crimes have thy forefathers done,
That thus they should condemn the son
To bid him *daub* the cloth with Devil and Saint?

Thou really wantest not discerning;
Hast gain'd a little classic learning,
And mayest in thy *proper sphere* be jogging:
And, as *ill-nature* much is thine,
A *pedagogue* had been thy line;
Then, like Orbilius, thou hadst shone in *flogging.*

There are some rooms thou callest *thine**,
Replete with workmanship divine
Of Grecian art; the Connoisseurs don't doubt 'em:
Say, Fuseli, did these rare Antiques
Ne'er give thee grins, and cuffs, and kicks,
For daring to inform thy boys about 'em†?

Lo, from their graves, in glory laid,
Each Bard, a long-lamented shade,
Shall start with horror from his sweet repose:
The Ghost of Shakspeare shall arise,
And Milton with his darken'd eyes,
To pull the daring *dauber* by the nose.

Thou hast a place, both nice and snug;
Good victuals, and a good warm rug:
Let not a false ambition prompt thee further.
Then bid thy *cruel* labours cease,
And let the canvas sleep in peace,
Nor make it cry out "Murther! murther! murther!"

The Lord is call'd a *man of war;*
Beyond *thy* powers how distant far!

* As Keeper of the Royal Academy.

† It is in Mr. Fuseli's department to superintend the young Students of the Antique Academy.

For, shouldst thou dare attempt the Form, I fear
Thy mangling hand would make sad work;
And, with the fierceness of a Turk,
Cut down the Thunderer to a *privateer*.

REMARK.

Mr. Fuseli should expect no lenity from the rod of Criticism, after having himself uttered the following sarcasm upon a Brother-artist, Opie, at a time too when he was in *apparent* friendship with that ingenious Painter. "Dere is dat *poo-re* Dogue Opee: de failow can paaynt notin but Teeves an Morederers; an wen de Dogue paaynts a Teef or a Morederer, he lookes in de glaas."

LOUTHERBOURG.

The Poet, as formerly, findeth Fault with Mr. Loutherbourg for his *volcanic* Landscapes—maketh a *splendid* Comparison—giveth good *pecuniary* Advice—complimenteth him—and endeavoureth to beat him out of his Belief in the Metal*leity* of general Nature.

A Critic always should be just;
Illiberality's a rust
Which dulls the edge and splendour of his knife.
There should not reign a mean hostility;
But friendship, tenderness, civility;
And Art and Criticism be Man and Wife.

A *vulgar* World delights in *glare,*
Adores whatever makes a *stare;*
The sober tints of Nature they despise:
And thus they like the pomp of Pride;
While Modesty, disdain'd, decried,
Roams some pale solitude with downcast eyes.

I bade thee, certain years ago,
In Landscape no *complexion* show
Of *warming-pan, brass candlestick,* or *kettle:*

My *eloquence* could not persuade;
As if a brazier born by trade,
We see the staring *culinary metal.*

The Scullion, Cook, and Kitchen-maid,
Are vastly fond of stiff brocade;
With cabbage-roses deck'd, a gaudy train.
This really is a vicious taste:
And, much like theirs, is thine unchaste;
French frippery has too much engross'd thy brain.

But of the stubborn World, I fear,
In vain my counsels strike the ear;
Proudly they treat those counsels with disdain:
The flint and steel of Peter's wit
Not even a single spark can hit,
T' illumine their dark tinder-box of brain.

There is a Mineral that bright is,
By *learned* chemists call'd *pyrites*
(*Mundic* in *Cornwall*), which contains a store:
The Bag-men*, as they travel by,
Survey it with a raptured eye,
And fill their pockets with the treacherous ore.

* Persons travelling for mercantile orders, commonly styled *knights of the bag*.

With Poetry 'tis just the same:
How Doctor Darwin won a name,
By glittering, tinsel, *epitheted* Rhyme!
Divine Simplicity was fled,
Driven, banish'd, dared not show her head,
Whose powers alone support the true sublime.—

Once more, give ear unto a friend;
Even *now* 'tis not too late to mend:
But, if thou merely mean'st thy works to *sell*,
Then pour thy yellows, purples, greens,
And reds, and blues, for rural scenes;
And make thy *burning* Skies as hot as Hell.

I grant thy execution neat;
And grant, in *little* thou art *great:*
But take a hint, and not a hint improper.
Learn, Loutherbourg, to thy surprise,
That grass and water, cows and skies,
Are things which Nature *never* makes of *copper*.

Grieved should I be to rouse thine ire;
But be not so profuse of fire,
Nor flame so furiously upon our eyes:
Let not thy *hills* be quite so *hot;*
Where really one might *boil* a pot,
And *roast* a leg of mutton at thy *skies*.

JOHN LANE.

The Bard exhibiteth Symptoms of Surprise and Pleasure at the Mary and Christ of Mr. Lane, a very young Artist—evinceth his Preference of the sublime to the humbler Branches of the Art, and concludeth with a just Satire on himself.

WHAT have we here? A charming Picture,
Bidding defiance to sharp stricture.
Ye Farthing Rushlights that around us wink,
Oh! hide each poor diminish'd head;
Of competition be afraid,
For verily with shame ye ought to shrink.

A youth whose years are just nineteen,
Who scarcely aught has done or seen,
And never yet beheld the Gods of Rome;
While your small Lights, as I have said,
Should hide each poor diminish'd head,
This stripling's Torch illuminates the Dome.

I hail thy genius: mind thy hits;
Beyond the reach of damning Wits,
To court th' Historic Muse be thy ambition.

Prophetic, I aver thy line
Amid the Roman school will shine,
And not disgrace the great Carrache or Titian.

Now should our Bishops drop the *saint*,
Revoke *anathemas* on paint,
And suffer Saints and Martyrs in Saint Paul's,
(Who for their good opinions died,
Boil'd, roasted, carbonaded, fried;)
Thy hand should tell their story on the walls.

Let others search the ragged cot
For brooms, joint-stools, plate, pan, and pot;
I mean not on such genius to be bitter:
But were I free to choose a name,
I should not covet a *Dutch* fame,
That hunts for immortality in *litter*.

To move a Mennow who would wish,
In paltry brooks a paltry fish,
While Nature offers him to roll a Whale;
Unmatch'd, with mighty fins to sweep
The boundless region of the deep,
And sport amid the thunders of the gale?—

And this to *me* may be applied.
The World will cry, "Where is *thy* pride,
To put thy Muse on Academic Odes;
When, if she chose it, she might sport
Amidst the grandeur of a Court,
And strike the Lyre to Goddesses and Gods?"

TO WILKIE.

The Poet congratulateth Mr. Wilkie (a very young Artist) on his Performances—but adviseth him to exert his Genius in a higher Sphere of the Art.

WILKIE, an honour to thy Nation,
Accept the Muse's admiration:
Thou givest to Johnson's envious tongue the lie,
Proclaiming that on Scottish ground
No plant of genius will be found;
Which *totis viribus* I dare deny.

I think thou mayst a Hogarth shine;
That wit and humour both are thine,
No common present from the Delian God:
Then try thy wing, exert thy power;
Below thee leave Teniers and Brouwer,
And prove a Prophet in the Man of Ode.

TO TURNER.

The Bard maketh a Bow to the Genius of Mr. Turner, and expresseth his Wonder at the Absence of his Landscapes.

TURNER, whatever strikes thy mind,
Is painted well, and well design'd;
Thy rural scenes our plaudit must obtain:
Though Nature (and where lies the harm?)
Has given thee not a giant *form*,
The Dame has placed the giant in thy *brain*.

Say, why are not thy Landscapes here,
Landscapes where truth and taste appear;
That prove thy pencil's powers, and grasp of mind?
Who nobly canst exalt thine head;
Who, like Eclipse*, canst take the lead,
And leave with ease thy rivals far behind.

* A celebrated Race-horse.

TO BACON.

The Poet *informeth* Mr. Bacon of his Progress in the Art of Sculpture—adviseth him to be *expeditious* in his Improvements, on account of the rapid Strides of an *elderly* Gentleman called Time.—He lamenteth the Want of Patronage to Sculpture—and sigheth for the Return of Athenian Days.

Bacon, I think thou dost *improve;*
But prythee, somewhat *faster* move:
These works display more fire and spirit in ye.
Time flies: accelerate thy pace;
Although thou catch not in the race
Phidias, Praxiteles, or even Bernini.

Shame that, in this our wealthy isle,
Poor Sculpture is not seen to smile;
Forced, nearly forced, to beg her humble *bread:*
While every *face-maker* can *feast,*
Quaff with his Lordship wines the best,
Whose *art* can scarce pourtray a poor Calf's Head!

Oh, when will ancient Greece revive,
Where Sculpture taught her Forms to *live?*

(Poor Dame, in Britain put upon the shelf!)
Where Hero, Demigod, or God,
Full often, as the streets he trod,
Scarce knew th' ingenious *marble* from *himself*.

TO GARRARD.

The Poet uttereth very handsome things of Mr. Garrard—and adviseth him to support his proper Dignity, and despise the Academic Honours.

GARRARD, thou Myron of the age,
Whose works the eye of Taste engage,
Where is thy Cattle, that delight affords?—
What! none? Now, Garrard, to be free,
More pleased indeed am I to see
A *thinking* Bull's head than a *thoughtless* Lord's.

Refused the Academic crown,
Thou losest nothing of renown:
Trust to true genius, which thou dost inherit;
Beyond the reach of Envy's breath,
The cold, the chilling blast of Death,
For ever warring with the blooms of Merit.

Th' Academy (ah, fie upon her!)
Can now confer *no* crown of *honour;*
She asks submission mean, and *oaths* most hearty.
She hunts not for ingenious *folk:*
The *pencil's* powers are now a joke;
She only wants a tool to serve a *party.*

In vain thou knockest at the door:
Knock at th' Academy no more,
And to such *small* ambition bid adieu.
Who on a Mouse's paltry Hole
Would fix the wishes of his soul,
While Fame's fair Temple opens to his view?

TO NOLLEKENS.

The Bard singeth tothe Praise of Mr. Nollekens, but condemneth him as the supposed *Executioner* of a certain Bishop's Sentence on the Bosom of a beautiful Greek Vestal.

With pleasure, Nollekens, I see
The Muse of Sculpture wake in thee;
And Britain, who has been so long asleep.
Well; since thy works such worth display,
Brisk, stir thy stumps, and work away;
And with the gems of Athens, Britain heap.

How could thy sacrilegious hand
Obey the Bishop's dread command,
And *slice* the *bosom* of the Grecian Maid?
That Phidias' angry Ghost would rise,
With mealy face, and saucer eyes,
To break thy chisel, wast thou not afraid?

Oh, where was Venus in that hour,
To snatch the Vestal from thy pow'r?
An action so barbaric chills my blood.

Now do not, Nollekens, dissemble:
Did not thy hand with horror tremble,
And thy two eyes let fall a plenteous flood?

How did the Bishop's *wife* behave,
On this most sacrilegious *shave?*
Did not the Lady *smile* upon the garble?
She might; for Ladies old and dry,
Inspired by Jealousy, can spy
A dreaded *rival* in a *piece of marble.*

TO DUBOST.

In Mistress Hope, Monsieur Dubost,
Thy Genius yieldeth up the Ghost;
In truth, in Portrait thou art not at home.
Why wander from thy proper sphere?
Now, had thy Damocles* been here,
Thy Slave had tower'd the Tyrant of the dome.

* A most masterly Picture by this Artist, and purchased by Mr. Hope.

ODES TO THE HEADS.

The Bard addresseth, in plaintive Ditty, the Heads of *the Lord knows who*, painted by *the Lord knows whom*, and executed *the Lord knows how*.

LADIES and *Gemmen*, Masters, Misses,
I dare not *compliment* your phizzes;
Indeed, fit subjects for the lash of Satire.
If *Truth* conduct the Painter's brush,
What madness bade you hither rush,
Such melancholy sad burlesques on Nature?—

Thou poor sour Face, who seem'st to sigh
Because thou art hung up so high,
So *near* the window, prythee do not growl:
Thou need'st not feel a great alarm;
Jack Ketch had done no mighty harm,
If *out* o' window he had *hung* thy *jowl*.—

And who art thou, so round and fat?
Why didst thou quit the Brewer's vat?—

But tell me, vulgar *gentleman*, who art?
I am no Edipus, indeed;
And yet thy occupation read:
That is, a *running footman* to a *cart*.

TO A FEMALE HEAD.

Pert, smirking Miss, you seem to sally
From Dyot Street, or Black Boy Alley;
And no small *consequence* you seem to feel.
Pray, Miss, go back; your *trade* pursue;
Put on your *cover-slut* of blue,
And stick to *tripe*, *sheep's-trotters*, and *cow-heel*.

TO A MAN'S HEAD.

Say, who art thou, devoid of grace,
With round and dull unmeaning Face,
Whose head-piece seems to want a further stuffing?
Speak: camest thou, by vain-glory won,
To prove that Nature, in her fun,
May on a pair of shoulders place a *muffin*?

TO

THE SOMBRE FACE OF PARSON CODMAN.

"ANGELS and Ministers of Grace defend us!"
What, Copley, dost thou hither send us?
Is it a "goblin damn'd," who in his dark hole
Has just been dining upon pitch and charcoal?
Zounds! 'tis a man, and yet a very odd man:
Ladies and Gentlemen, 'tis Parson Codman.

Squire Copley, was it meant in *fun*,
To fabricate this thing forlorn?—
What has th' *unhappy* Parson done,
That thou shouldst hang him up to *scorn?*

Perchance 'twas *modesty*, t'impart
Thy *humble* knowledge in the art.
Yet *certain proofs** the Bard incline
To think *this* virtue never *thine.*

* Let not Mr. Copley shrink at the introduction of the word *proofs*, which the voice of Scandal might construe into a squint at a suspected transaction of past times.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF HELEN.

Sweet Helen, with thee in the vale,
With rapture my hours have been crown'd,
When the Turtle was telling his tale,
And the Lambkins were sporting around.

In the cottage I too have been blest,
When thy beauty the cottage adorn'd;
And when thy soft hand I have prest,
I have fancied my youth was return'd.

But why, my sweet Girl, art thou *here*,
With Mop-squeezers, Venders of Cheese,
With the Calf, and the Bull, and the Bear?
What horrid companions are these!

And where is *thy* form and *thy* grace?
Where those eyes that with lustre should shine?—
Dear Helen, I look on a face
That never, ah never, was *thine*.

Painters seldom in *beauty* succeed;
Grace and Canvas but seldom agree:
Thou hast honour'd the *painter* indeed,
But the knave has done nothing for *thee*.

TO A HEAD.

You are a Taylor, Sir, I guess,
Just *whipp'd* into his Lordship's dress;
Leap'd from your board, no Mercury so nimble:
But, from your board when pleased to skip,
Why leave behind, good Master Snip,
Your good friend Goose, the needle, thread, and thimble?

TO TWO HEADS.

And who art thou, with face so full?
I ween, thou keepest the Black Bull,
Red Lion, White Horse Cellar, or Brown Bear.—
And, Madam, *you* there by his side,
I guess, are Boniface's Bride:
Methinks the *tap-room* is your proper sphere.

TO A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY, LATELY DECEASED.

THE Nymph, by the Graces adorn'd,
Who led all the Loves in her train,
By the Lyre of the Muse shall be mourn'd,
While the Lyre has a chord to complain.

Sweet image that never wilt fade,
In *thee* lives her form, and her bloom.
When in *thee* I behold the dear Maid,
I forget that she sleeps in the tomb.

TO A FEMALE HEAD.

YOU, Madam, this fine Dome *adorning*,
Rise early every Monday morning,
To join your linen, soap, and lie, and tub;
Then take a glass of *comfort* for your spirits:
Your Sisterhood with rapture hail,
Enjoy the jest and smutty tale;
Like *quality*, without the blush of shame.

TO ANOTHER.

WELCOME, sweet Miss, in ochre bloom,
Trick'd out to *grace* this glorious room;
Hopp'd from your humble *bulk;* behind a string,
Where an *odd* slipper and *odd* shoe,
Where laces, yellow, red, and blue,
And wig and comb, in *graceful* order swing:—

A watch of gingerbread, *one* patten,
A shoe-string, and a stripe of satin;
A handkerchief of check, that makes a blaze;
A various tribe of love-sick sonnet,
Fur-tippet, muff, and rusty bonnet;
An infant's pudding, and a pair of stays.

TO ANOTHER FEMALE HEAD.

AND, *bulky* Ma'am, of the same school,
Like Patience on a three-legg'd stool,
Accept my bow; behind the lines suspending
A flannel wig, and half a shirt,
Not much the *whiter* for the *dirt*,
Gowns without tails, that cry aloud for mending:—

A child's cap, torn by time and rockings;
Two mittens, from two old black stockings;
A ragged parasol, a leathern cat;
David the King, in gingerbread;
King Solomon without his head,
Devour'd by some damn'd *jacobinic* rat.

CONCLUSION.

Now to be *serious,* O ye men!
(Few Eagles, and too many a Wren,)
How dare ye fill the room with such *pollution?*
Will Justice say, while thus ye *hang*
So sad and villainous a gang,
Yourselves should not be led to *execution?*

How cruel to keep Genius out,
To favour fools and rabble-rout!
Where is the just and independent spirit?
Ah! dinners and a glass of port
Can favour trash of every sort,
And thus exclude the works of real merit*.—

* It is a shameful and notorious fact, that dinners, patronage, and favouritism, have been uniformly the means of introducing performances beneath the dignity of criticism, to the exclusion of works deserving the public attention.

Great George, in all thy wrath arise,
Turn to thy Royal Dome thine eyes,
And smartly kick each Academic tether:
Or, should this deed disgrace *thy glory*,
As sounding not *sublime* in story,
Bid Sam the Porter knock their heads together.

A SOLEMN,

SENTIMENTAL, AND REPROBATING,

EPISTLE

TO

MRS. CLARKE.

Dux Fœmina facti.

HEAVENS! what is all this hurricane about?
'Tis Woman, Woman, raises all the rout.

EPISTLE TO MRS. CLARKE.

The Bard that oft to Love has pour'd his Lays,
And tuned to Phyllidas the Harp of Praise;
(For lo, mere Touchwood, form'd of fond desire,
A sparkling eye could set his Heart on fire;)
With deep *reluctance* now assumes the rod,
To *punish* that fair Master-piece of God.

Few are the men that feel the soul's Queen-passion
Call'd Love, have scaped from Lady-fascination.
How few the *Josephs* that adorn the times!
Let truth be told: even *I*, the Man of Rhymes,
Have oft approach'd the vortex of Seduction,
Stalk'd the wild precipices of Destruction.
A simple, nibbling Mouse (and nearly taken);
Much have I *marvell'd*, how I saved my bacon.

Heavens, what a dire confusion Beauty makes!
The Horse Guards tremble, and old Windsor shakes.
Like Bees, the Mob around Saint Stephen's swarms;
And every street and alley feels alarms:
Men, women, coaches, gigs, each other jostle;
And *thou* the cause of all this horrid bustle!
Hotels and tap-rooms sound with mingled din,
And every coffee-house is on the grin.
From morn to eve, from eve to midnight dark,
Nought strikes the ear but "Duke and Mistress Clarke!"
Nay, too, the Parrot, and the simple Starling,
Cry from their cages nought but "Duke and Darling!"
In vain the heavy horse parade the town;
Neigh bold defiance, while their riders frown:
The Mob surveys them just like braying hacks,
From door to door with dogs' meat on their backs.

Each day we hear a miserable tale:
See, by the Commons, Clavering sent to jail;
Dismiss'd the staff, in durance vile to dwell,
And join the piteous sighs of Sanden's cell!—
See poor O'Meara, with an alter'd face,
Who preach'd to Majesty with Paul-like grace!

He damns the ladder of that exaltation,
And blushes now to meet a congregation.
"Farewell," he sighs, although so vastly clever,
"Farewell the Mitre and Lawn-sleeves for ever!
Yet not that loss alone calls forth my tears;
The Hussy robs my life of twenty years."—
Behold the Tonyns, all with ire inflamed;
All, for the silly Major, all ashamed!
And see, Miss Taylor, to thine arts a fool,
Has *found* a Spunging-house, and *lost* her School.
The mighty Castlereagh himself *may* fall,
The pompous pillar that supports us all:
I hear the crack, and mourn it most sincerely;
And Ireland too will mourn, who *loves him dearly:*
Ireland, to Castlereagh that *so much* owes;
Her Union,—present, and her past, repose;
And fine *fertility*, the eye that greets;
For *docks* and *grass* adorn old Dublin's *streets.*

Raised by thy witcheries, to fright our eyes,
Ghosts of long-buried Depredations rise;
But, thanks to our good Ministerial train,
Will soon be banish'd to their tombs *again.*
In Sparta thus confusion reign'd and strife,
When wanton Paris stole the Monarch's wife.

What Imp of Darkness whisper'd in thine ear,
To force from every loyal eye a tear,
" Rush on the world, and, with unblushing face,
Obscure the glories of the Brunswick race?"
Deceived by *thee*, has dauntless Wardle dared
To take the lordly Lion by the beard:
Soon on his head the Demagogue shall draw
(Or Justice sleeps) the thunder of his paw;
And Folkstone, with his democratic pipe,
Shall rue his rage, and gasp beneath his gripe.
Sir Francis too will feel not *soft rebuke*,
Though guarded by the sevenfold shield of Tooke:
Patroclus' valiant self to hell was thrown,
Though in th' immortal arms of Peleus' son.
Nay, gifted with the swallow of a whale,
Even *I*, the Bard of Bards, believed thy tale;
But now the phalanx of the Court I join,
And see black forgery lurk in every line.

Hark! Whitbread opens; all the Patriots cheer him:
The walls re-echo, " Hear him, hear him, hear him!"
Charm'd with each word, to Whitbread's powers they look,
And mark in Fancy's eye a *flying* Duke.
Thus, 'mid the wood when Snowball gives his tongue,
(Snowball, the truest of the tuneful throng),

The peal begins, the sounds of rapture flow:
" Hark, hark to Snowball! go to Snowball, go."
Horns, hounds, and men, the hills with triumph stun;
Sly Reynard now is seen upon *the run.*

Now to the City let me turn mine eyes,
Where foam the waves, and winds of discord rise.
Fired by th' electric speech of Harvey Coombe,
The Livery-tribes with plaudits shake the room.
Fired by the *fuse* of Waithman's elocution,
With Babel tongues they thunder " Resolution;"
With Babel tongues insult the poor Lord Mayor,
And put great Gog and Magog* on the stare.
In vain he tries to tell a *simple* tale
(For Sprats may sing *Te Deum* o'er a Whale):
Regardless of gold chain, and pomp and place,
They howl him home, in sorrow and disgrace.
Thus, when the Bird of Wisdom leaves his bower,
O'er hills and valleys in broad day to tower;
The small pert Tenants of the Hedge rush out,
To put the solemn Traveller to the rout;
Magpies, and Jays, and Ravens, Rooks and Crows,
Spit in his face, and pull him by the nose:

* The two wooden Giants in Guildhall.

Unheard he hoots; the chattering, croaking train,
Tumultuous, drive him to his hole again.

Dear Delicacy, at thy shrine I bend;
Oh haste thee, Goddess, and our manners mend:
A Gothic race to some refinement raise;
For even our Quality have *dirty* ways.
Much like French Cooks; who, though in omlets great,
Spit in the frying-pan to prove its heat;
And, spreading rolls in winter (mode uncouth!),
First *warm* the slice of butter in the *mouth*.

Too prone are Mob to pull their Princes down,
And smother with their greasy Hats a Crown.
With hawk-like eye, they wait an evil hour
To strike, and paralyze the arm of Pow'r:
To hold a proud dominion o'er the Court;
With sacred Freedom, like Napoleon, sport;
Whose wanton rage has handcuff'd Europe's Kings,
And put her Princes all in leading-strings.—
Sad knaves, no *gratitude* their bosom warms;
Forgot the *glory* of the Hero's arms:
Forgot the hosts that bled beneath his lance,
Who Britain *saved*, and *curb'd* the *pride* of France;

And *stripp'd,* in spite of cold and stormy weather,
The crowing Gallic Cock of *every feather.*

Shall Tape-men, Snuff-men, and such *servile* fellows,
Wild roaring, of Sedition blow the bellows?
Shall Salt, and Fish, and Paper, *low-bred* crew,
Instruct the Lord's Vicegerents what to do;
Stop of an Orator the opening weazon,
And banish Members without rhyme or reason?—
How *dare* the rogues indulge the lawless riot?
Even let them gorge their turtle, and lie *quiet.*
What is *their* province, but to *eat* and *drink?*
How *dare* they have the *impudence* to *think?*
Presuming Imps, that fancy a dull Cit
Possesses sense and breeding, taste and wit,
Like those *bright* Bucks that grace a birth-night ball,
And sauntering lounge through Bond Street and Pall Mall!
As well might Dogs, their sprawling legs that sport,
Presume to dance a minuet at Court.

The Man of Livery, matters rarely minces;
Hear what the leveller says of *foreign* Princes:
" Cross, cross the breed, degenerating fast,
Or *ouran outangs* they must sink at last."

Perchance, of Courts, too high we prize the scenes;
The *nods* of Monarchs, and the *dips* of Queens:
And fancy fools that claim the Royal eyes,
In science deep, superlatively wise.
Yet is a reverence due to *dips* and *nods*,
Though not the gracious presents of the Gods.
True; *little folks*, that Royalty behold,
Are apt to think it of *superior mould*.—
As through a lane a mighty Monarch past,
A Village Maid her eyes of *wonder* cast
Broad on the form that Courtiers all adore;
(For Madge had never seen a King before.)
The Girl, exclaiming, to her cottage ran:
"Look, Mother! Mother, look! the King's a *man!*"—

"When Nature forms a Prince, she culls with care
The *best materials* for the Royal *ware;*
But when a *subject*, careless, takes her broom,
And makes him from the *sweepings* of the room."
Such of Court-adulation is the song;
But Flattery often oils a Courtier's tongue.

"Tried in the crucible of Truth, behold,
The *slander'd* Youth shall come forth sterling Gold;
While *thou* shalt shock our sight, a motley mass,
A mixture vile of Brimstone and of Brass."

Thus cry the Members of Administration,
Whose heads contain the talents of the Nation.
Hawkesbury and Castlereagh *transcend* all praise:
And Canning is the *wonder* of our days;
For though *not French* our Secretary speak,
He thunders *Latin*, and *Bœotian Greek;*
Frights with grand phrase the Plenipoes around;
And, when he fails in *sense*, succeeds by *sound:*
Like Esop's long-ear'd Animal, whose *din*
Perform'd such wonders in the Lion's skin.—
Such are the Pilots Heaven has deign'd to form,
To steer the old State Vessel through the Storm.

At this, thou bid'st the Bard and Verse *go whistle:*
Then read, and tremble at, my next Epistle.

A SECOND SOLEMN,

SENTIMENTAL, AND REPROBATING,

EPISTLE

TO

MRS. CLARKE.

A SECOND

EPISTLE TO MRS. CLARKE.

No longer now the Duke excites our wonder,
'Midst "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder*;"
Amidst his hosts, no more with rapture dwells
On Congreve's rockets, and on Shrapnell's shells;
But quits, with scornful mien, the field of Mars,
And to Sir David's *genius* leaves the wars.
Now in dull Windsor-rides the Youth is seen;
Now, in dull walks to Frogmore with the Queen;
At Oatlands now, where pigs and poultry charm,
Like Cincinnatus in his Sabine farm;
Now, o'er a lonely dish in Stable Yard,
Without a Friend, and (strange!) without a *card.*
Now, as the humour is disposed to vary,
O'er melancholy tea with Mistress Cary;

* A line from Pope.

For *invitation*-dinners soon grow slack,
When Fortune on a Favourite turns her back:
Now, at tame Whist, with Lady Charlotte Finch,
Who feels of sharp Economy the pinch;
With other superannuated Souls,
Who mourn, through winter drear, the loss of coals*.

How few, of this our Money-scraping Isle,
Whom Fortune favours, have deserved her smile!
How few like Bosville, even of lofty *quality*,
Expand the noble doors of hospitality;
To sacred Friendship free libations pour,
And give an *age's* pleasure to an *hour;*
Yet, o'er the glass, can hear the Beggar's cry,
And steal the tear from Misery's melting eye;
Contemning gold, as splendid dross at best,
That sleeping loads the half-starved Miser's chest!
Give *some* all Mexico, they still are *poor:*
Pour down their throats her *Gulf,* they pant for more.

Enchantress, listen to the tale I tell.
The men who venison to his Highness sell,

* Coals, that important article of domestic felicity and convenience, have been for some time withdrawn from the Palace of St. James's on account of the *scantiness* of the Royal Finance; and the poor Pensioners obliged to send their Beef and Mutton to a Bakehouse.

Nay, even poor pepper, vinegar, and mustard,
Crumpets, and Yorkshire-cakes, and cream, and custard,
To Heaven their eyes of disappointment turning,
Make a long face, and put their doors in mourning.
The fierce Hussar, his soul inflamed with ire,
In sorrow, flings his whiskers in the fire.
The turban'd Blacks no more their pomp display;
But cast their cymbals, in their wrath, away.
From all the ranks are heard the plaintive *hums*,
And melancholy damps the muffled drums.
The high Ambassador, with so much glee
Who parted from his boots and shoes for *thee*,
No more to Court-preferment turns his views,
But *turns* reluctant to his boots and shoes;
Hums o'er his lapstone tunes of doleful grace,
Less with Morocco* pleased than Gloucester Place.

Such is thy power; yet let me not conceal,
But draw from dark futurity the veil.
The hour, the splendid hour, is on the wing,
When in proud triumph Wimbledon shall ring,

* *Morocco ambassador*, was a punning appellation given by Mistress Clarke, perfectly *tranquille* before the *great* and *awful* Tribunal of the Nation, to Mister Tom Taylor, shoemaker in Bond-street, and a favourite *missionary* of both parties.

Blackheath again shall lift her drooping head,
And shouts of triumph fill the Park parade.
Yes; shall the Hero to his rank return,
While Hate shall foam in vain, and Envy burn;
And, spite of thy poor fabricated story,
Reblaze the Sun of Military Glory.
'Tis but a passing cloud obscures his ray;
At most, the darkness of a short-lived day.
The Bird of Jove, by an unlucky ball,
May lose some feathers of his wings, and fall;
Awhile may feed on snails, and hop the ground;
Till Time renews his plumes, and cures his wound:
Then, with new vigour imp'd, he mounts the wind,
And leaves the groveling grubs of earth behind;
Sublimely soars, scarce conscious of the blow,
And darts disdain upon the World below.

He comes, the Hero comes, in all his might;
And, clothed with terror, puts his foes to flight.
Thus, once I saw a Country Bull, at ring,
Break, in his rage, the rope, with sudden spring:
Coblers and Butchers, Taylors, fall or fly;
While hats, caps, wigs, and aprons, mount the sky;
Sport of the winds, o'er trees and chimneys borne,
That proved the prowess of his head and horn.

Enchantress, yes, (for oracles I tell;)
The Youth shall rise, and mock thy every spell;
Stamp with eternal infamy thy name,
Mock thy dark wiles, and cover thee with shame.
Then heed the ticklish humours of the times:
Though Justice loiter, she may catch thy *crimes*.
In spite of those two fascinating eyes,
The Youth in awful Majesty may rise;
Lift his bold arm, that even the Thunder dreads,
And tear perhaps thy tender Form to shreds.—
Thus have I seen, with moralising look,
Cabbage and turnip-tops obstruct a brook:
By calm degrees, up swells the crystal flood,
Superior rising, not to be withstood;
It bursts the boundary, with furious sweep,
And whelming drowns the *garbage* in the deep.

Perhaps thine art creates a *reformation!*
A tub for whales, in Wisdom's contemplation.
What madness centres in that word "reform!"
Who would destroy a *garden* for a *worm?*
Who, but a Bedlamite, would fire his house,
To wreak his vengeance on a pilfering mouse?
To use an humble simile, as pat;
Beat in his scull, to crush a teazing gnat?

Why banish charming Bribery from the Nation,
Which gives that blessing Gold a *circulation;*
Bids the bells ring; with *spirits* fires the Votes;
Buys for their Wives new caps, and gowns, and coats;
Gives consequence to Butchers, Taylors, Tanners;
Finds for their Daughters Music and Court-manners;
Inspires their hearts, to scorn with noble pride
The clumsy cleaver, goose, and *horrid* hide;
To nought but *titled* Lovers yield an ear,
As Joans and Nans have won full many a Peer?—
What beauteous Insects from *corruption* spring;
Leave humble dirt, and sport the gilded wing!
What Flowers of vivid hue, and rich perfume,
To *stable-litter* owe their balm and bloom!
If this my subject then I fairly handle;
Be Counties, Boroughs, *sold* by inch of Candle.

Grant that a few Commissions *may* be sold:
Lo, mighty Marlborough gave up fame for gold!
Grant that the Hero may, *for once*, be wrong;
Why sound his error with a trumpet-tongue?
Take from Sir Joseph's book a leaf or two*;
Great Man, who makes his annual tour to Kew;

* Sir Joseph Banks annually volunteers his services as grand *puffer*, or *barker*, at Ram-fair, held near the Pagoda, at Kew; from whence he sets off to Windsor, with the *profits* of the sale, for the *benefit* of his Royal Master.

With Christie's elocution puffs the Rams,
With metaphoric splendour gilds the Dams;
Hides rotten feet beneath the flowers of fame,
And sends with credit off the *blind* and *lame*.

Be censure silent on the Soldier's Fund:
What is it?—a mere *rill*, at most a *pond;*
How trifling, to the Treasury's boundless *ocean!*—
Cheese-paring Windham, how d'ye like my notion?
Let Ridicule enjoy, with hearty laugh,
Commission'd *boys*, and *striplings* on the Staff:
Ere long, may *babes* our Army List adorn;
And, what may more astonish, *babes unborn.*
Napoleon dares not seize our goods and chattels;
We trust our safety to the God of Battles:
Yet let me say (nor will it be denied),
Dame Fortune *rarely* joins the *weakest* side.

Fair Sinner, ere I close these solemn Rhymes,
Receive a little comment on the times.
Fanaticism, a tyrant, rules the hour:
As Locusts thick, her Imps of frenzy pour;
O'er Nature's smile diffuse a spectred gloom;
And blast, with canker'd breath, her cheerful bloom:
Saints who the Lord on sacred *Sunday* seek,
And hand and glove with Satan pass the *week;*

Who sigh for Heaven, yet God in *Mammon* see,
And *pick a pocket* on the suppliant *knee;*
One eye to God, lamenting moral evil;
The other, winking down upon the Devil:
One voice to Heaven, " To *good* my heart incline;"
And one in whispers, " Satan, I am *thine:*"
Maim busts and statues that display the *nude,*
Yet clasp, in secret dalliance, *flesh and blood;*
Load with anathemas the Comic Muse,
And lead a wanton Laïs to the *stews;*
Preach Heaven-born Charity towards the Poor,
And Dog-like bark the Beggar from the door;
Preach sweet benevolence, and hang a Cat
Whose famish'd stomach takes a simple sprat;
Preach patience, and, with phrase too bad to utter,
Knock down the Cook because she oils the butter:
Fools who pretend Heaven's wondrous scheme to scan,
And impious make th' Almighty *less* than *man.*

Such is the modern *apostolic* race,
Reform'd, regenerated rogues of *grace**.

* New *apostles* are hourly multiplying. They are even rising from the Navy and Army, where one could not have expected an existence. At Camden Town, adjoining to the Metropolis, a set of New Apostles of a very humble sphere indeed have made their appearance: one Page, *minister* and *chimney-sweep;* one Francis, *minister* and *cobler;* one Graham, *minister* and a *lame*

The rage of those *apostles* thou wilt rue:
Those Gospel Bloodhounds will thy paths pursue;
And hunt thee to the bed of lawless blisses,
Perhaps to Wardle yielding balmy kisses.
Perchance with *other* Dukes thou may'st be *tripping:*
Dread then a *sheet,* a *Bridewell,* or a *whipping;*
For limbs like thine (if true be Rumour's tale)
Suit *bonds* of Venus better than a *jail.*
Yes, those *apostles* will thy wanderings watch;
And, should their art thy vagrant beauty catch,
In vain Repentance pours her doleful yell;
For Mercy knows not where the Impostors dwell.

beggar; and one Blackburn, better known by the name of *Tommy* the *Goose,* a *horse-whipper* of *carpets,* and clerk to the aforesaid *most respectable* Interpreters of the Gospel, and *maestro di Capello* (*aliàs* Proprietor) of a room called Camden Town Chapel, who lets out his ash chairs, joint stools, and crickets, to the *children* of the *holy seed,* drawing, like *Saint* Hill, *Saint* Huntington, *Saint* Frey, *Saint* Medley, and other *celebrated* Saints, a most comfortable subsistence from the pockets of Ignorance and Credulity. *Saint* Frey has lately undertaken the arduous, yet lucrative, labour of converting Jews to Christianity. Strongly suspecting the *purity* of the motive for this Herculean labour, the Poet has expressed his sentiments in the subsequent lines:—

RELIGIONS form a thriving *trade;*
Nice tools, by knaves for *Mammon* made.
Saint Frey, with Christian-like exertion,
Well fills his fob by Jew-*conversion:*
Place *more* emolument in view,
Saint Frey becomes a *sterling* Jew;
Unblushing, feels the World's derision;
Sells Christ, and suffers circumcision.

Like David, with whose *works* we're well acquainted,
Our *modern* Saints declare they have *repented;*
And, since the *vigour* of their youth is *lost*,
And *catch* and *glee* have yielded up the ghost,
" Be joyful in the Lord" is on their tongue,
" And come before his presence with a song."
The Man whose soul the blacker vices taint,
Now, for Heaven's *glory*, makes a damn'd *good* Saint:
Thus Heads of Whitings, *graced* with modest light,
Stink first, and then illuminate the night.
Such are the *saints* that bless our ears and eyes:
Speak, Wilberforce, if I am forging lies.

Here ends my Satire.—Should my Sovereign smile,
Admire my *loyalty*, applaud my style;
And, knowing well a Poet's empty dishes,
Say thus, " Let Peter share our Loaves and Fishes;"
By Heavens, in honour of his high commands,
I'll *steal* a coat, or *borrow*, to *kiss hands:*
For, *un*like Bishops*, 'tis my firm intention
To cry out, " Yes, my Liege," for Place or Pension.

* The " No-*lo episcopari*" of our Bishops is still proverbial; and pronounced on every creation, with all the evangelical solemnity of a Custom-house oath.

CARLTON-HOUSE FETE;

OR,

THE DISAPPOINTED BARD;

IN A

SERIES OF ELEGIES:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

CURIOSITY IN RAGS;

AN ELEGY.

——Hinc illæ lacrymæ!

YET to provoke and mortify me more,
(Scarce crediting my two astonish'd ears,)
Yarmouth and Bloomfield sent of cards a score,
Inviting *dead folks;* dead, ah! dead for years. ELEGY II.

CARLTON-HOUSE FETE.

ELEGY I.

The Poet lamenteth, in the Strain of the Son of Jesse, his hard Fate, but not quite destitute of Hope.—In the Language of Music, follows a long String of *sharps* in a Key illustrating the Subject, and displaying the Fertility of the Poet's Imagination.—Great Expectation on Account of Honour conferred on Mr. Sheridan.—The Poet's Humility in wishing even to be seated with the *degraded* Commons of England, upon the Grass in the Garden, under Canvas.

In grief, I sat upon the bank of Thame;
(But not, thank God, a captive, like the Jews*;)
And when the Jubilee† to memory came,
Tears burst in torrents from my Lady Muse.

Yet, lo, one beam, one solitary ray,
Pierced the dark cloud that wrapp'd my sandy seat;
A *great*, *sublime*, a *wonderful* display
Of Eastern Grandeur at the Prince's Fête.

* "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."—Psalm cxxxvii.

† During which the unfortunate Bard remained entirely unnoticed.

" Here," said I to myself, " I build some hope,
(Perchance a slight foundation, rather rotten:)
No longer doom'd in solitude to mope,
At Carlton Fête I may not be forgotten."

Sharp as a pining Maid expects the Post,
That brings epistle full of lovesick sighs;
Or as the Dog in seeming slumber lost,
Who slily winks, to snap the teasing flies:—

Sharp as, amid the fields of air, a Kite,
In hopes of feasting on a barn-door fowl;
Or as for mice, amid the dusky night,
O'er hill and dale the solitary Owl:—

Sharp as a Bailiff for a hiding debtor;
Or as the hard Churchwarden on the poor;
Or bilious Critic on a word, or letter,
To scalp his victim author o'er and o'er:—

Sharp as an Epicure upon the haunch,
His two eyes jealous of the favourite fat;
Or on the turtle, to enlarge his paunch
With thrice the quantity would fill a hat:—

Sharp as the Bank upon a doubtful note;
Or hungry Frenchmen for a limb of frog;
Or Borough-monger for a casting vote,
Intent to sell poor Freedom like a Hog:—

Sharp as a trading Justice for a bible,
To give the oath, no matter false or true;
Or dread Sir *Vinegar* to seize a libel,
And strike th' offending dog with vengeance due:—

Sharp as Sir *Vinegar*, who look'd in vain
To shove his bottom into Mansfield's place;
Or as Jack Ketch surveys the felon train,
In hope of necks to meet his rope's *embrace*:—

Sharp as Lord Puzzle for his office-fee,
To keep his poverty-struck house, so poor;
Where none my Lord and Lady Puzzle see,
Save keen Economy, who bolts the door:—

Sharp as our Alexander, gallant York,
Look'd out for poor Sir David's resignation;
Who now (for *merit* miracles can work)
O'er Slander triumphs, and *resumes* his station:—

Sharp as Marcellus for the rapturous hour
That yields the Dame whom every charm adorns;
When *kind* Cornutus takes his *prudent* tour,
And calmly in his *pocket* puts his *horns:*

Exulting thus, in language rather coarse;
"What's *wife* to *honours?*—stuff, beneath my care:
Make me, ye Gods, but Master of the *Horse,*
The Devil may be the master of my *mare:*"—

So sharp I listen'd, yea with full-stretch'd ear,
To every knock, no matter soft or hard;
At once, in Fancy's eye, I saw appear
A Royal compliment to *me* the Bard.

Said I, "If Sheridan a favourite be,
The *moral* Mentor of the Princely mind;
Some compliment will come to *moral me:*
The Lyric *moralist* must favour find."

Yes, to myself I whisper'd (not in joke),
"At Carlton House I sure shall eat, and quaff;
Although not cheek by jowl with Royal folk,
Yet under canvas with the *common raff:*"—

Raff that we Britons with our freedom trust,
Yet now consider'd as mere reptile things;
Raff that can form a Monarch from the dust;
Raff that confers a Majesty on Kings.

ELEGY II.

A most *pathetic* Question.—The Poet's heavy Complaint.—Mr. Weltjie passeth high Panegyric on the Bard—knoweth his Poetry by heart—inviteth the Bard to Dinner—a *broad hint* to certain Princes.—Mr. Weltjie wisheth the Bard to be his Biographer, proudly insinuating that his Life would be a more interesting *morceau* to the Public than the *exalted* Life of Colonel Hanger—intimateth a Desire of the Prince to peruse the Poet's delectable Effusions.—Great Character given by Mr. Weltjie of his Royal Master.—The Poet again, in the sublime Strain of the Royal Psalmist, voweth Acts of Gratitude to the Memory of his old departed Friend Weltjie.

In sackcloth still and ashes must I weep?
Yes, in his solitude the Poet mourns.
Gold fills the House of Carlton, what a heap!
But not to *him* the Age of Gold returns.

No, not one grain of favour have I found;
Nor seen indeed the *shadow* of a card:
Thus are my sanguine hopes all wreck'd, and drown'd;
Such for my *loyalty* the *rare reward!*

Yet to provoke and mortify me more,
(Scarce crediting my two astonish'd ears,)
Yarmouth and Bloomfield sent at least a score,
Inviting *dead folks**; dead, ah! dead for years.

* This was literally done by those two Ministers appointed to the *card department;* who seem on this occasion to have acted in diametrical opposition to the

How often Weltjie to my flatter'd ear
Hath said, and given my heart sweet palpitation;
" Docter, I tell you vhat: by Gote, I swear
You be de bestest Poet in de nation.

" I likes your Louziad; oh, dam pretty ting;
I laughs to zee you vling about your squibs:
An den de Apple Dumplins an de King;
Mine Gote, I laughs until I breaks my ribs.

" Den Vhitbread Brewhouse, an poor Passon Yong;
Docter, I can remember dem by rote:
And Docter, minds, I neffer tells you vrong;
De Deffil take me, all be true by Gote."

How often has he said, " Come, come, an dine
(I knows you love goot eating) pon a buck:
An den I gif you dam goot glass of vine;
I gif you too one roast anchovy* duck.

old adage, which says, " A *living* Dog is better than a *dead* Lion." One would imagine that the noble Lord, and the brave and experienced Colonel, were put sadly to their trumps for want of a *complete company*, by being forced to beat up for volunteers among the tombs.

* Muscovy.

" Den, Docter, you muss taste my pretty pork;
Bester dan oder peeple pork by half:
I knows dat you vill play goot knive an vork;
An mind, I *zuckles* de yong pigs *myzelf*.

" Den after dinner you sal taste my vruit:
I gif you for to eat zome nice *umbrellas;*
Dere's in my gardin zome dat's defflish goot:"—
Kind Weltjie simply meaning, his *morellas*.

Delighted with my Lyric Lucubration;
Fond of the Poet, and the Poet's name;
Such was the generous German's invitation.—
Blush, Princes, that ye have not done the *same*.

How oft he ask'd me, " Vil you vrite my Life,
An vrite me zometing comikal in rhyme?
But dont zay not a vord about my Vife.
Mine beat George Hanger Life ten touzand time.

" But, Docter, zend de Prince your Vesses, pray;
He vish to have dem in de mornin early:
He tink you too great Poet of de day;
He love your funning, now I tell shinsherely.

" Now, Docter, zoon you zometing goot vill zee;
I knows de Prince do zometing goot intend:
Den zend His Royal Highness rhyme by me;
De Prince he neffer do forget old vriend."—

King of the Cooks, once of Pall Mall the glory;
No matter where thy birth, or who begat thee;
Pleased with thy broken English, and quaint story,
With thee I oft have laugh'd, and sometimes *at* thee.

Peace to thy shade, O Weltjie! Many an hour,
In Pall Mall, Hammersmith, and Turnham Green,
My soul has felt thy fascinating pow'r,
That from the gloomiest heart could chase the spleen.

Yes, Weltjie, thou shalt gild the page of Fame:
For thee, the Muse shall draw the teeth of Time;
Th' insatiate Tyrant shall not eat thy name:
Such are the powers of Rhyme, immortal Rhyme.

O Weltjie, to all parties so well known;
So great thy talents, what a burning shame
The Red Book, the Court Calendar alone,
Should give posterity a *simple name!*

Companion thou of Princes and of Peers,
Of Baronets and Knights the constant crony:
Thou by thy converse oft didst charm their ears;
And, what delighted *more*, didst *lend them money*.

If I forget thee, Weltjie*, and thy dinner;
Thy tales of palaces, thy wit, thy punning;
May Fame proclaim me an ungrateful sinner,
And this my fiddle-hand forget her cunning.

Yes, Weltjie: if thy Ghost unhappy roam,
Because I've not fulfill'd my just devoirs;
Believe me, I will satisfy thy tomb,
And give the gossip Public thy Memoirs.

* "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm cxxxvii.

ELEGY III.

The Lucubrations of the Poet are carried to Carlton-House, but produce *no remuneration*.—History of Bards of old Times.—The Poet boasteth of the high Powers of his Muse and Harp, had they been invited to the Fête.—A natural Suggestion relative to the Ghost of Kien Long.—The *presumed* Generosity of Mr. Perceval.—A pretty Comparison between Ministers in general, and a Birch Rod.—A further Boast of Powers of the Harp and Song.—The Cruelty of Oblivion.

ELATE, to Carlton-House my Rhymes I sent,
Before the Poem met the public eye:
Which gain'd *applause*, the Poet's great intent;
But *nought besides*, I say it with a sigh.

Strange, that the Prince forgot *my* Song and Lyre,
Whose taste in music is so very pretty;
Whose touches on the Bass possess a fire,
Surpass'd alone by Crossdill and Cervetti.

Yet, dare I say a Prince can be *surpast;*
Excell'd by groveling *subjects*, herd unclean?
Is it not *blasphemy*, to boast a *taste*
To rival that of Prince, or King, and Queen?

In days of yore, Bards ate and drank with Kings;
Courted, caress'd, invited to each rout:
Are modern Bards such sad degenerate *things*,
That I and my poor Harp were both kept out?

As scenes *sublime* demand a strain *sublime*,
How had I call'd upon the Muse of Fire!
How had I summon'd all the powers of Rhyme,
And waked the loudest thunder of the Lyre!

Sounds that had travell'd ocean, reach'd Pekin:
The present Emperor's ear had caught the Song;
The Verse had ravish'd every Mandarin,
And sooth'd the shade of Brother-Bard Kien Long.

Who knows but that the good old Monarch's Ghost
Assumed behind the Regent's chair a station;
Pleased with the lustre of the scene, and cost?—
The *cost?* Poh, poh! a *fleabite* to the Nation.

This Perceval will pay, and with a *grace*.
Old England weak! her Treasury's a Giant:
Besides, if Ministers *will* keep their place,
Like Rods *they merit*, they must all be *pliant*.

Are there deficiencies of Civil List,
Works of high wisdom that expence demand;
With much humility the Throne is kiss'd,
The Budget gapes, and Taxes load the land.

Yes: raptured had I struck the harp of Fame,
And sung the splendid beauties of the Fête;
Described each dress, immortalized each name,
And given Posterity th' illustrious treat:—

Sung boiling Gudgeons*, given for Fish of Gold;
In streams that through the table *should have* play'd:
Superior to the Arabian Nights of old;
Surpassing all that has been *sung* or *said*.

How had these mounted on the wings of Ode,
As much of fame the Lyric Muse bestows!
Now, like a Worm along the humble Sod,
They crawl through Newspapers in languid Prose.

* These *humble representatives* of fishes of *gold*, were, by the heat of the lamps, chandeliers, and the *good* company, completely boiled, and fit for dishing up; and, instead of exhibiting their intended sportive recreations, were seen floating in a melancholy and lifeless posture, between the tin banks, on the watry element.

Ode is a Sun that undecaying shines;
A Giant, placing mortals 'midst the Gods:
The brain that owns it, boasts the gem-clad mines;
Even Kings have gain'd celebrity from Odes.

Raptured I too had sung Britannia's boast,
The polish'd converse of the Heir Apparent.—
Good Heaven, what *valuable things* are lost,
As Horace mourneth, *quia Vate carent!*

Oblivion, that sly mute, that creeping jade,
(As pleased to drown a wise man as a fool,)
Is ever busy at her secret trade,
To sink a name or virtue in a pool.

ELEGY IV.

The Poet lamenteth the Omission of certain *interesting* Exhibitions that might have afforded Pleasure in Pastry to the Multitude.

WHAT *pity* that no *wash-tub* did appear,
To show Trafalgar's Battle, and the Nile's;
With pretty little *paper* ships of war,
To launch the thunder of the Queen of Isles!

What *pity* there was not a *baker's tray*,
With troops of *gingerbread* upon the plain;
Horse, Foot, engaged, and spreading dire *dismay*,
And cutting, thick as Hops, the French in twain!

Sure, *gingerbread* might well portray a scene,
A Duke's *full levee* after *scenes of woe;*
A Duke in converse with his gallant men,
And smiling upon Greenwood, Cox, and Co.

What *pity, gingerbread* did not display
Our British *hero* from his chariot flung;
Hurl'd from the regions of celestial day,
A second Phaeton, to mud and dung:—

Now nobly scrambling on his legs again,
'Midst gazing armies, and a mighty shout;
The reins resuming with a just *disdain*,
And *scornful* kicking dull Sir David out!

How *far superior* to a China view;
Where neither genius, taste, nor fancy, dwells:
Monkeys and mandarins, a motley crew,
Bridges, pagodas, swings, and tinkling bells!

Yet let us not of such a scene *despair:*
Some *pastry-cook* the *miracle* may bake;
The Royal Duke, Sir David, and the Car,
All *nicely* mounted on a nice *twelfth cake.*

ELEGY V.

A most solemn and pathetic Address to the Muse.—The Poet recounteth the Princely Honours paid to him in past Times, with a most deplorable Contrast of the present Day.

MUSE, sing the *reason* why I was omitted:
Was it that Dame Fitzherbert proved my theme;
In favour once, who, flatter'd and bedittied,
Of Crowns and Sceptres dared indulge the dream?

Was it because I touch'd the string of praise
To *Her* whose heart even Envy must revere?
Was it because I wish'd her *happier* days;
And from the lid of grief to steal the tear?—

There *was* a time, a *nod* would bless mine eyes:
There *was* a time, I gain'd a *gracious smile.*
My nose was, like my garret, in the skies:
"My room," I cried, "will flow with wine and oil."

So sweet a Prince's smile, *sublime* his nod,
We scarce can fancy *vulgar earth* could mould him.
Gull'd man who gains them! he becomes a God:
Saint Paul's is scarcely large enough to hold him.

Too soon my buds of hope resign'd their bloom;
Too soon the gloom of disappointment mine:
Oil, not a spoonful, flow'd into my room;
No, nor a piteous nipperkin of wine.

Ah! no; I found *no meaning* in the *nod:*
Ah! no; *no meaning* in the *gracious smile:*
In vain, with consequence the ground I trod;
Like Homer's Neptune, striding many a mile.

For Fortune therefore I must longer wait;
Hang on the willows my mute Harp*; and fear
That, if I hung *myself,* my hapless fate
Would scarcely force from Carlton-House a *tear.*

* "We hanged our harps upon the willows," &c. Psalm cxxxvii.

CURIOSITY IN RAGS.

Curiosity depicted.—Lamentable Confusion at Carlton-House during the Exhibition after the Grand Fête.—A sublime naval Comparison.—*Fortitude* of the Ladies.—A Compliment to the undaunted *courage* of Lord Yarmouth and Colonel Bloomfield.—An Address to the Muse.—A circumstantial Account of the Ladies' Progress in their *vulgar* and *penitential* Robes, from Carlton-House to their respective Habitations.—A short and decent *prayer* for his Royal Highness.

WHAT evils Curiosity produceth!
Yet nothing can the madding rage restrain:
Whate'er the danger, not a Nymph refuseth;
Though Death frown'd near, to cut her form in twain.

Vain were the efforts of a Milton's pen,
That paints a *diabolic* rout so well,
To give with truth the horrors of the scene;
Such squeezing, swearing, tearing, squeak, and yell.

Ah me, what petticoats were lost, and torn;
Pathetic subject for the mournful Muse!
Gowns and pelisses felt a state forlorn;
Baskets of bonnets, and *whole tubs* of shoes.

The golden chain forsook the bosom's charms,
With many a necklace form'd of pearls and beads:
Bracelets deserted from their taper arms,
And wigs in tatters left their lovely heads.

Thus at the glorious struggle of the Nile,
On which our British history justly brags;
Yard-arm and yard-arm meeting, (dread turmoil!)
The sails and rigging were reduced to rags.

Regardless of their Backs, amidst the squeeze;
As Velvet soft, and fair as Alpine Snow;
The *kallipugé** charms, the legs, and knees;
They urge their dangerous way to see the *show*.

Their limbs so delicate, and skin so white,
And then their swelling bosoms all so bare,
Fix'd (for what Youth could *wink* on such a sight?)
Fix'd every orb of vision on the stare.

Yes: even with common decency to war,
Did novelty their gentle bosoms harden;
For soon indeed were numbers of the Fair,
Like Mother Eve when *entering* Eden's garden.

* Character given by the polite Athenians to one of their *plump* Venuses.

Yet if the *mother* of the World could err,
(For in his trap old Satan surely caught her,)
We should not therefore make a mighty stir;
But yield to mercy, and forgive the *daughter*.

Yet let me sing in thunder of applause,
How Yarmouth, Bloomfield, not a *fear* betray'd;
But through the windows, stripp'd of all their gauze
And muslins, lugg'd full many a fainting Maid.

Now, if you please, my Lady Muse, relate
What *did* the Nymphs who all their vestments lost;
As many a Nymph, the lean as well as fat,
Saw not the *sight*, by cruel Fortune crost.

Forced to their homes unwilling to depart,
They stalk'd forlorn along the grinning streets,
Deep-blushing, loaded with a heavy heart,
Huddled in aprons, table-cloths, and sheets.

Yea verily, the Nymphs were forced to roam;
Yea, left by sad misfortune in the lurch;
In sorrow, all bare-headed, to their home,
As though they had *done penance* in a church.—

Such was the scene, with which no scene compares;
And long indeed will Dame and Damsel rue it:
Such was the piteous posture of affairs;
Pray God, the *modest* Regent did not view it!

THE END.

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